"ON KEEPING FIT."—By C. B. FRY.

"WHAT WILL MY STAMPS FETCH?"—*(See within.)*

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

6d

Vol. IV.—No. 20. NOVEMBER, 1900.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS TO OUR PRINCE."

GEORGE NEWNES, Limited,
7-12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Digitized by Google

HOCKEY !!

Price Lists Free.

H. GRADIDGE & SONS'

CELEBRATED

HOCKEY STICKS

Solid Cane Handle.

Price Lists Free.

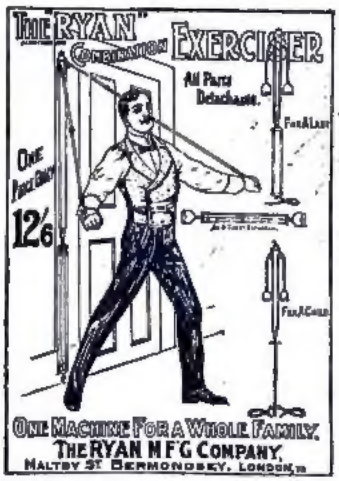
6/6 *and* **7/6** *each.*

FACTORY:

Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

USED BY **ALL THE LEADING PLAYERS.**

PHYSICAL EXERCISE in RELATION to HEALTH.



❖❖

WHAT is the advice most frequently given by medical men to their patients in cases of over-mental exertion, weakness of heart, lungs, and digestive organs, obesity, &c.?

"YOU MUST TAKE EXERCISE!"

❖❖

What is Exercise?

Physical Exercise is the education of the muscles of the human body; and no matter what may be the natural excellence of those muscles in any individual person, a scientific course of exercise must have the tendency to improve them, just as in mental attainments the greatest genius is ripened by a systematic course of study.

BIG BUYERS! BIG SELLERS!

Our Clients reap Special Advantages!

NICHOLS & Co., Athletic Outfitters,

11, George Street, Plymouth.

Reliable Footballs:—

Nichol's "MATCH" Ball (Rugby & Association) **7s. 6d. each.**
Nichol's "SURETY" Ball ... ... **2s. 11d. each.**
As used by Sheffield United Football Club last season.

Footballs of every description from **1s.** to **10s.**

Immense variety of **Football Jerseys** and **Shirts**, colours of every description, from **1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 1d., 2s. 9d.** and **3s.**

Nichol's Football Boots—The "Cert" and "Special Chrome," **7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 9s.** and **11s. 6d.** Other good quality Football Boots kept in stock from **5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 11d.** Send size of ordinary boot.

Hockey.—Our new season Hockey Goods now to hand. Hundreds of **Hockey Sticks** to select from from **2s. 6d.** to **8s. 6d.** Our new **Patent Hockey Boots**, price **10s. 6d.**

Sole Agents for **Sandow's Exerciser**, price **12s. 6d.**

Price List of Footballs and all Indoor Games and Toys on application.
Special Terms to Colleges and Clubs.

AN EFFICIENT 5/- FILM CAMERA.

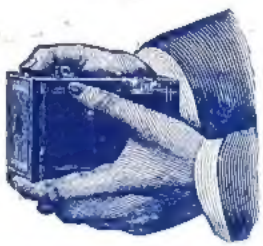
THE BROWNIE.

NOT A TOY.

Takes splendid Photographs.

2¼ by 2¼ inches. Complete with Handbook of Instructions.

Price only 5/-



KODAKS FROM

5/- to £7 7s.

Grand Prix, Paris Exhibition, 1900.

Of all Photographic Dealers, or from

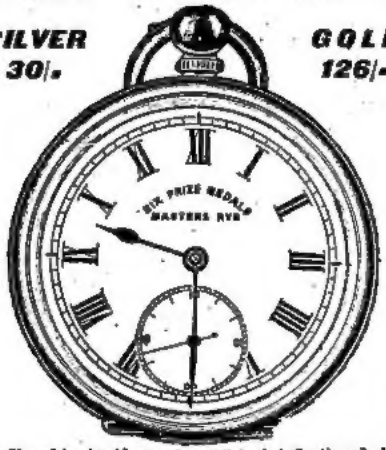
KODAK, LTD,

43, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.,
60, Cheapside, E.C.,
115, Oxford Street, W.,
171-3, Regent Street, W.,
59, Brompton Road, W.,
ALSO AT
86, Bold Street, Liverpool,
AND
72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Digitized by Google

A FREE TRIAL FOR 2/6

SILVER 30/- GOLD 126/-



WE will send, post paid, one of our celebrated (Gent's or Lady's) Six Prize Medal Watches, fitted in Solid Silver Cases, value 30s., to any reader of THE CAPTAIN, on receipt of 2s. 6d.

IF you approve of it you send us 2s. 6d. more on receipt, and 5s. each month for five months—30s.

BUT when you have received the watch, should you prefer to send the balance at once, send only 24s 6d. more, as we allow 3s. discount to those who pay cash.

IF you do not approve of it we will return your money in full.

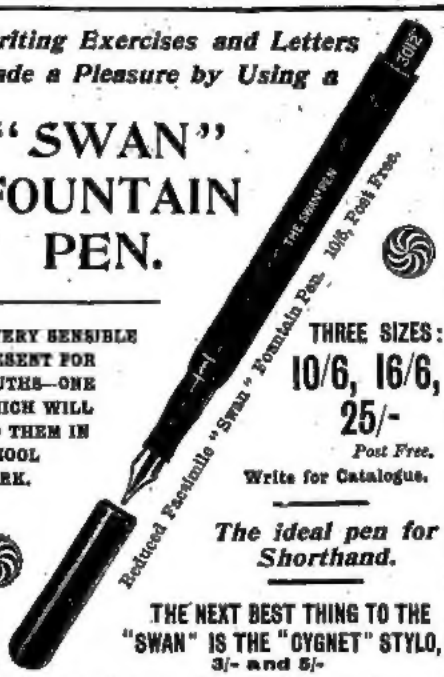
OR you may send 27s. at once, and if you do not approve of the watch, we will refund the money if watch is returned within seven days.

A written warranty will be sent with each watch. Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, etc., free. (20 per cent below London prices.)

J. N. MASTERS, LTD., WATCHMAKERS, RYE, SUSSEX.

Writing Exercises and Letters made a Pleasure by Using a

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN.



A VERY SENSIBLE PRESENT FOR YOUTHS—ONE WHICH WILL AID THEM IN SCHOOL WORK.

THREE SIZES: 10/6, 16/6, 25/- *Post Free.*

Write for Catalogue.

The ideal pen for Shorthand.

THE NEXT BEST THING TO THE "SWAN" IS THE "CYGNET" STYLO, 3/- and 5/-

Mabie, Todd & Bard, Manufacturers, *93, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.* 95a, Regent St., W., and 3, Exchange St., Manchester, *or of all Stationers.*

THE CUSACK INSTITUTE,

WHITE STREET, MOORFIELDS, E.C.

First-Class Commercial Education.

Over 5,000 Students on the registers at present.

The Staff exceeds One Hundred in number, and every Teacher is an Expert in his own subject.

OVER 3,000 SUCCESSES ANNUALLY AT ALL PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

Situations found for Competent Students. Employers promptly suited with Clerks.

Please write for Prospectus, or call on the Principal, who will be pleased to show you over the premises any day.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

For CERTAIN SATISFACTION

ASK for and INSIST UPON getting the

DAISY 4/-

20th CENTURY AIR-RIFLE.

Extreme length, 30ins. Weight, 2lbs.

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts with sufficient force to kill Rats, &c., at 50ft. Useful and Amusing for Adults, yet a Safe Toy for Children.

WRITE TO-DAY for address of nearest agent to "C" Dept.

WM. E. PECK & Co., 8, Bradford Avenue, London.

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL

MILK-CHOCOLATE

THE MOST NOURISHING AND DELICIOUS SWEETMEAT IN THE WORLD.

NO IMITATION HAS THE CHARM OF PETER'S.

6d. *Tablets* & 6d. & 1s. *Croquettes.* *Sold everywhere.*
Sole Agents (trade only), S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., Wellclose Sq., London.

Digitized by Google

A. H. DINGWALL,

Ambawella, Weston-super-Mare,

has a splendid stock of

CHEAP COLONIALS AND FINE OLD EUROPEANS.

No rubbish, but all genuine investments.

Price Lists of sets and singles free by mentioning THE CAPTAIN.

Mr. Dingwall is a member of the Stamp Exchange Protection Society, Northern, Suburban, S.W. Lancashire Caledonia, Midland Counties, and other Clubs.

Address as above, or—

5, Orange Grove, Bath.

Bankers—Capital and Counties, Bath.

200 RARE STAMPS FREE.

Collectors sending 2d. for list receive gratis 200 Stamps, including Canada, very rare Map and Jubilee issues, unused Philippines 1898, B. Guiana, W. Australia (New Swan), obsolete Victoria, United States, etc. Cheap approval sheets sent to applicants.
Address—R. KING & Co., Stamp Dealers, BRISTOL.

STAMPS.—25 varieties, 2d.; 30, 3d.; 35, 4d.; 50, 6d.; 65, 8d.; 80, 10d.; 100, 1s. 25 **superior**, 6d.; 50, 1s.; 75, 1s. 6d.; 100, 2s. (N.B.—These packets are excellent value, containing many old and new issues—no damaged stamps.) **Approval sheets, splendid variety, good discount**, low prices. **Collections and loose lots** bought; also rare C. P. State and Transvaals wanted. Note the address—
PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7, Katharine St. (opposite Town Hall), Croydon.

FREE PACKET OF 35 STAMPS,

including British South Africa, Tunis, Turkey, Ceylon, etc., to all intending purchasers sending for our Approval Sheets (liberal discount) and enclosing 1d. stamp for postage. We know these Sheets will please. They are the best and cheapest.

1,000 Mixed Stamps, 6d.; 50 British Colonials, all different, 6d.; 100 Foreign and Colonial, all different, 1s.; 300, 1s. 6d.; 600, 3s.

Collections and Loose Stamps wanted for Cash.

THE LONDON STAMP EXCHANGE, The Arcade, S, Broad Street Station, London, E.C.

"STAMPS," The Monthly Philatelic Journal.

All Stamp Collectors should subscribe to the above paper.
Subscription, 2s. per annum, post free.

Contains—Special articles by the best writers. Valuable hints for Junior Collectors. Complete chronicle of New Issues. Review of the month's literature. Fiscal Notes. Post-card Catalogue. Note Book, and other interesting matter.

Specimen copy post free on application.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES:—

Whole Page, 60/-; Half Page, 33/-; Quarter Page, 18/-; Eighth Page, 10/-; Sixteenth Page 5/-.

Large reduction from above rates for a series of insertions. Short Private Advertisements are inserted. Rate ½d. per word. Four insertions at the price of three; nine at the price of six; twelve at the price of eight.

Address all communications to the Publisher—

F. L. HEYGATE, Rushden, R.S.O., England.

GRATIS! To introduce business, I offer, gratis, to all collectors making purchases from approval selections to value of **5s.** or more, a wonderful packet of 25 different used stamps of the **Colonies of Portugal**, worth 2s. 6d. Give me a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed.
GRAHAM MORRIS, 37, Lady Somerset Road, London, N.W.

GRATIS! 500 STAMP MOUNTS

To anyone purchasing **1s.** worth of Stamps from our noted Approval Sheets. Special Prices for larger quantities. Send for a trial sheet immediately. Liberal Discounts allowed. *Live Agents Wanted Everywhere.*
YORKSHIRE STAMP Co., KEIGHLEY.

JUST OUT.

Rugby Rules - 1900	2d.
Association Rules "	2d.
Hockey Rules "	2d.
PARLOUR FOOTBALL, New Game on Association Lines	1s.
RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP, Exciting Indoor Game	7d.
CRICKET COMICALITIES	2d.

WRIGHT & Co., 2, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C.

"Stamps" Exchange Society.

If you have Stamps for disposal, or if you wish to buy medium or rare Stamps at reasonable and often low prices, join the above society. Three packets each month. Colonial, European and General. Good sales. Prompt settlements on return of each month's packet. Subscription 2s. per annum. Each member receives a copy of *Stamps* (the official organ of the Society). Full particulars with rules from

F. L. HEYGATE, (Publisher of "Stamps.") Rushden, R.S.O., England.

STAMPS.—Over 200 varieties, comprising New Brunswick, Bolivia, Falkland, Uruguay, Gold Coast, Lagos, Borneo, Lombardy, Paraguay, Pottialla, Spain (*wear tax*), France (unpaid), Persia, Hawaii, St. Vincent, B. Guiana (Jubilee), China, Philippines, etc., free 1s. 7d.

Sets: 9 Bosnia 8d., 8 Bolivia 2d., 9 Borneo 4d., 20 Australian 6d., 9 New Hungary 4d., 10 Bulgaria 3d., 20 Brazil 6d., 5 New Brunswick 1s. 6d., 100 British Colonials 2s. 6d., 3 Iceland 3d., 7 Egypt 2d., 14 Japan 3d., 6 Victoria 3d., 6 West Australia 6d., 3 Labuan 3d., postage extra.

Collections: 500 varieties free 5s. 1d. 1,000 varieties 17s. 1d.

Bargains fine for exchange purposes. Lists free.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., Cheylesmore, Coventry.

BARGAINS!

My No. 211 BARGAIN PACKET contains over 100 good stamps, all guaranteed genuine, including the following: Rare unused Canada, 3c. on 3c. (4 leaves); Canada, 1859; 3c. Beaver; three rare unused St. Christopher, surcharged St. Kitt's Nevis (sold by Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., at 7s. 6d.); unused Canada Map; six unused Orange River Colonies, V. R. I.; five unused Transvaal, surcharged V. R. I.; unused Zululand; unused Turks Island; unused Transvaal, 1885; unused British South Africa; unused British Bechuanaland, 1888; several unused Hanover, 1851; unused Nowanagur; unused Straits Settlements, 1c. on 8c., old Mauritius; unused Virgin Islands; several unused Zambesia; unused Nossi Be; unused unpaid Mazagan, etc., etc., all for 5s., postage 1d. extra. To ensure selling a large number of these (No. 211) Packets, I will present with each one a genuine original unused Stellaland 5s. This packet would be a bargain at £1, and I am selling it merely as an advertisement.

Unlimited stock. A1 stamp mounts, 500, 3d.; 1,000, 4d.; 12 different Transvaals, 1s.; 500 different stamps, 5s.; 1,000, 17s.; 2,000, £3; 3,000, £10; 4,000, £25; 5,000, £40. 100 different Levantine stamps, 4s., 187 different U.S.A. (bargain) 10s. 6d.

Approval Sheets on Application.

R. D. THOMSON, 13, Clifford Street, Glasgow.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

Write for my Illustrated Price List of Cheap Packets, **Sets of Stamps, Stamp Albums**, and Philatelic Novelties. Sent **Gratis** and **Post Free**. If 3d. is enclosed, a set of 6 Costa Rica 1889 will be forwarded free. *Sheets of stamps sent on approval.*

F. EDWARDS KING, 11, Stevenson Road, Ipswich.

TRIANGULAR CAPE STAMPS GIVEN AWAY.

A COLLECTION of 200 entirely different Stamps, from the British Colonies and other parts, including rare St. Christopher (surcharged), St. Kitts, Nevis, choice Trans Mississippi, Exhibition Stamps, etc. BARGAIN. Price 1s., post free, with particulars of free Cape.

MR. NELSON T. HILLIER, 16, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

100 GENUINE VARIETIES FOR 6D.

including C.G.H., U.S.A., Orange Free State, Canada, Victoria, New Zealand, Switzerland, Spain, Holland, etc. Approval Sheets (3d. in 1s. discount). Mounts, 4d. All post free in Great Britain.
CAMPBELL INGLES, & Co., 13, Tower Chambers, Carlisle.

The NEW (4th) Edition

OF THE

"A B C" CATALOGUE

WILL BE PUBLISHED EARLY IN NOVEMBER, and will be the up-to-date Catalogue for the coming season. Many new features are introduced and much additional information is given that will be found useful to collectors.

Contains Adhesives and Entires of All Countries in One Volume, 850 pp., and over 5,000 Illustrations.

Price, **2/6**; Post Free, **2/10**. ORDERS NOW BOOKED.

A few copies of the Third Edition are on hand, price 1/6, post free.

Price List of Sets, Packets, Albums, Accessories, 32pp., post free.

ALL VARIETIES OF WAR STAMPS IN STOCK AT LOW RATES.

BRIGHT & SON, 164, Strand, W.C.

JUST READY. "TIT-BITS" MONSTER

"HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY STORIES."

One Penny. Post free, 2d.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand.

Digitized by Google

The SECOND EDITION of the

UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE

OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD

Now includes a **SUPPLEMENT**, comprising all Stamps issued since the publication of the Catalogue in March right up to **August, 1900.** It also includes an entirely revised list of all Stamps of the late **Orange Free State and Transvaal**, including the "V. R. I." surcharges at low prices and a complete list of **Mafeking Siege Stamps.** This Catalogue is therefore the most recent published. The arrangement is strictly alphabetical, and minor varieties of perforation, &c., are wholly excluded. It is the ideal simplified Catalogue for the beginner or the general collector. The CATALOGUE and SUPPLEMENT, fully illustrated and bound in 1 vol., price **1s. 3d.** post free. INTERLEAVED EDITION, cloth gilt, **2s. 6d.** post free. The SUPPLEMENT can also be supplied separately for 3d. post free.

New 52-page Price Lists of Packets, Sets, Albums, and other Philatelic requisites sent on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage.

Monthly List of Philatelic Novelties, 6d. per annum, post free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH. *(Established 31 Years.)*

"NOVEMBER" PACKET.—110 different, 6d., including Brazil, Cyprus, new Canada, Hong Kong, 2 Mauritius, U.S. special delivery, Travancore, 2 Queensland, 2 Transvaal: a decided bargain, post free. Gratis, 250 Mounts, to all who order Sheets. Agents wanted. 500 different Stamps, fine; 1,000, 1s.; mounted, clean and perfect. Bright's Catalogue, 2s. 6d.; King's, 1s. 9d. Postage abroad extra. Money Orders only accepted from abroad.

A. B. McAUSLAN & Co., 95, Bath Street, Glasgow.

FOREIGN STAMPS FOR NOTHING!

GRATIS AND POST FREE upon receipt of **FOURPENCE**, to defray clerical expenses, etc., 250 foreign stamps, 250 mounts, coloured album, 20 North and South American, and 25 special stamps. Five price lists gratis. 200 superb stamps, every one different, 9d.

UNIVERSAL STATIONERY Co., TENBY, SOUTH WALES.

FOREIGN STAMPS & ALBUMS FREE.

Send a Postcard and we send you a fine lot of 30 stamps, including pair of U.S. Columbus, Old Chili, two kinds of Japan, N.S.W. Centenary, Argentine, Porto Rico, unused, etc. We are also giving 100 splendid Stamp Albums to applicants for approval selections. Mention CAPTAIN.

BRISTOL STAMP COMPANY, BRISTOL.

A PRESENT OF 100 DIFFERENT STAMPS!

GRATIS AND POST FREE upon receipt of **THREEPENCE** (for packing, postage, etc.), 100 **different** foreign stamps, including used and unused South and Central American, African, Asiatic, West Indian, British Colonials, etc. Lists gratis. 1000 mounts 3½d. 500 mixed stamps 5d.

MORRISON, Greenhill Avenue, Tenby, South Wales.

Rare Foreign Stamps Presented Free

ALSO ALBUMS AND MOUNTS!!

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER!!!

In order to introduce our stamps we offer to **present gratis and post free** to every applicant who encloses **Sixpence** (to cover postage, packing and clerical expenses, and also prevent our offer being abused) the following lots:—

One Album, printed in colours.
100 finely-assorted Foreign Stamps.
50 Non-European Stamps.
25 British Colonials and West Indian.
25 Asiatic and South African.
10 assorted unused Stamps.
25 North, South, and Central American.
500 Best Stamp Mounts.

The lot sent free to any part of the world for **Sixpence.** This is an offer which we cannot repeat, and we urge all interested to take advantage of it.

Six Splendid Price Lists Gratis and Post Free.

Wonderful Approval Sheets

150 magnificent Stamps, no common ones, post free, **1s. 2d.**
25 Unused, 7d. 50 British and other Colonials, 7d.

Address—

Globe Philatelical Association, Tenby, Pembrokeshire.

WE APOLOGISE

To all those who have ordered our **No. 233 Excelsior Packet** and have not received the same by return of post. The demand for this unique collection of stamps is simply enormous, owing greatly to the recommendation of purchasers. Our stock of the sets given with each packet is limited, and the offer cannot remain open much longer. If you wish to secure one there is still time if ordered at once.

No. 233.—Contains 50 Stamps, all different, including Sudan (camel), Bosnia, Roumania, Cuba, Mauritius, Brazil, Bolivia, Egypt, Natal, Cape of Good Hope, Argentine Republic, United States (Omaha), India, Japan, etc., etc., post free, **6d.** In addition to the Stamps mentioned, we shall include in every No. 233 Packet a **Set of Six Canada,** recent issues, including the scarce **Map** stamp.

SHILLING STAMP ALBUM (Illustrated.)

No. 1 EXCELSIOR consists of 120 pages, with spaces for 2,500 Stamps, and contains a mass of information as to dates of issue, coinage, sovereigns, etc. It is beautifully bound in cloth, illuminated in gold, **1s.** post free. A Packet of 50 different Stamps is sent with each Album.

PRICE LIST, 32 pages, full of Illustrations. Sets and Packets at very low prices.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

A RARE CHANCE!

The **BEAT THE WORLD PACKET** contains 100 different stamps including **Paraguay, set of 9 Sweden** (including long service), Venezuela, United States (picture of war-ship), 3 Bulgaria, Brazil, set of 5 **Argentine,** 2 U.S.A. Columbus, set of 5 **India,** Victoria, Western Australia, set of 5 **Hungary,** Cape of Good Hope, 2 New Zealand, set of 3 **Canada** (including Jubilee issue), British Guiana, &c., &c. **Price 3d., Postage 1d. extra.**

To every purchaser of above Packet asking for Approval Selections (at very low prices and high discount) we will give positively **Free,** 2 scarce obsolete **British Guiana Jubilee stamps** well worth 4d.

Illustrated Price List Gratis and Post Free

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

V.R.I. WAR STAMPS, GRATIS!

We will **present gratis** to **every** purchaser of "Bob's" Packet one of Lord Roberts' War Stamps, surcharged V.R.I., two different V.R.I. gratis with our "Kitchener" Packet, three different V.R.I. (worth 2s.) gratis to purchasers of both packets.

"BOB'S" Packet contains China, Transvaal, Swan River, Iceland, Montenegro, Turkey, Newfoundland, Labuan, etc. **3½d.**

"KITCHENER" Packet contains Orange River Colony, Br. S. Africa, North Borneo, Siam, Sirmoor (old Rajah), Sierra Leone 1s., Gold Coast 1s., Mauritius, Abyssinian, etc., Price **1s. 9d.** (worth 4s.).

THE CIRCUS STAMP Co., 179-181, Regent St., London.

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET, No. 115.

Worth 1s. Our Price, 1½d.

This marvellous packet contains 25 genuine, clean and perfect specimens, including St. Vincent 1871, Brazil, Japanese Corea 1900, Argentine, Jamaica, Venezuela, Grenada, Bermuda, obsolete Sweden, Turkey (large issue), British Guiana, St. Lucia used (worth 4d.), Sierra Leone, two old Japanese, two U.S.A. Columbus, French Congo 1900, Crete 1900, Natal, Portugal, Turkey (old Ottoman issue), Chili, Barbados (British), and Hayti (old Palm Tree issue). Price 6½d., postage 1d. extra. As a special inducement, we will give to all purchasers of above packet a fine set of **5 used Bolivia, worth 1s.**

J. STUART & CO., Stamp Importers, SPRING GROVE, ISLEWORTH

GRAND BARGAINS!!

50 Different Colonials for 6d.

100 Different—including Transvaal, Orange Free State, "China," South American, and many Colonials, **6d.**

Try my 1d. Sets, Sent on Approval.

E. FLEMING, 199, BURDETT ROAD, LONDON, E.

STAFFORD SMITH'S STAMPS always give satisfaction. Send for 32-page Stamp Circular, gratis and post free. Ask for samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge (Registered).

H. STAFFORD SMITH & Co., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

The "JEWEL," 3d.

60 DIFFERENT STAMPS 60

Including **Chinese Imperial Post, Crete, French Congo, Persia,** Luxemberg, Argentine, new issue Hungary, Queensland, Spain "War Tax," New Zealand, Mexico, Ceylon, new issue Austria, U.S.A., Omaha Exhibition issue 1898, **4 new issue Holland, 5 Japanese Empire, 5 Roumania,** etc., etc. **3d.**

POSTAGE 1d. EXTRA.

IN ADDITION, every Purchaser of the above Packet applying for a selection of our **"Ideal" Approval Sheets** will receive

GRATIS, A SET OF 5 GUATEMALA.

NOTICE.—The above Packet is offered for a limited period simply as an advertisement. Only one Packet supplied to each person.

☞ **See our 1900 LIST, 80 pages, post free and gratis.** Entirely revised. New Packets, New Sets, New 1900 Albums.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,

SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON.

Digitized by Google

PART 1 READY OCTOBER 15th.

The Life of a Century

1800—1900.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, have commenced the publication of an entirely New and Original Work, entitled "THE LIFE OF A CENTURY, 1800—1900," written by Mr. EDWIN HODDER.

The idea of the work is to give an account of the state of Europe generally, and of Great Britain and her dependencies particularly, at the beginning of the century in relation to Politics, Religion, Ethics, Trade and Commerce, Art, Science, Literature, Philanthropy, Sports and Pastimes, Music and the Drama, and to trace their developments throughout the past hundred years. These subjects will not be treated separately and exhaustively in distinct sections, but will be dealt with concurrently in chapters arranged into historical periods, as for example: From 1801 to the Battle of Waterloo; from Waterloo to the Reform Bill, 1832, and so on.

There will be brought into the work the whole "life" or "doings," or "affairs" of the century, and an account will be given, directly or indirectly, of every great movement and every great worker in all departments of thought and action, including wars and warfare, acquisitions and expansions of territory, explorations and discoveries, new sources of commerce; the rise and progress of our great philanthropic institutions, and the hundred schemes for ameliorating the lot of the poor; the story of the great Evangelical Revival and of the Oxford Movement; the factory laws, emigration, improvement in the dwellings of the poor; the reconstruction of towns and cities, the treatment of the insane, workhouses and prisons; the foundation of the great musical societies, the progress in musical knowledge, and anecdotes of great vocalists and instrumentalists; great actors and dramatists of the century, narratives of players and playhouses; the altered position of the stage as regards actors, acting, and scenic display. In Art the story of great painters and painting will be told, including the rise of new schools of painting, new importations in art; the pictorial press, special war artists, caricature and comic illustrations. In chapters on Literature a survey will be made of all the great writers of the century—poets, novelists, historians, jurists; the progress of the newspaper press, of magazine literature; the work of war correspondents and interviewers. Special attention has been given to the chapters relating to Arts and Sciences, Discoveries and Inventions, and descriptions have been given as free from technical terms as possible of steam and its endless capabilities, of electricity and its multifarious uses, of photography, of the progress of Engineering Science, of the Industrial Arts generally, and of the ever-fresh developments of Medical Science.

In the preparation of this important work, and especially in the sections relating to the Arts and Sciences, the Author has received the valuable assistance of well-known literary and scientific friends, specialists on recondite subjects, all of whose contributions, however, have been re-written and incorporated into the body of the work, by their permission, in order to secure continuity of style and consecutiveness in the narrative. The style aimed at throughout is bright, popular, crisp, and interesting, and abounds in anecdote, incident, description, and character sketches, and is free from party bias in politics, religion, and social questions.

A notable feature of the work will be its profuse, appropriate, and exceptionally artistic illustrations. These have been specially selected with great care, and consist of original drawings, reproductions, maps, plans, portraits, and sketches of all kinds.

The work will be completed in about twelve monthly parts, of sixty-four quarto pages per part, price **6d.** each. It will be printed on a specially prepared paper in new, clear, and legible type, it will be stitched instead of being wire bound, and each part will contain from forty to fifty illustrations.

7-12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

Digitized by Google

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

PRE-EMINENT FOR 60 YEARS.

Elegant Gift Book.

GOLDEN DEEDS OF THE WAR.

In one volume, 328 pp., crown 8vo, cloth extra, with special design by Jenkins, gilt leaves. By ALFRED THOMAS STORY, Author of "The Building of the Empire," etc. With 160 portraits. Price 6/-; post free, 6/4.

This book is not intended to be in any way a glorification of the South African War, or of any war. Nor does it pretend by any means to exhaust the list of brave, devoted, and daring acts and doings performed during the war. It is rather a selection, to show what our sturdy British soldiers are at the best, and to be a pattern and stimulus for those who will have to fight England's battles in other years.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

EUCALYNE

(*Pronounced* YOU CLEAN)

MAKES O'D CYCLES . . . LOOK LIKE NEW.

YOU CAN CLEAN CLEAN WHEN YOU CLEAN WITH

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. WM. DUDLEY, the well-known Pianoforte maker, says: "It speedily seizes hold of grease and dirt, and leaves a clear bright surface. The stuff ordinarily used is an abomination to pianoforte makers."

The Architect (July 20): "Eucalyne possesses virtues to which no other polishing medium with which we are acquainted can sustain a claim."

THE EDITOR, *Photogram* (in September number): "We have tried it on fine wood-work, also on office desks, and it works like a charm."

Messrs. JAMES PASCALL, Ltd., the Celebrated Confectioners, wrote on August 31st: "We have tried Eucalyne and find that it does all that the inventor claims for it. We consider it to be invaluable to Shopkeepers for their fittings."

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Eucalyne cleans Furniture, Patent Leather, Paint, Oil Paintings, Ormolu, and all Lacquered and Japanned Goods, etc. **Makes Old Cycles Look like New Ones, and Prevents Rusting.**

May be ordered of any Chemist, Storekeeper, or Cycle Agent.

London Wholesale Agents: Messrs. W. B. Fordham & Son, Ltd., Osmond & Matthews, Barclay & Sons, W. Sutton & Co., Newbery & Sons, W. Edwards & Son, and Messrs. Hovenden & Sons, Ltd.

EUCALYNE

Pronounced YOU CLEAN.

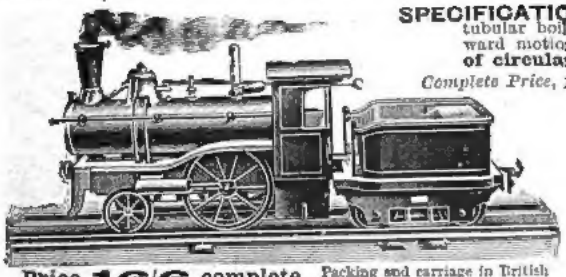
NEEDHAM'S PASTE

The Best Cheapest and Cleanest METAL Polish. Goes three times as far as any other and gives better results.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:-

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS. Sheffield.

RICHFORD'S STEAM LOCOMOTIVE, WITH CIRCULAR RAILS COMPLETE.



Price **16/6** complete. Packing and carriage in British Isles, 1s. extra.

SPECIFICATION: Four wheels, extra **strongly made**, oxydized brass, tubular boiler, safety valve, whistle steam dome, backward and forward motion, steam escapes through chimney, with tender, and set of circular rails.

Complete Price, **16/6.** *Packing and carriage in British Isles 1/- extra.*

Richford's Special Green Loco, with safety valve, etc., 3/6; ditto, with whistle, 4/6; Superior Quality Brass Locos, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6 each. Locos and rails complete, 9/6, 15/-, 21/-.

Richford's Vertical Engines, 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6 to 20/-.

Richford's Magic Lanterns, with six slides, 1s., 1s. 6d. each; with dozen slides, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, to 10/6. Lantern, with dozen slides, packed in stained box, 5/-; larger size, 8/6. We keep a large stock of Lanterns and Slides. Lecturer's Lanterns from 18/6; Slides for same, 3/- doz.

C. RICHFORD & CO., 153, Fleet St., London, E.C. (ESTAB. 1874.)

Digitized by Google

PARKER JOINTLESS LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN INTERESTING GUARANTEE FREE.

No Joint To Leak. No Screw To Break. No Old Fashioned Nozzle. Perfection.

SOLID GOLD. 10,000 words with one filling. Cannot leak. Made to suit every hand, 8/6 to 25/- each. Gravity Stylos, 3/6 each. Interesting Booklet and Guarantee, and name of nearest dealer, FREE. Parker Pen Co., Largest Fountain Pen Makers in the World, 195, Oxford St., London.

FEE 60 GUINEAS

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL

FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT., A.T. MILLER, R.N.

PRINT YOUR OWN

Circulars, Cards, Note Paper, Memo's, Price Lists, Billheads, Church and School Work, etc.

Buy the Patent "Excelsior" Self-Inking Printing Press.

Not a Toy. Type-setting easy; full printed instructions. Save Money; Make Money, Printing for others. Send 1d. stamp for Illustrated Circular, Type, Outfit, etc.

Gradual Payments if Desired.

THE EXCELSIOR PRINTING MACHINE CO., 31 & 32, LEATHER LANE, E.C.

CARLYON COLLEGE,

55 & 56, Chancery Lane, W.C.

London University, Oxford & Cambridge Examinations, Medical and Legal Preliminaries, Etc.

Pupils prepared either Privately or in Class. Vacation Tuition.

For Prospectus, Successes, etc., apply to

R. C. B. KERIN, B.A., London,

(First First-Class Honours in Classics at Final.)

130 London University Successes in last 5 years, etc.

FRETWORK

For the BEST MACHINES, MOST ARTISTIC DESIGNS, FASTEST CUTTING SAWS, PERFECT FRETWOOD,

Send at once for our large Catalogue with 1,000 illustrations of all Tools and Materials for Fretwork, Carving, Repousse, Burnt Wood, Bent Iron, Bamboo, Picture Framing, and Leather Work. 6d. post free, including design as illustration.

HARGER BROTHERS, SETTLE, YORKS.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.

For 1/3, 2/3, 2/8, 3/4, 5/9, and 6/9, post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornaments, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, viz:—

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 9d. *Postage 2d. extra.*

M. LINDNER, "C" Dept., 170, Fleet St., London, E.C.

DE LA RUE & CO'S FOUNTAIN PENS

Designed to SUIT ALL TASTES & REQUIREMENTS, and made throughout in their own Workshops.

THE "PELICAN" (PATENTED)

A FOUNTAIN PEN WITH SHUT-OFF VALVE.

ORDINARY SIZE, 10/6

EXTRA LARGE, 16/6

WITH 14-CARAT GOLD PEN, IRIDIUM-POINTED.

Writes Instantly and Continuously, and may be carried in any position without fear of leakage.

THE "NOTA BENE" STYLO

Or FLUID PENCIL (PATENTED)

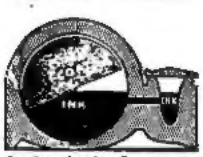
5/-

5/-

The Stylo may be considered the HANDIEST OF ALL WRITING INSTRUMENTS, as it is always ready for use without adjustment, and may be carried in any position without fear of leakage.

DE LA RUE'S "ISOBATH" INKSTAND

(PATENTED)



Section, showing Construction.

Has a Large Reservoir of Ink, secure from Dust and Evaporation

THE FLOAT IS SO WEIGHTED AND POISED AS ALWAYS TO KEEP THE INK IN THE DIPPING-WELL AT THE SAME LEVEL.

PRICES ... ... from 2/6 to 45/-

Also the "SWIFT" WRITING INKS

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR THE ABOVE PENS & INKSTANDS.

Sold by all Stationers. Wholesale only by the Sole Manufacturers,

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO. Ltd., BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

THE CAPTAIN.

Contents for November, 1900.

		PAGE
"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR	*Back of Frontispiece*	
"FIRE!"	*Frontispiece*	
THE CRUISE OF THE "VENGEFUL." (CHAPTERS V.—VIII.) Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.	99
A RUN ON A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER		111
CONCERNING FIREWORKS With Illustrations from Photographs.	J. A. KAY	112
THE REFORMATION OF FLAXBOURNE Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.	JOHN PATRICK	119
"ON KEEPING FIT" AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	C. B. FRY	124
KING WATERBOTTLE THE FIRST. (CHAPTERS III.—IV.) Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.	W. W. MAYLAND	127
CHEER FOR MILL HILL		134
A THRILLING EXPERIENCE ON THE ALPS Illustrated by A. J. JOHNSON.	G. H. BEST	135
THE CHINESE PUBLIC SCHOOL-BOY (PART I.) With Illustrations from Photographs.	A. COLLINS	139
ON THE CARE OF PETS Illustrated by COLBRON PEARSE.	PERCY W. FARMBOROUGH, F.Z.S.	144
TALES OF GREYHOUSE. ("THE GREAT REBELLION.") Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	R. S. WARREN BELL	147
THE CHASE OF FOX Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.	VIVE LA FRANCE	155
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTOETUMTOOTYKIETOKE	C. EDWARD WEIR	158
HOW SPARKES UPSET A "KOPJE" Illustrated by T. W. HENRY.	H. HERVEY	159
BAFFLING A BULLY Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	W. LLOYD SUMMERS, B.A.	164
THE STAMP COLLECTOR ("WHAT WILL MY STAMPS FETCH?")	A PHILATELIST	168
A NIGHT OF ACTION Illustrated by H. S. GREIG.	MAITLAND S. HERRIES	170
THE CHIVALRY OF JOHNSON MINOR Illustrated by JOHN HASSALL.	CHARLES D. LESLIE	173
HOW MACDONALD, V.C., CAPTURED KRUGER'S CATTLE Illustrated by G. M. DODSHON.	DAN WINSLOW	178
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED		182
SPECIAL PAGES	CONTRIBUTED BY READERS	184
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER		187
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL		188
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		190
RESULTS OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS		192

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use.

THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newnes, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding Vols. I., II., & III., may be obtained from any Bookseller for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. each direct from the Office. **Vols. I., II., & III.,** *are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d.*

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.

JOHN GIBSON, M.A.
(FIRST CLASS, CAMBRIDGE),
Late of Uppingham and Westminster; Educational Medallist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.

G. LOLY, B.A.
(FIRST CLASS, LONDON),
Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar," etc.; Spanish, German, and Italian Examiner at the City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS. SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.
Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quernmore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 360 successes in 1899 only, including eight FIRST places and fifty Honours
Prospectus and full particulars on application to
JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

Digitized by Google

RE-ISSUE IN 14 FORTNIGHTLY PARTS.

. . . PRICE SIXPENCE EACH . . .

The most Interesting PICTORIAL BIBLE ever issued in any Country or in any Language.

THE ART BIBLE

Comprising the Authorised Version of the OLD & NEW TESTAMENTS.

1,360 pages, embellished with 850 Splendid Illustrations (many of them full-page), which include selections from the Masterpieces of old and modern Artists.

THE reproductions from paintings, drawings, and photographs, made on the spot, representing

THE BIBLE LANDS OF TO-DAY,

constitute a feature of great beauty and interest, pertaining to a land and a people which in all essential particulars are the same now that they were two thousand years ago. These illustrations not only serve to gratify a natural curiosity, but they also have a high educational value, in that they make clearer than would otherwise be possible the meaning of the Sacred Word. Places celebrated from early times and hallowed by sacred associations are here presented. Lonely Ararat, from whose summit the merest remnant of the race went forth to renew the great struggle of humanity, rises in silent majesty. Turning the leaves, the pictures lead us in imagination to Egypt, with Jacob and his sons, across the Red Sea at the deliverance of the Exodus, and through the weary wilderness until we come to the wild and rugged Mount Sinai ; then we come to the River Jordan, and, with the Mighty Host, we enter the promised land ; we view many places and scenes made famous or sacred by some great event in the history of the chosen people during the period of their glory, and through their times of trouble and unrest, until the desire of all nations appears and the new Dispensation is ushered in ; we gaze with admiration upon "Zion, beautiful for situation, the City of the great King," and look with feeling of awe upon the lonely birthplace of one who was once the

SON OF GOD AND THE SON OF MAN.

Beautiful views are seen of many places whose names are familiar on account of their connection with the earthly life and ministry of our Lord, or with the labours of His Apostles, and the series is closed by a picture of "The Isle that is called Patmos," where were recorded the stirring prophecies and the glorious visions of St. John the Divine. Another remarkable pictorial feature pertains to

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

Among the striking illustrations are the photographic engravings of archæological discoveries in Egypt, Assyria, and Asia Minor. These obelisks, tablets, and other objects, with inscriptions, date back to the early history of the human race, and in a most remarkable manner confirm many of the historical statements of the Scriptures. We also have a faithful portrayal of

THE RELIGIOUS AND HOME LIFE OF THE PEOPLE,

showing their habits, manners, and customs, and the conditions under which they lived. The features of the country, with its animal life and its vegetable productions, all of which are practically unchanged from the olden time, are clearly and faithfully shown. Then, too, many of the most striking passages of the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, have been delineated in their beauty, their pathos, or their sublimity, by artists of world-wide fame. These

SERMONS IN PICTURES

form a pleasing feature of the work for adults, and cannot fail to make a powerful impression for good upon the minds of the young.

USEFUL MAPS.

Still another valuable feature of this work is found in a comprehensive series of maps, which show at a glance the condition of the world in respect to settlement, and the distribution of the population of the different countries at various periods. One of the most important of these is an excellent photographic reproduction of the Raised Map of Palestine, the model of which was made, after years spent in an actual survey of the country, by the Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

PART 1 ON NOVEMBER 1st.

LONDON : GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

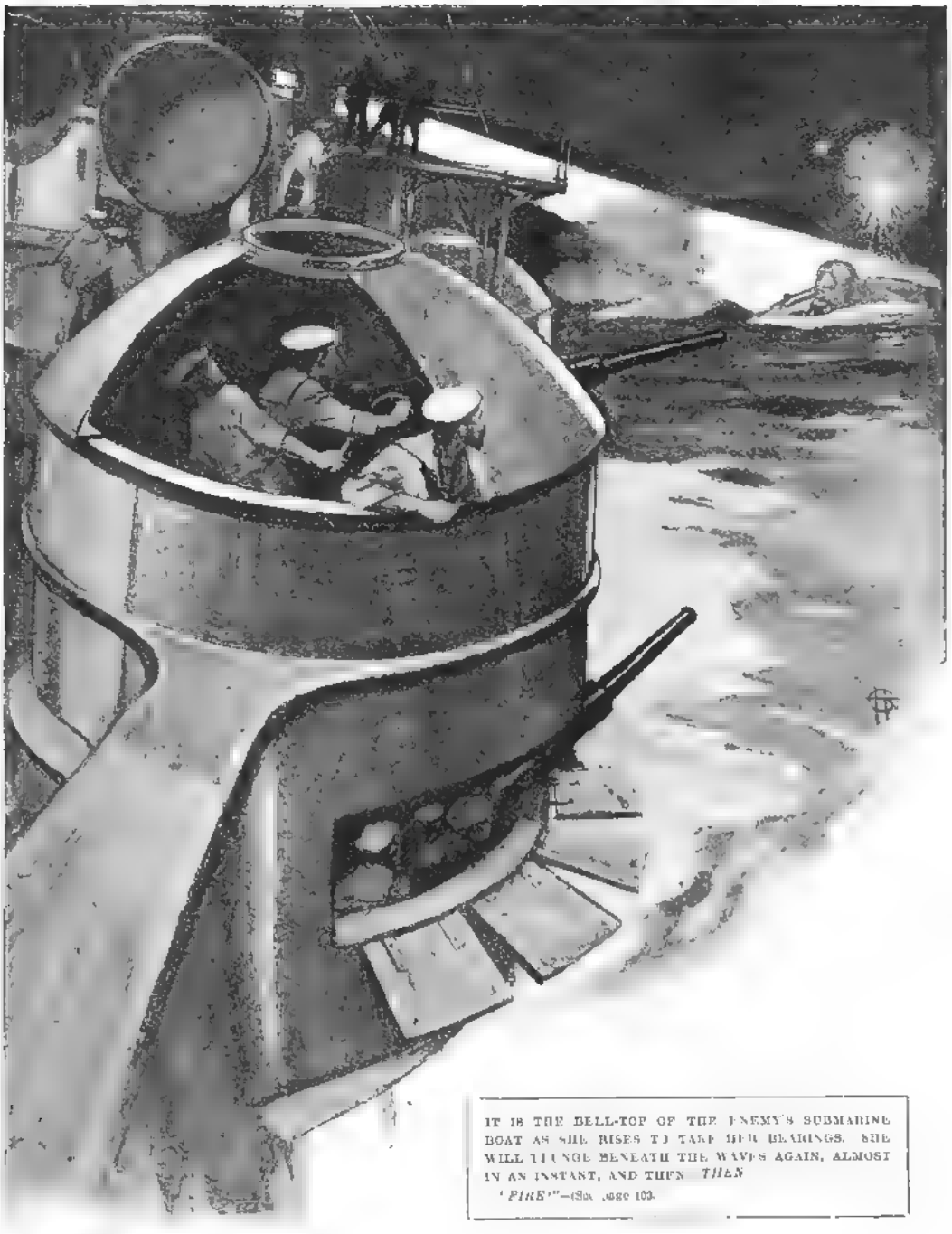
Digitized by Google

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

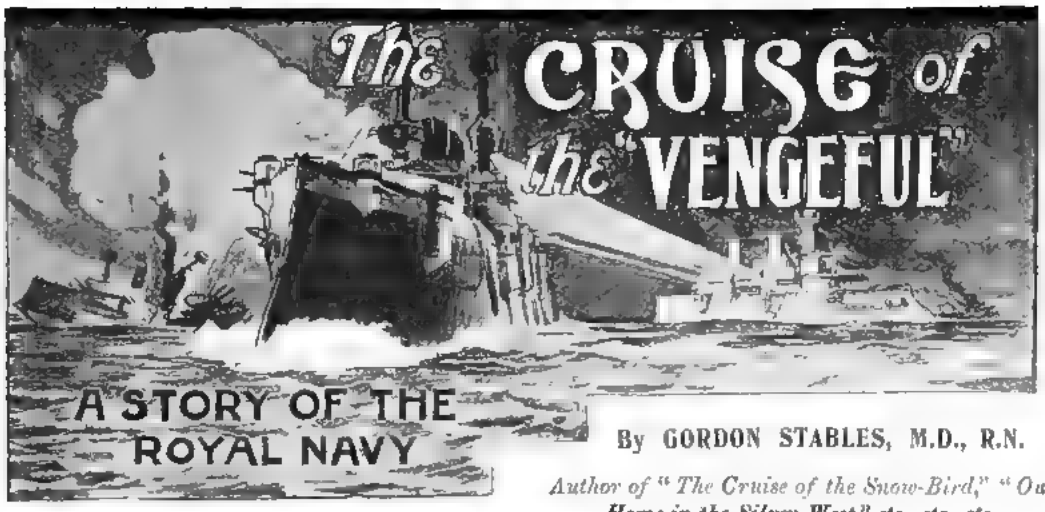
NOVEMBER, 1900.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1	**Thursday**	*All Saints' Day*	5.33
2.	*Friday*	*Siege of Ladysmith began*, 1899	5.31
3.	*Saturday*	*Ian Maclaren, novelist, b.* 1850	5.29
4.	**Sunday**	*Twenty-first after Trinity*	5.27
5.	*Monday*	*Battle of Inkerman*, 1854	5.25
6.	*Tuesday*	*Holborn Viaduct opened*, 1869	5.24
7.	*Wednesday*	*Sir Martin Frobisher died*, 1594	5.23
8.	*Thursday*	*John Milton died*, 1674	5.21
9.	*Friday*	*H.R.H. the Prince of Wales born*, 1841	5.19
10.	*Saturday*	*Oliver Goldsmith born*, 1728	5.17
11.	**Sunday**	*Twenty-second after Trinity*	5.16
12.	*Monday*	*Sir John Hawkins, navigator, d.* 1595	5.14
13.	*Tuesday*	*Arthur Hugh Clough died*, 1860	5.13
14.	*Wednesday*	*General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., b.* 1833	5.12
15.	*Thursday*	*Queen's first Parliament assembled*, 1837	5.10
16.	*Friday*	*John Walter, founder of "Times," d.* 1812	5.9
17.	*Saturday*	*Suez Canal opened*, 1869	5.7
18.	**Sunday**	*Twenty-third after Trinity*	5.6
19.	*Monday*	*Charles I. born*, 1600	5.5
20.	*Tuesday*	*Sir Wilfrid Laurier born*, 1841	5.4
21.	*Wednesday*	*F. S. Jackson, cricketer, b.* 1870	5.3
22.	**THURSDAY**	**CHRISTMAS "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	**5.1**
23.	*Friday*	*Gilbert Parker, novelist, b.* 1862	5.0
24.	*Saturday*	*John Knox died*, 1572	4.59
25.	**Sunday**	*Twenty-fourth after Trinity*	4.58
26.	*Monday*	*Princess Charles of Denmark born*, 1869	4.57
27.	*Tuesday*	*Duchess of Teck born*, 1833	4.56
28.	*Wednesday*	*Battle of Modder River*, 1899	4.55
29.	*Thursday*	*Cardinal Wolsey died*, 1530	4.54
30.	*Friday*	*Robert Abel, cricketer, b.* 1859	4.54

Calendar Events for January are Invited.



IT IS THE BELL-TOP OF THE ENEMY'S SUBMARINE BOAT AS SHE RISES TO TAKE HER BEARINGS. SHE WILL PLUNGE BENEATH THE WAVES AGAIN, ALMOST IN AN INSTANT, AND THEN *THEN 'FIRE'*"—(See page 103.



By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—IV.

H.M.S. *Vengeful* goes to sea with sealed orders on the declaration of war between Great Britain and two European powers. The junior doctor—Elliot—who has newly joined the ship, arouses the suspicions of some of the officers by his strange, inquisitive ways. A watch is set on Elliot, who is caught, red-handed, stealing important documents from the commander's cabin. It is discovered that Elliot is a French spy, known in his own country as "Louis mon Brave." He is condemned to death, but escapes by diving over the ship's side and swimming to the Madagascan shore.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE MOONLIT FOREST.

"HANDS, up anchor!"

That used to be the cry at one time in brig, in frigate, or ship-of-the-line. Steam might have aided, as round and round the great winch would turn, and slowly about its waist would wind the chain or cable as from the dark depths below the anchor rose slowly, reluctantly, towards the cat-head.

But everything on board the *Vengeful* was worked by steam or electricity, at the bidding of the commander or officer of the watch, and the order was silently given by touching a key and talking down a tube.

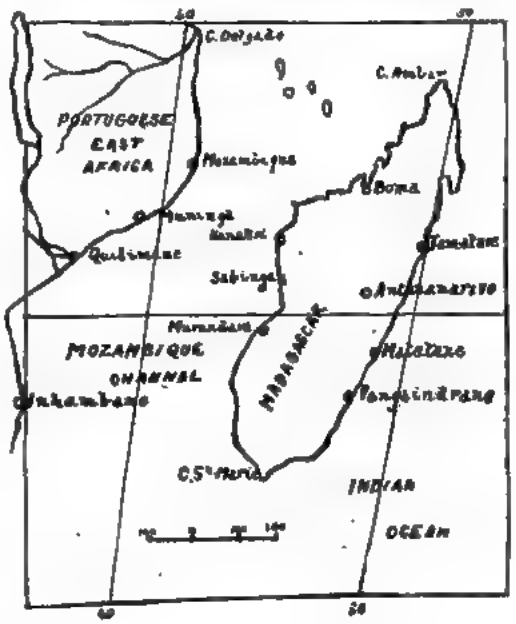
"Hands, up anchor!"

Well, the *Vengeful* is free of the shore, anyhow, and steering in a south-westerly course as if bearing up once more for the distant Cape of Good Hope. It was well on in the afternoon before she stood out to sea; but as soon as darkness fell she once more altered her course to the N.N.E.

Why this caution? Why, because every hill on yonder Island of Madagascar, which belonged and still belongs to the French, was a watch-tower—the very woods could see and report the doings of this marvellous British cruiser to the ships of the enemy, which could not be far off.

But Captain Bullard and his brave young commander had no idea of leaving the island without an attempt to unearth the French battle ship which had so successfully avoided them.

Every bay or gulf must be searched—ay, and every creek — for even into shallow water the daring little *Tadpole*, their tender, now cruising in the Mozambique, but expected back soon, could



venture and give battle, if need were, to a foeman twice her size.

Above is a little skeleton map I roughly draw for my readers' convenience, and simply to show the position of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean, for the fortune of war decrees that the island shall occupy no small space in my story.

* * * * *

War at sea now-a-days is very often a game of hide and seek, in which the less-daring captains or commanders strive to avoid a duel with an enemy, which might result in their own vessel's destruction.

There was no timidity, however, about the brave officers and crew of the *Vengeful*. Every one on board, from Bullard himself to Bobby Blair, was itching to try conclusions with the foe, and fight him fair and square in blue water.

The captain of the great French cruiser, called the *Cronjé*, possessed no such zeal. In every way his vessel might have been said to be a match for the *Vengeful;* in armour, in weight of guns, and in number of men. Yet the old British prestige hung around the battle decks of the *Vengeful*, we were still mistress of the seas, and Jackie Tar was still as fond of fun and fighting as the brave sailors of old, who trod the decks with Nelson.

On that very afternoon when this British man-o'-war put off to sea, the *Cronjé* lay between the mainland of Madagascar and a small wooded island about seven miles to the north.

"*Sacré!*" thundered her captain, as he shook his clenched fist at the receding cruiser, as she was disappearing on the horizon, "*Sacré!* the perfidious sea-demon has gone! Ha! now shall we sink and burn every craft we meet."

His commander laughed grimly, and clutched his sword.

Your French naval officer—unlike the British—loves to be lashed to his sword. He will go swinging around the quarter-deck with it all day long; he is unwilling to go on shore, even for a walk, without it; he thinks that it gives him *éclat;* thinks that, girt to his old cheese-knife, he really looks imposing, and, indeed, I have known young French officers go to bed with their swords on—not to mention their boots.

No one in this country would think of disparaging our near neighbours, the French. Even when our enemies, they have ever been foemen worthy of our steel, on land at all events; but we have our insular prejudices, and naval officers must speak of them as they see them now on the briny ocean or on the shores of far-off lands. They are then and there just a trifle different from ourselves. Go on board a French cruiser—you being an officer, let us say. As soon as you set foot on deck you naturally enough lift your cap to quarter-deck and flag. But who is this advancing? Why, the lieutenant of the watch, and he quite takes your breath away and makes you feel somewhat *Boerish* that you have not *kept* your hat off. The man who comes to meet you has uncovered his head, and his cocked hat is on his heart, as he bows a stagey bow; then he stands erect once more, with a smile on his face, and his half-bent fingers on a level with his nose, his forearm semaphoring "G." He wants to shake hands, or rather, touch finger-tips, but you stretch your arm straight from the shoulder, and semaphore "A," while you grasp that white hand of his in your brown one with a grip he'll remember for many a day.

Two of the men that accompanied you on board stride forward, and are highly amused at the excessive palaver and politeness with which they are received. Ten to one our Jack ends the performance by bringing down his horny palm with a ringing smack on the shoulders of one of these stagey mariners.

"Got e'er a bit o' baccy, Froggy?" says Jack.

In the old days of frigates and three-deckers the French had always an immense display of plate-glass windows astern—ours were ports.

The same rule regulates the internal economy of our ships of war till this day. We have nothing for show alone, but everything on board of us—including the men's clothing—and their *skins*, mind you—is the very acme of cleanliness and sanitation. Health and strength are enthroned on Jack's brown face, and sparkle in his frank and fearless eyes, while a courage that is indomitable dwells in his honest heart. All things around you here are made for use and work, and so are our sailors themselves. Here we find solidity. In the French men-o'-war, and in the French men and officers, much of this gives place to mere polish and politeness.

In physique we beat the French sailors hollow.

We serve our guns steadily, quietly, determinedly, with none of that Gallic fuss and nervousness by which Froggy is always characterised.

Strange as it may seem, the Frenchman never quite gets over *mal de mer*, and a man who has been long at sea may curl up in a gale of wind. But the gale of wind never blew that could make the British tar squeamish.

French sailors are sometimes better swordsmen than British, but when it comes to hand-to-hand work, Jack's cutlass, wielded as Jack wields it, can beat down every guard that e'er was taught.

Let me make one more remark in favour of our sailors — they fight as well on shore as afloat. Whereas French sailors are all at sea when fighting on shore—and, blame me! if I don't think

they would rather be on shore than fighting at sea.

The *Vengeful* made the land long before the moon rose, and silently dropped anchor once again at the mouth of a bay.

Not a light but was extinguished on deck, and orders were given that no one should speak above a whisper, strike a match, or even tread the decks with noisy footfall.

It was somewhere near to the mouth of the Iseereebeeheenah (native pronunciation) which rolls its dark waters from off the distant mountains and vast plateaux of the interior, through lonesome forests and rocky glens, till it falls silently into the Indian Ocean; about latitude 20degs. south, that the *Vengeful* lay to-night in deep water, only a few hundred yards from the wooded shores of Lyra Bay.

Not a breath of wind rippled its waters; the far-off hills were darkly outlined against a star-studded sky, and from the adjoining forest came seldom a sound, save the plaintive cry of the strange little aye-aye, or the shriek of some startled night-bird.

"THAT IS SHE! AH! THOUSAND THUNDERS! THAT SHIP IS NOW DOOMED."

Surely no one can be abroad in these darkling woods to-night. But the rule in war time, while the ship is so positioned as the *Vengeful*, is to act as if every tree on shore concealed a foe, and every dark shadow on the water was an advancing boat. A man-o'-war on foreign service must slumber not nor sleep.

So, 'twixt shore and ship, and in under the darkling shadows which the rocks and cliffs cast over the water, armed patrol boats row, with muffled oars. And each carries a maxim gun at the bows, while the officer astern has ears for the slightest sound, and eyes that seem to penetrate every shadow.

Nothing suspicious.

And so hours pass away, and those patrols are silently relieved by others, and are soon once more attached to the booms of the great cruiser.

Nothing suspicious? Nothing visible from the water certainly, and yet the ship is being watched from the woods.

Behold, the moon is rising in the east. A glare of yellow light first begins to banish the darkness; rolling clouds grow white as snow-banks, the hills become clearer and still more clear, then up sails the silver shield, and sea and land are flooded with light.

Two men have crept silently out of the woods, out from the bush and down to the beach, and there they stand for a few moments, like dark statues, the hand of the one resting on the shoulder of the other. Both are armed with swords and revolvers.

"That is she," says the taller of the two, in French. "I told you, Rigault, I told you, that I, Louis mon Brave, could not be deceived. Ah! thousand thunders! that ship is now doomed—

captain, commander, and officers, who would have taken from me life—all shall die. Now haste we back, Rigault, and make our report, and long before the moon shall sink beneath the western wave that ship and her crew shall slumber far below!"

Both men disappeared as silently as they had come.

Black as wintry midnight were the limbs and faces of the two figures that soon joined them, but the singlets they wore were white.

Louis mon Brave and his companion signed to them to go forward, while they followed, keeping these guides well in view. A winding, narrow, and tiresome path, through moonshine and shade, over rocks and hills, and across narrow streamlets that went singing seawards through the woods. But in less than an hour they were clear, away up out of the woods, and found themselves on a treeless table-land, high above the moonlit sea.

"Ha!" cried Louis the spy, "this is indeed joyful. Like the birds, I would sing; Rigault, your bass voice will oblige."

And sweet indeed was the melody that now rose in duet, though, save the dusky guides, there was none to listen.

"Yes, you are clever, Louis mon Brave," said Rigault, when the song had ended. "Yet would I fain know for what you expose yourself to such terrible risks?"

"Ah! for love, my friend. For love of the sweetest child in fair France. My own Annette."

He stopped suddenly in his march, and, grasping Rigault by the arm, pulled him right round, till the two stood there facing each other in the moonlight.

"Listen, Rigault! Annette loves me. I had a rival; I shot him. By thunder! Rigault, had it been the President himself who had dared to come between me and the light of Annette's love it would have been the same, I would have killed him where he stood. But," he continued, "I had to fly. Then war broke out, and now I have but to deserve well of my country to be restored to all I hold dear in life. What will it matter, Rigault, that I killed a count, if I but sink that British cruiser? They call me brave—Bah! I am not brave; I am but working out my destiny, but working—mayhap for myself alone. *She*, my sweet Annette, is high in the society of our fair France. Yet she has thoughts for none but me. She is to me more than life itself. For her love I live. Were she lost to me, Rigault, then——"

He nodded and smiled as he tapped his pistol pocket. "I should die," he added. "But now, *mon ami*, sing we once again to lighten the way, for joy flows from my heart to-night like music soft and sweet from lover's lute."

* * * * *

A swift boat darts away from the wooded shore, and soon is lying alongside that terrible floating engine of war—the French cruiser, *Cronjé*. And Louis mon Brave, with his companion, are making their report to captain and commander.

"Then my mind is made up," said Captain Lambro, "and you, Louis mon Brave—you will yourself guide our boat to the scene of action."

"To the scene of devastation, my captain. Yes, and I would that no hand save mine should touch the trigger or fire the torpedo which shall send my brave British mess-mates to their charming Davy Jones. Shall it be so?"

"It *shall* be so," said the captain.

The moon is far in the west. There is not a single shadow now over the water in Lyra Bay. But the woods are just as silent as before.

It is well on in the morning watch, and wants but an hour of sunrise. With scarce five minutes of twilight another day will then begin.

Commander Capel himself is on the bridge of the *Vengeful*. Uneasy dreams had crept into his slumbers, and he found he could not rest.

Here, too, is the bold midshipmite, Merridale.

"Look, sir, look!" cries the latter. "A whale, sir! A whale out yonder in that strip of moonlight!"

Capel brings his glass to bear on it for a few seconds, then as quickly lowers it.

"God help us all, boy!" he says, hurriedly, "that is no whale. In fifteen minutes more, unless we can get up anchor and clear off, we are dead men, every man Jack of us!"

In another minute Commander Capel is in his conning tower, and the orders issued awake the ship from stem to stern.

It is a period of extreme danger, and everyone seems to know it; danger that has come to the apparently doomed ship and all hands, like a bolt from the blue, and may not be averted.

For a French submarine boat is bearing rapidly down upon them!

CHAPTER VI.

"THAT SPOKE OF THE DEAD LYING FAR BELOW."

All hands have not been called as they would have been in the old fighting days. With the tremendous power under his command, and the aid of but a watch on deck, Capel is master of the whole situation.

All hands have not been called, yet as steam

rushed forth, the anchor begins to rise, a thrill goes through the iron walls and fire-proof decks of the *Vengeful*, that is communicated even to the hammocks themselves—ay, even to the hearts of our sleeping heroes.

Middies peacefully slumbering—many dreaming, mayhap, of home—grasp rope and raise themselves to listen. Fists are clenched, and round eyes stare in wonder.

A quick footstep is heard on the deck beneath the hammocks.

"Is it fire?" asks a cadet, looking timidly over his canvas.

"No," answers the bold voice of Tom Harris, "it ain't quite fire, sir; it's worse The blessed French submarine boat'll be under us in five minutes, and blow us bloomin' well sky-high."

In another minute the hammocks were empty, and their late occupants swarming on deck in their night-shirts. They did not mean to die like rats in a dark hole if they knew it.

But the mighty cruiser was already on the move, and begins to answer her helm.

Capel is standing in the tower, erect, determined, with stern set face. If this is to be death, he will die like the hero he is, at the post of duty.

Guns are depressed and ready, maxims are cleared, and the search-light is slowly revolving. Nothing larger than a man's hand can be invisible beneath those fierce eyes.

"But, look yonder!"

Something dark and terrible has suddenly appeared not fifty yards ahead.

It is the bell-top of the enemy's submarine boat as she rises to take her bearings. She will plunge beneath the waves again almost in an instant, and —*then!*

"*Fire!*"

Every gun that can be brought to bear on the dark spot has now given voice, and the maxims whirr and hiss, but that dread something has sunk once more, and sunk *intact*.

There is a prayer on the commander's lips now—short it is, but earnest—as he telegraphs the last message he believes he will ever send to helmsmen and engineers.

"*Full speed ahead! Hard aport!*"

The monster craft heads round with what appears to those who see the motion fearful tardiness.

But, little though her course seems to be altered, the movement has, at the very last moment, averted the catastrophe that seemed inevitable. Next moment a huge balloon-shaped dome of spray and smoke rises skywards, close beside her sta'board bow, and tons of water fall on board. It is as if a water-spout had burst in the sky above her.

For just a second or two the *Vengeful* quivers like some great monster in the throes of death, then raises her black bows proudly in the air—unhurt!

The horror of the situation, the terrible earnestness of impending danger, had prevented anyone from taking note of what was passing around them. But lo, the sun is already over the green rim of the horizon, and 'tis day!

"Thank God, we are saved!" says the commander fervently, and then—"Away, life-boat's crew!"

That is the order now, for lives have to be saved. Not British lives, it is true, but lives that are doubtless precious to friends and relatives far away in fair France.

Some terrible accident has befallen the submarine boat that had so gallantly gone forth to do battle with the *Vengeful*—like David of old against Goliath, like a thresher against a whale.

There are dead and mutilated bodies floating round the ship; and among the dead are living men, with pale upturned faces, crying aloud for mercy and assistance. And no one ever begged in vain for help from British sailors.

Every man on duty, I should tell you, is part and parcel of any life-boat's crew on board a modern ship of war.

And now some of our brave Jackies do not even wait for the lowering of the boats. One, two—four in all dive off from the ship's deck-waist, because beneath them they see men who cannot swim rising apparently to look their last on sun and sky.

"Enemies of Britain," did you say? True, true! But what signifies it? They are men, and they are drowning! Men who, like Jack himself, have fathers, mothers, sisters, and little sweethearts whom they have left at home and may never see again.

"*Bien, bien!*" cry our tars. "*Bien, non ami!* Don't fuss and fling about so. If you sinks Jack sinks with you—it's a way we've got in the navy. There, don't grasp me so bloomin' tight! Easy does it. *I'll* do all the kickin'—you just lie still and dream of 'ome, will yer?"

In ten minutes' time all the French sailors are safe on deck, except those who have sunk to rise no more till the sea gives up her dead.

But it is not until half an hour after that, questioning a French officer on the quarter-deck, Commander Capel finds out that for this terrible night's entertainment they have to thank their quondam mess-mate, Louis mon Brave.

But where is Louis now?

All that Lieutenant Rigault of the *Cronjé* can tell Capel is, that, just as the great torpedo that was intended to sink the *Vengeful* was hurled

upwards, the submarine boat heeled astern, and struck the rocks with fearful force; then all was a mist, a chaos, and Louis mon Brave, who stood beside Rigault in the dim light, was seen no more.

* * * * *

Not a ripple on the bosom of the ocean now—only the glitter of the morning sunshine; only the leaden gloss of a tropical sea; only the tell-tale bubbles rising to the surface and slowly breaking, that spoke of the dead lying far below.

We may easily believe that neither in wardroom nor in gunroom was anything talked about that morning except the providential wrecking of the enemy's submarine boat, and the marvellous escape from destruction of the *Vengeful* with all hands.

But except among the middies themselves there was very little excitement. The feeling that was probably uppermost in the minds of the older officers was that they had gotten a further lease of life, for which they felt thankful, though somewhat chastened, as a man ever is who has been suddenly snatched from the jaws of death, as Eternity appears opening to receive him, while all things earthly are fading from his view.

"And so, Rawlings," said Commander Capel smiling, "your arch-enemy has gone at last!"

"Avast, Captain Capel! Not so fast, Captain Capel!" returned the assistant paymaster. "He really was no enemy of mine, only something seemed to impel me to measure my mental strength against his hyper-natural acuteness. He was playing *his* game; I played mine to the best of my ability, and, assisted by your messenger boy, sir, I won."

"Well, if ever we get back again to Old England, Mr. Rawlings, I shall induce Captain Bullard to mention the whole affair in the right quarter, but that is neither here nor there at present."

"But I say, Rawlings," said O'Shane, "what a pity it is—for yourself, I mean—that you ever came to sea at all, at all."

"And why, doctor dear?" asked Rawlings, smiling.

"Why, because it's a most excellent detective you would have made on shore."

"You really flatter me, Dr. O'Shane," answered Rawlings; "but, my dear fellow, if I'd had any great desire to stop on shore I could have done so, just as you yourself might have done. But I love the sea, as I suppose we all do."

"Sometimes," said the chief surgeon, rubbing his well-shaven chin, "and sometimes not. Only it's a real easy life for a medico in times of peace."

"That's so, and now we're at war, though you haven't had a deal to do yet. But listen! I had the chance of retiring but lately, and becoming partner with a sort of Sherlock Holmes. I didn't, however, because in these days of espionage one can serve his country as well at sea as on land if he has the brains and the desire to do so."

"And zeal for the service?" said McDrift. "Well, if you please, my friend; but we're not paid for that, are we?"

"Well, well," said the commander, "be that as it may, McDrift, we should all be glad that arch-spy has gone to his account."

"Amen!" said McDrift. "The de'il has him in a hot corner by this time, sir."

"Ahem!" The interjection came from Rawlings. He seemed intent for the moment on trying to balance his spoon on the rim of his coffee-cup. "Ahem! I don't think, gentlemen, we would like to swear that the devil *has* got hold of Louis just yet. We haven't held an inquest, we haven't seen the body. The man who cheated *us* so prettily is clever enough to cheat the old gent himself."

"Well, well," said McDrift, "well, well, Rawlings! Madagascar, you know, is celebrated for its crayfish, and if a coroner's inquest be any comfort to Louis, there is more than one sitting on him by this time."

"Now, Mr. Curtis," remarked the commander, turning to a smart and effective-looking midshipman who had just entered, dirk by his side and spy-glass in hand. "If it is two bells, make it."

"Not quite, sir; but it isn't that, sir. There is a sail in sight on the lee bow and close in towards the land, high up to the nor'ard."

"*A sail?*"

A bombshell bursting inside the wardroom could hardly have caused those officers to spring more quickly to their feet. In a few minutes' time all were on deck, and the young commander was on his bridge once more.

And none too soon!

CHAPTER VII.

IN FIERCE AND DREADFUL EARNEST.

None too soon, for hardly had the commander commenced to examine the "sail" through the glass, before his attention was called by the midshipman of the watch to quite another part of the distant horizon.

"Another sail in sight, sir!"

"What, still another? Where away, Mr. Curtis?"

"Right down south yonder, sir, and she is also creeping out from under the shadow of the land.

They are both about the same distance away, are they not?" he continued.

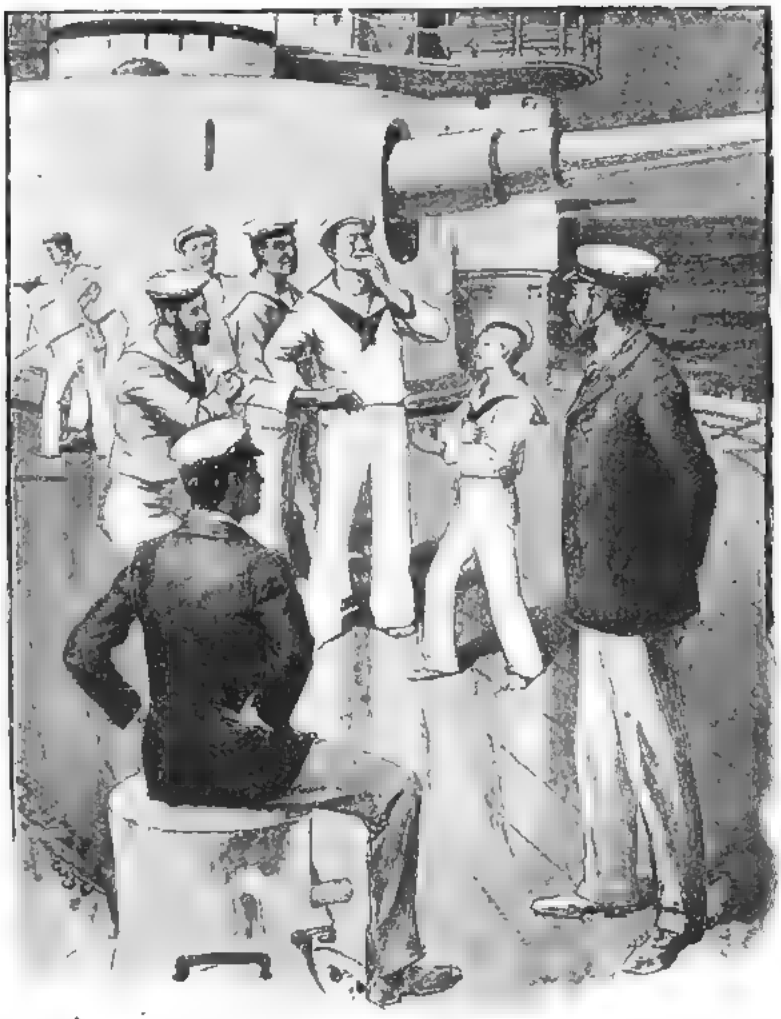
"About five knots, as nearly as I can make out. And Frenchmen, both," replied Capel.

The commander shut the glass with a snap. Then two bells were struck, the bugle sounded merrily over the water, and the ship's company hurried up to divisions.

There was the usual amount of quick talking and laughing among the officers assembled aft, but it was evident enough that the prospects of a battle with the French, which seemed now to be a certainty, was the chief theme of conversation.

This morning—and it was an ominous sign—Captain Bullard went round the ship. As on a Sunday, he was accompanied by the commander, and other officers, and it was evident he was pleased.

Finally, he and Capel held a hurried consultation, and it was evident that they had quickly come to an agreement as to the tactics that ought to be pursued.



BOBBY THREW HIMSELF INTO A FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

While the *Tadpole* was scouting "up the Bique," and the *Vengeful* examining the coast of Madagascar, after pursuing and losing sight of the great French cruiser *Cronjé*, no one on board had had any idea that more than this vessel was on the prowl in these waters. But here were two, and there might even be more.

"What do you think of it, Bobby?" said Tom Harris, who was standing near the fore turret among a group of warrant and petty officers.

Bobby threw himself into a fighting attitude.

"Let 'em *h*all come!" said Bobby. "That's wot *I* finks."

"Ha, ha, ha! Why you, indeed!" and as he spoke, Tom Harris made a clutch at Bobby. Bobby turned to bolt, but Tom caught him by the slack of his nether garments, right astern, you know, and hoisted him high in air; put him up, in fact, as a man puts up a 50lb. dumb-bell.

Tom put Bobby up five times in succession.

"Fine exercise for the biceps," said Tom, handing the boy over to Ayler, as if he'd been a 'baccy box.

Then Ayler put him up a few times, and passed him to a messmate, and so on all round the ring. Bobby was very much put up. No wonder that when he got his feet once more firmly planted on the deck he had to rub his hull in a sympathizing sort of way, making queer pained faces as he did so.

"I sye, men," said Bobby, "'ow unkimmingly 'ard your knuckles is! Needs more bilin' they does. But, never min'," sang Bobby:—

The French ships is comin', hurroar, hurroar!
The French is a-comin', hurroar!
The French is a-comin', the British is runnin',
And our decks 'll be drippin' with gore!"

Tom Harris made another grab at him, but Bobby escaped, and next minute was sedately hovering near the commander, as usual.

For the time being, at all events, the British were really running, as Bobby said.

Here is the position at present of the ships that would soon be engaged in deadly combat.

Let us take the capital letter Y as our plan. The base of its upper triangle is the Madagascar shore, its two sides the courses being steered by the enemy, the union of these lines the present position of the *Vengeful*, the straight line beneath, the course she means to take.

Capel told no one what his intentions were, but it was evident his retreat was only a feint.

"The *Vengeful* isn't going at full speed," said Rawlings the Wise to Dr. McDrift. "She's playing the lame partridge trick; you'll see."

"May be, Rawlings; may be," said McDrift; "he who lives the longest sees the most ferlies (wonders)."

The captains of those French cruisers were wonderfully elated and joyous now. What a splendid prize was just within their grasp! They were soon observed to be signalling to each other; and it was evident their plans were well matured.

Had they been British commanders, they might have wondered how or why the *Vengeful* managed to keep the same distance ahead all the forenoon. Being Frenchmen, they didn't. Both were wondering what they should do with so many prisoners when the *Vengeful* surrendered, as she was certain to do, just before she was beginning to sink.

The *Cronjé* was the cruiser that lay to the north; the other was her twin-sister, the *Majuba*. Twins though they were, however, Capel, to his unbounded satisfaction, soon found out they were not of equal speed. Both were doing their very utmost, but before the men's dinner hour, the *Cronjé* was a good mile ahead of the *Majuba*, and slowly increasing the distance.

When the commander went down to luncheon he was unusually taciturn, and ate but little. It was an anxious time for both himself and Captain Bullard.

That there would be a grim fight was evident, and their motto was to be "Death or Victory!"

By four bells in the afternoon watch there was a distance of three miles between the two French cruisers.

The chase was getting exciting.

Rigault himself—the lieutenant who had commanded the ill-fated submarine boat—was on parole, and did not hesitate to give the officers of the *Vengeful* his opinion on the state of affairs, in fairly good English.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think your escape is imposs-a-beel."

"Very well," said Rawlings, who was generally the spokesman; "it will be but the fortune of war, and no doubt your countrymen will treat us well."

"*Oui, oui.* Yes, sare, yes, de French are a nation of all goodness. They weel treat you well. *Ha!*"

That last exclamation was almost a shout, for a white puff of smoke had suddenly rolled out from the *Cronjé's* sta'board bow, centred by a spiteful tongue of fire, and a great shell came hurtling towards the *Vengeful*, but burst hundreds of yards astern.

"Ha! ha! My countrymen have commenced. Now you weel lower ze flag. Peace with honaire! No?"

"I think," said Rawlings calmly, "we shall try to hold on for five or ten minutes yet."

Commander Capel had looked quietly on as the shell struck the water and burst. He was singing low to himself and seemed to see nothing.

But Bobby Blair was terribly excited. Bobby, I fear, forgot himself momentarily.

"I sye, Capting Capel," he cried, "if I was in them patent leathers o' yourn, I wouldn't stand that. Give 'em old Tommy, sir. Give 'em fits. *I* would!"

Capel looked at that London lad for just a second or two, then burst into a hearty laugh.

Bobby blushed to the roots of his tow hair, but remained silent. Bobby really felt that he had gone a trifle too far.

Are our British sailors like Irish soldiers, who move to death with military glee, and along whose serried ranks ripple laughter and song even while preparing to charge the enemy? It would seem so, and yet I do not believe there was a man or officer on board the *Vengeful* who did not know and feel the danger he was soon to face in fighting such fearful odds. All knew, yet no one feared. There was a feeling of extreme impatience, nothing else. They were waiting for the word. They were ready. Everyone was at his quarters. The terrible was to come; for all the scientific forces of modern warfare would soon be let loose, and who could tell as yet how the struggle might end?

Waiting for the word. Yes; but no one heard it. That word was simply signalled to those below by Capel from his conning tower; Capel, who, even more than Captain Bullard himself, was the soul of the ship.

But the word was given, and slowly round came the *Vengeful*, to the astonishment, not to say

consternation, of the foeman's leading ship, which at this moment was fully two knots and a half ahead of her consort.

In that conning tower is not only the commander, but First Lieutenant Morris, young Davis, the midshipman of the watch, and the messenger boy.

For just a few moments Capel stood there, with his left hand clasped over brow and eyes. His lips were moving, and those who stood near by knew he was praying.

He asked no one to join him in that prayer. Nor was he selfish enough to cry to the God of Battle to give him the victory. It was only a simple sailor's prayer; but beautiful in its very simplicity. "God protect and help us in this terrible hour: O God, bless our arms if it be Thy will. If we must fall, guard and comfort those at home."

Prayer first!

Action next!

It is hot up here—for the fierce afternoon's sun is beating down on the conning tower—despite the fact that the air is rushing in through the openings, as the great ship forges ahead now at a truly fearful rate.

Capel rapidly divests himself of his sword and coat and cap, and rolls up his sleeves to the very arm-pits. For a second or two he glances around him, and a most inspiring figure he looks. He is all a hero now.

So thinks Bobby Blair, at all events, and following his commander's lead, he speedily throws off his extra garments, folds them up, and lays them carefully in a corner.

Bobby, too, has "peeled" for action!

"I sye, Capting Capel," he cries; "it's you and me, sir, hain't it sir?"

The boy's love and respect for this kindly officer leads him into talking in a way that some might consider disrespectful. He is innocent, however, and truly sincere, and the commander is to him a hero of heroes.

Rapidly now Capel touches electric buttons and keys, communicating with every part of the ship, and even to its lowermost depths. With almost inconceivable speed, back rushes the *Vengeful* to meet the advancing foe. Columns of water are dashed from her bows; all along both sides it rushes and foams with the roar of a cataract; and the good ship seems to tremble with excitement as the first shot leaves her forecastle.

But very soon now the range is found, and the battle begins in fierce and dreadful earnest.

What may be doing in England at this very moment Capel thinks not, cares not. His every thought is concentrated, is focussed to one point, his determinaton to crush and sink his foremost foe.

CHAPTER VIII

"IN HONOUR TO THE BRAVE"

THOUGH the *Vengeful* rushed down like a whirlwind on the foremost cruiser—figuratively speaking, taking her right aback with the celerity of the all-unexpected evolution—the Frenchman soon recovered his presence of mind.

A line of little flags was run up, which a light breeze that had sprung up sufficed to float, and at the same moment the *Cronjé* was put about, turning almost on her heel, and darting speedily landwards to join her lagging consort.

This was just the manœuvre Captain Bullard or Capel would have made himself, and he smiled as he signalled to the engine-room.

"Go ahead at fullest speed."

At this first stage of this great sea-fight the view of the combatants, from a captive balloon, would have represented the *Cronjé* steaming swiftly back on the right hand line of our capital letter Y, the *Majuba*, still two miles to the west, hurrying up to meet her; the two French cruisers, therefore, bows to bows; and the *Vengeful* heading apparently straight for the farthest off ship.

Capel knew exactly what his craft could do at full speed, and his present tactics soon told home, and in a very short time brought the *Vengeful's* port bow in a bee-line with the *Cronjé's* starboard quarters, and well within range.

Bullard and Capel were together for the moment in the fore conning tower.

"Yes, sir, yes," cried the commander, hastily.

Then, at a touch with his finger, the awful signal was transmitted; and almost immediately the fore-turret gave voice, and a shell, such as has never yet been fired by any modern man-o'-war, went hurtling, shrieking shrough the air.

"Good! Good!" shouted Capel, a few seconds afterwards. "It is glorious!"

I have heard it said that the best laid shot ever fired from the adamantine lips of a great naval gun at sea is always more or less of a fluke. If this is so, then surely fate and fortune fought on the side of the British in this battle.

The effects of that first shell were fearful. It may have found a vulnerable spot, I know not. Only this I *do* know; it tore in through the enemy's quarter hardly a yard above the water, utterly demolishing the captain's and officers' quarters, blowing to atoms the fighting and main-deck, and firing the after magazine. It was no balloon of dark smoke that rose upwards there like that from a torpedo bursting under water, but a circular column of white straight lines of fire fully 100ft. in height; and in that column, by means of their glasses, those on board the *Vengeful* could see a *débris* of blackened beams, of splintered

wood and iron, and—mercy on us!—limbs and trunks of men.

The roar of the explosion came hurtling over the sea, and was succeeded almost immediately by a silence more dreadful even than the din of battle.

It was the silence of death. But the Frenchman was not yet beaten. She still forged onwards, though much more slowly. It was evident she would fight to the last, and her barbette guns began now to belch fire, though every shot fell short.

Quickly now the *Vengeful's* course was altered, and she commenced tearing along in a line that would enable her to cross the crippled *Cronjé's* stern, and thus rake her.

As she kept on in this new line every available gun was brought to bear on the enemy, while high aloft floated the signal in French code "Surrender or sink."

The two ships were now well within each other's range, and the roar of the great guns was deafening. The enemy was firing sullenly but wildly, and though some of her shot tore through the *Vengeful's* rigging, and men fell on her decks, most of it was too badly aimed to do mischief.

But the *Majuba* was bearing gallantly up to the rescue. She seemed to divine the *Vengeful's* intentions and kept to sta'board, as if to meet her on the disabled *Cronjé's* port.

The doom of the *Cronjé*, however, is a foregone conclusion, and those on board her seem to know it. Yet they will not yield, even to save their lives.

So the battle rages on, fiercely and fearfully for a time. The *Vengeful* is battered, for the foremost guns of the *Majuba* have now begun to play on her like the fires of hell. The *Vengeful* heeds them not. One supreme effort has to be made against the already hulled and riddled *Cronjé*, whose dark sides reek with the blood of the brave.

And now comes the advantage that shall—

Turn the odds of deadly game.

All the batteries of Britain's might represented in the *Vengeful* combine to rake the enemy.

For just a moment Capel almost hesitates, so dreadful will be the carnage that one touch to those keys will effect.

Next instant his hand is down—the die is cast.

The *Cronjé's* last hour is come. Nay, even her last few minutes.

The fore battery has blown up, and she has already commenced to settle down.

Lower—and lower.

She staggers, she reels, like some gigantic beast of the forest in its death agonies.

Yes, and death is plainly depicted in the pale faces of the men, who at the bugle's call now crowd bridges, tops, and rigging. Hark to those wild, defiant shouts! They are easily heard now, for firing has ceased both from the *Vengeful* and the *Majuba*, and men on both gaze horror-stricken at the fearful tragedy that is being enacted before their eyes. Even when smoke and flames from the blood-dripping chaos below reach them they are cheering still, and still the tricolour is floating out on the breeze.

"Thank God!" says Captain Bullard fervently, reverently, when at last she takes the plunge and disappears beneath the waves. "Thank God, Capel, their sufferings are over. Dip the ensign, Capel—dip the ensign."

And for a few brief minutes, while our gunners stand silent, and every head is uncovered, the British flag is lowered in honour to the brave.

But another kind of flag is almost immediately run up, and at the same time the *Vengeful's* speed is slackened, and a swift boat lowered. The *Majuba* sees it and she too slackens down. It is the flag of truce, and the boat is going in search of any of the enemy who have come to the surface and may be swimming for dear life.

She is soon recalled, however, for from the look-out on board the British cruiser it can be seen that the few men that do come to the surface sink again in less than a minute.

And now the battle begins afresh, although the combatants are a good two miles apart.

Surely now the *Majuba* will win, for although the *Vengeful's* powerful engines are still intact and she can manœuvre well, she has not come off scatheless from that dreadful duel with the *Cronjé*, and her fore turret moves not so easily to the touch as it ought to do.

The captain of the Frenchman seems to know this, and the *Majuba* bears herself bravely as she courts even closer contact with her enemy. One lucky shell will give her all the advantage now, and the *Vengeful* will sink as sank the *Cronjé* hardly half an hour ago.

"She thinks to frighten us," said Captain Bullard to Capel.

"She evidently wants to force the fighting, anyhow, sir," was the quiet reply. "Edging near enough to launch a torpedo, perhaps."

"Well, it is a game two can play at, my dear commander. Would you launch our submarine, and give her a chance of death or glory?"

"I think so, sir, for even if she does no harm she may frighten or unnerve the enemy. I'll give orders at once."

The largest and heaviest tackle was needed to raise and hoist overboard the terrible submergible boat, a strangely-shaped little craft, which, if good luck favoured her, was capable of destroying three

SHE STAGGERS, SHE REELS, LIKE SOME GIGANTIC BEAST OF THE FOREST IN ITS DEATH AGONIES.

of the largest battle-ships in the French navy one after the other. Sub-lieutenant Scott would command; Midshipman Merridale would be second; five more hands, including brave Tom Harris, would complete the crew, all told, and every one of them were not only smart, but *small* men.

While preparations were being made the battle still raged on. Shells were bursting upon and around each ship, bursting in the air, bursting in the water, and the roar and din on board the *Vengeful* was terrific and deafening to a degree.

The midshipmite's face was flushed with excitement as he stood beside young Scott, who was superintending the work.

Death or glory! Yes, and he was to win it. Oh, it could not be the former—he felt too young to die, too full of strength and action—aye, and of hope. Would he himself not launch the torpedo that should destroy the mighty *Majuba*? And on his return to his native land would not promotion await him? Better even than that, for his guerdon might be the Victoria Cross!

The little *Sea-dragon* is slowly rising, as if by magic. She is almost clear when, with a rushing roar like a thousand war-rockets, comes a shell. It hits the great derrick, bursts, and shivers it, and down with a fearful thud drops the *Sea-dragon*. And that young exultant face is sadly now bespeckled with blood. Two men lie still in death, and ten, at least, are wounded. One by one they are borne away to the sick-bay, among them poor little Merridale.

The upper decks of even the *Vengeful* are beginning to look like a shambles now, but everyone does his own duty and thinks of nothing else.

The doctors and trained nurses are very busy indeed, and the deck of the sick-bay is slippery with blood.

When, however, the middy — and a great favourite he is with all hands—is laid on the table, and his face and hands sponged, it is found that he is unwounded and suffering only from concussion. So he is tenderly carried away and placed in a hammock—to die or live, as Fate may ordain.

The ships are near enough now to exchange torpedoes, and one is seen to burst right under the fore foot of the *Majuba*, and the next, mayhap, will sink her.

At this time it would have greatly puzzled any landsman who happened to be on board to witness the strange manœuvres and evolutions of both ships. No diagrams could give these. They seem to be circling round each other, exchanging shot and shell, and describing the letters O and S, and the figures 3 or 8. Sometimes the *Vengeful* uses the old non-smokeless powder for the sake of cover, but the *Majuba* only the invisible.

But suddenly the British cruiser turns stem on to the Frenchman, and at full speed goes

tearing onwards, as if to finish the fight with one blow.

The fate of her sister ship must have bereft the *Majuba* of much of her heart and courage. She hesitates now for a few moments, as if afraid to fight longer, yet ashamed to flee, then, putting about quickly enough, begins to forge ahead at full speed.

It wants but an hour of sundown yet; there is still a chance of escape, and a stern chase is a long chase.

The *Vengeful* goes rushing after; her fore guns are splendidly handled. The signal, "Surrender or sink," is once more floating out from the halliards high over the main fighting top.

Whether understood or not, no heed is taken, and the battle is now a running fight.

If the *Vengeful* gets near enough, she will rake the enemy aft and fore, even as she raked the *Cronjé*.

* * * * *

HE WAVED THE WEAPON ONCE ABOVE HIS HEAD, THEN, WITH AN ELDRITCH SHRIEK, SANK, AND WAS SEEN NO MORE.

A whole half-hour went by. To Capel in the conning tower it appeared the longest of his life. When he started in pursuit of the *Majuba*, he had at first made sure of overhauling her long ere sunset. He was coming up hand-over-hand indeed, and, although the breeze that had sprung up some hours before had increased almost suddenly to nearly half a gale, his guns were working well, and shell after shell was falling, not only around, but on the enemy.

Yet something strange had surely happened, for the *Majuba* now began to show the *Vengeful* a clean pair of heels, and the shot of the latter was falling short.

Something had indeed happened—something strange and sad as well, though not without its parallel in modern naval history.

The chief engineer, a staid and sober Welshman, called Williams, had gone suddenly mad. This officer had been partially under the care of Dr. O'Shane for some weeks, suffering from insomnia, but the doctor had apprehended nothing of a serious nature.

The marvel is that, owing to the fearful responsibility that rests on the machinery chief at all times, but especially during action, more do not go mad at some critical moment. But now the speed began to slacken, and finally the engines were reversed.

What had happened? Over and over again Capel rang up the engine-room, but without receiving a satisfactory reply.

Then from below came the wild appeal:—

"For God's sake send the doctor below! The chief has gone out of his mind!"

It was just after this that the tragedy occurred which, in a story like this, is too awful to relate in detail.

But, hurrying below with all speed, Dr. McDrift met the chief with a drawn sword wet with blood in his hand, and eyes that shone with the fierce fire of mania. McDrift was a powerful young fellow, and at once closed with the madman, but was hurled, stunned and bleeding, to the deck. All attempts to save the chief engineer were in vain, for, still grasping the sword in his hand he leapt into the sea. He waved the weapon just once above his head, then, with an eldritch shriek, sank, and was seen no more.

He had slain an assistant and a stoker!

At any other time such a tragedy as this would have spread a gloom over the ship that weeks would hardly suffice to banish. All thoughts, however, and all interest, were centred in the chase, which was soon continued as fiercely as ever.

But it is now evident that the sun, already near to the horizon, will set, and darkness ensue, before the battle can be decided. The *Majuba* has already altered her course and is bearing in towards the land, to seek the shelter of that friendly little island where her consort had lain *perdu*.

But nothing is certain at sea save the unexpected. The *Majuba* has fired another gun, and her men are cheering wildly—defiantly, for safety seems already assured—when round the northern cape of that very island, to the intense joy but astonishment of the *Vengeful*, appears the tiny *Tadpole* herself, with signals flying.

The *Majuba* is now indeed between the devil and the deep sea. She cannot escape the ferocity of that torpedo destroyer, a bolt from the bows of which can sink her ere the men have time to pray.

One last broadside she gives, however, as if in desperation; then, just as the sun begins to crimson the waves, down drops her ensign, and the *Vengeful* now takes up the cheering, for the Frenchman has surrendered and the battle is won.

Gordon Stables

(To be continued.)

A RUN IN A TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER.

It was a beautiful morning when we first caught sight of the low black hull of the destroyer, nestling against the stone sea wall, the sun glinting on her black, even sides, and on her rounded deck, only about 4ft. or 5ft. above the sea's surface.

A few sailors were about, hastily preparing for our departure; others were busy with our lithe-looking six-pounder quick-firing guns, five of which she carried—two to port, two to starboard, and one mounted astern. Stepping aboard, we took our stand right for'ard on the platform beside the twelve-pounder, with the small conning tower right under our feet, and the rounded turtle-back deck sloping off down to our knife-like bow. Even as we looked round, our young, clean-shaven lieutenant-commander took his stand on the platform. He notes everything is shipshape, and his hand touches the telegraph indicator at his elbow; a bell tinkles somewhere below, and rapidly rings again; men dart forward, hawsers are cast off, and a bubbling eddy astern tells us we are off.

Faster and faster we move with the quay running rapidly astern, and the waves chasing past in a never-ending succession. Ting-ting! The "plunk-plunk" of the engines is louder; the whole fabric shivers with vibration, like a hound in the leash; we pitch up and down, and roll first to starboard, and then a green wave comes aboard to port. We cling on for dear life—teeth set, eyes half-closed—and await what's to happen next. In the distance, a brown sail looms up against the sky line, and comes, seemingly, dashing towards us; three or four dirty men on her deck give us a cheer, and we are past, and she is astern, bobbing in our wash. Ting-ting again goes the bell down in the engine rooms, and the whole force of 6,000 h.p. jumps us ahead—a rushing, roaring, little sea-fiend, rolling and pitching—and we frantically clutching on the iron rails. A large black liner comes up, with a crowd on her decks, and music floating across the sunlit sea. We pass her like a hare would a tortoise, and then with a big, tumbling wash, we swing right round back to port; roaring and foaming, with huge masses of black smoke pouring from two of our three funnels, the wind shrieking in our ears, and the salt spray cutting our faces. The bell tings two or three times, hawsers are cast, and with the steam roaring from our exhaust tubes we bring up alongside the quay, and we step ashore, feeling little use for our legs, and "funny" all over.

"Geo."

Concerning FIREWORKS

How Pictures in the Air are MADE

By J. A. Fax

A FLOWER OF FIRE.

DESPITE the fact that all the big firework displays take place during the summer months, when it is so warm that one longs to idle about out of doors in the cool of the evening, and there is little or no wind to spoil the elaborate set-pieces, yet there are many people who are so far behind the times as to associate fireworks solely with the fifth of November.

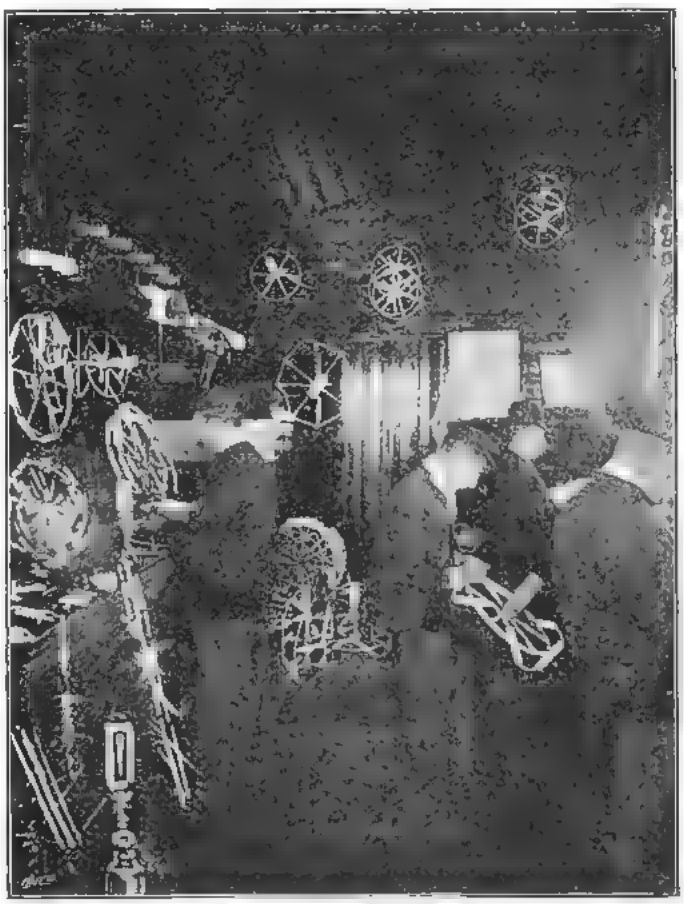
Still, one cannot help feeling it would be a matter for regret if the modest "flare-ups" in which we all, at one time or another, have taken part, either at school or at home, were moved to any other week in the calendar than the first one in November. The curious odour left in the air by departed fireworks would lose half its charm were it not associated with that cold, misty smell which is so peculiar to a November night. But whether it is this, or the delightful uncertainty as to what the firework you are about to set light to is really going to do when it goes off, that makes an amateur flare up on Guy Fawkes' day so delightful, it is really hard to decide.

Whatever parents and guardian may say to the contrary, there is really less danger in taking part in an ordinary amateur firework display than there is even in cycling, or cricket, or football; always supposing that the fireworks themselves are not of the home-made variety. At any rate, that is the conclusion you will arrive at if you ever visit a big firework factory and see how carefully the explosive and harmless parts of a squib, or Roman candle, or Catherine-wheel, are filled and fitted together.

THE LARGEST MORTAR EVER MADE FOR A FIREWORK DISPLAY. THIS WAS USED AT THE OPENING OF THE LYNTON AND BARNSTAPLE RAILWAY.

Illustrations from photographs reproduced by permission of Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co.

The heathen Chinee played at football long before a goal-post was ever seen in these islands, and likewise revelled in firework displays centuries before "Guido Faux" and his fellow conspirators conceived their idea of converting the Houses of Parliament into a gigantic rocket, and sending King James and his counsellors on an aërial voyage. Moreover, it will probably surprise many readers to hear that to this day Chinese crackers are really made in China! Last summer seven different steamers brought consignments of these crackers from that far-off clime to London for Messrs. Brock's use alone.



FIREWORKS IN THE MAKING.

At first sight a firework factory is disappointing. All you see are a number of small wooden sheds dotted about amidst trees; and save for several ferocious-looking bulldogs, who prowl about the grounds, the place seems more like a cemetery than a busy hive of industry. The bulldogs just mentioned are wonderfully effective in keeping mischievous people out of the grounds. Their teeth and ferocious appearance are more feared by evil-doers than the most terrible explosive ever invented.

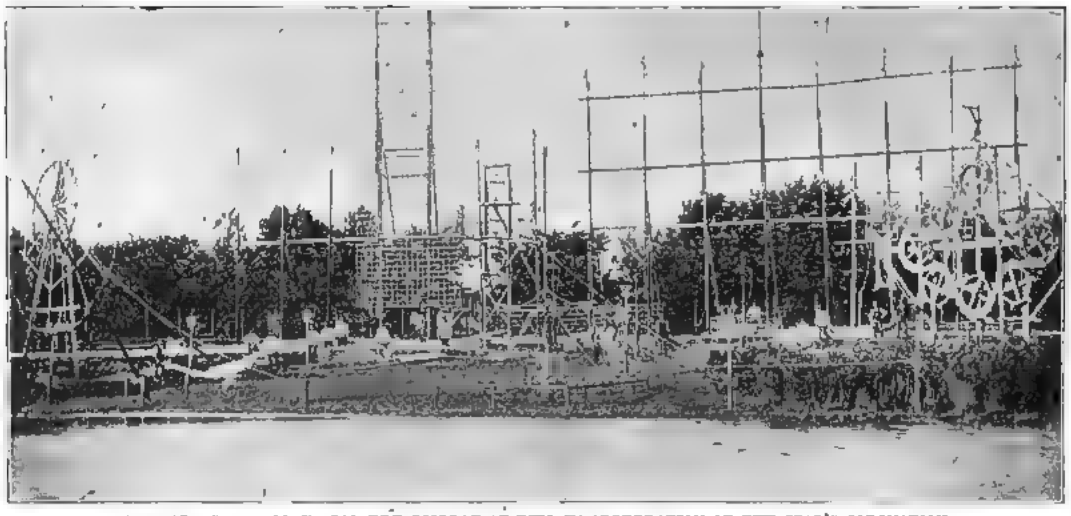
The reason why a firework factory consists of a number of small buildings instead of one large one is because the risk of explosions is thereby greatly reduced; and so far Messrs. Brock have never had a serious accident at their factory during all the years they have been established. But though by dint of even more elaborate precautions against disaster than those required by law no serious explosion has ever occurred, yet the constant anxiety lest anything should go wrong makes the work people turn grey rather early in life.

"There are few occupations," however, said our guide, "more healthy than ours. All our people are so thriving and healthy that it is not found necessary to run a sick club amongst them, and many of the chemicals used in making fireworks, if taken in small quantities, are far more effectual than most advertised medicines."

All the external parts of a firework are made in sheds especially set apart for that purpose. Here, of course, there is no danger, but it is the men who do the mixing and filling who have to take the greatest precautions.

Everyone is searched in the dressing-room near the gate before he goes to work, and very weird the men look, too, in their fireproof clothing and ungainly leather boots, which are innocent of nails or metal of any sort. If the men in any shed run short of materials or want assistance they have to put a little red flag through one of the windows. Never, on any account, must they enter any other shed, for, although the compositions they are working with may be quite harmless when kept by themselves, yet a few grains carried on their clothes to the composition used in some other building might result in a fearfully dangerous compound.

There are never a large number of finished fireworks in any single shed, for as soon as they leave the maker's hands he drops them into a



PREPARING SET-PIECES FOR THE DISPLAY AT KIEL IN CELEBRATION OF THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

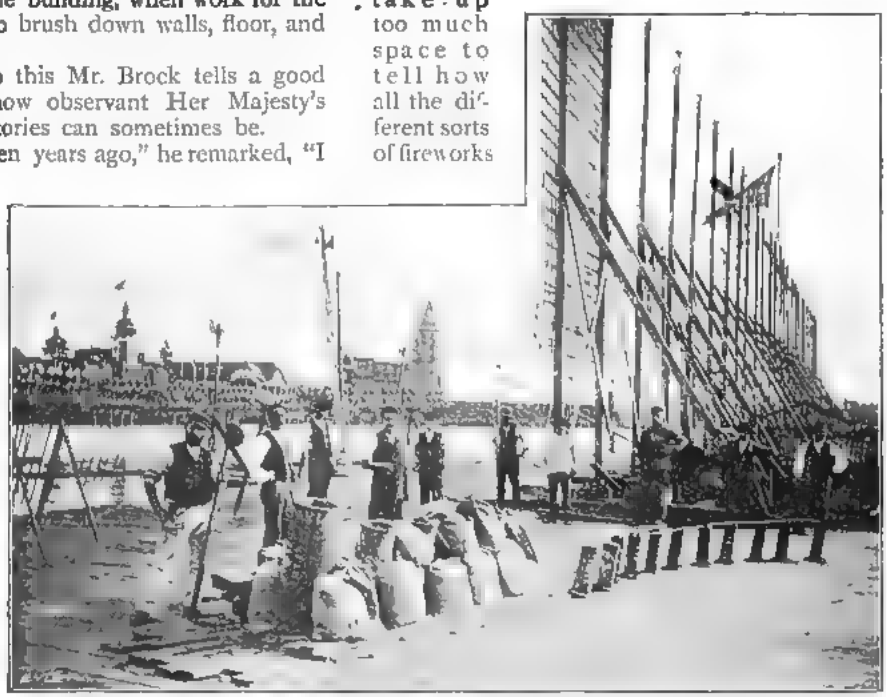
box, which is pushed through a hole in the wall, whereupon the fireworks are at once taken away to the great magazines where they are stored.

The scrupulous cleanliness of all the different factories is what most attracts the visitor's attention. All the floors are covered with linoleum, and there is not a speck of dust to be seen anywhere. It is always the duty of the last person to leave the building, when work for the day is finished, to brush down walls, floor, and benches.

In reference to this Mr. Brock tells a good story, showing how observant Her Majesty's inspectors of factories can sometimes be.

"About nineteen years ago," he remarked, "I was fined £10 because of some cobwebs which were found in one of the buildings. No doubt that seems to you a most arbitrary proceeding, as spiders, as a rule, are quite harmless creatures; and I must confess I felt it was so at the time. But the inspector remembered the rule that it is the duty of the last person leaving the building to clean it up, and it was apparent to him that that particular wall had not been dusted for some time, as cobwebs in any quantity do not accumulate between one meal-time and another! That fine did me good because it impressed on me and on my workpeople a routine which, as a preventative measure, is most valuable when rigidly followed."

It would take up too much space to tell how all the different sorts of fireworks



A BIG FIREWORK DISPLAY OFTEN TAKES WEEKS OF PREPARATION. THIS SHOWS A GROUP OF MEN GETTING READY FOR A DISPLAY HELD ON A RAFT AT LÜBECK. NOTICE THE ROW OF ROCKETS.

are made, so we must content ourselves with the rocket, which, apart from a "set piece" (Mr. Brock says), is the most difficult to make satisfactorily.

Only the most experienced and trusted employés are engaged in the rocket factory, as the least carelessness might have dire results, especially as a large number of rockets are made for use at sea by ships in distress. If the rockets they carry failed to go off properly in the hour of necessity, it might mean all the difference between life and death to a large number of people.

HOW A STRONG WIND SOMETIMES SPOILS THE EFFECT OF A FIREWORK DISPLAY.

"A big rocket," remarked Mr. Brock, "will often ascend to a height of over 2,000ft. by its own initial force, carrying a weight varying from 1oz. to 1lb, according to its size. From this you will readily understand it is one of the most dangerous fireworks to handle until it is finally completed and can be let off in the ordinary manner."

The ingredients and paper and case used in a rocket have to be all of the very best, and the mixture evenly poured into the tube. As soon as it is completed it is dropped through a shutter in the wall, where it rolls down a broad tape into a box outside. Then it is carried along with many others in one of the miniature tram-cars that run about the grounds to the building where the finishing-off work is done.

The mention of the finishing-off work reminds me of two popular delusions about fireworks which will get once and for all dispelled from your mind if you ever visit the factory of a big firm of pyrotechnists. In the first place, most people think that squibs, and star-lights, and golden rain, and all the other pretty contrivances which are so much in demand at this season of the year, are closed up with sealing wax. As a matter of fact, it is done with a mixture of glue and red lead. The next illusion is, that fire-works are very largely composed of gunpowder. In reality very little gunpowder is used. About twenty tons suffice Messrs. Brock for a year; as it is only used in very small quantities in shells, and generally for making a noise. As regards the smaller fireworks which are sold in shops, their chief ingredients are saltpetre, sulphur, charcoal,

chlorate of potash, shellac, and various mineral salts.

One of the greatest events in firework history was the introduction of the set-piece, or firework picture, in lieu of painted transparencies, to which the fireworks themselves were but a mere embellishment and accessory. By this invention scenes of life, bombardments, battle pieces by land or sea, naval reviews, and all sorts of great events of current interest are actually represented in fireworks on a colossal scale and with a realistic vividness that is absolutely startling. Some of these pictures in fire are reproduced here as well as black and white will permit.

It is with these set-pieces, such as, for example, the Naval Review at Spithead, the Battle of Manilla Bay, and the Storming of the Taku Forts, that Messrs. Brock have scored their greatest triumphs.

Two of our illustrations give a good idea of what an elaborate business preparing a set-piece really is. In the first place the set-piece is sketched out on paper by artists and draughtsmen. Then the different parts of the design are modelled in cane. To this framework the fireworks are fixed. When the day for the display comes round these frames are all joined together on the ground and hoisted into position. At the Crystal Palace the set-pieces are fastened to a big iron girder, and hoisted into position by hydraulic power. By this means, an operation which used to require the assistance of fifty men can now be performed by four; in much less time, too, than was formerly the case. Often a set-piece is a third of a mile long, with a surface area of about 60,000 square feet, but though hundreds of men may be employed in making it and putting it together, all the firing operations can be performed by one person. In most cases three rockets are used to fire a set-piece. These run up wires and meet together at the touch-match in the centre of the piece, which twists about in all directions, and after a hiss and a buzz in an instant all is in a blaze; and the sea of upturned faces which have been revealed by its light are "o-o-o-o-h"-ing in wonderment as they watch the fiery picture in the air before them.

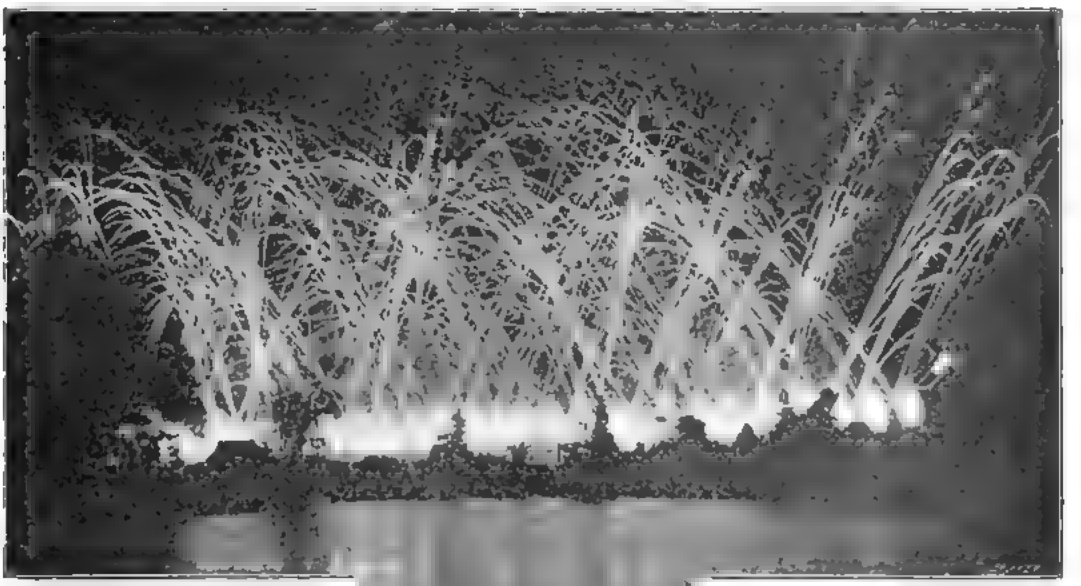
One of the largest firework displays ever held took place on the Tagus in Portugal in 1888, at only a month's notice. All the resources of the arsenal, as well as the services of three ironclads and ten other craft, were requisitioned.

LUDGATE EXHIBITION: PECULIAR EFFECT PRODUCED ON WATER BY THE DISCHARGE OF MAGNESIUM ROMAN CANDLES.

All these were moored together along the centre of the river in one line over a mile in length. Temporary decks and masts were added, and all sorts of precautions taken so as to guard against fire. Altogether, this evening's flare-up ran into £5,000, the cost being defrayed by the Portuguese Government. The display of fireworks at Delhi, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, cost £3,500, whilst that given at the close of the Crimean War cost £100,000. But the greatest amount ever spent on displays of fireworks at any time of national

rejoicing was a quarter of a million sterling. This was the amount spent in connection with Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinaman about whom we have heard so much lately, once fired a set-piece at the Crystal Palace during a display which was given in his honour when he visited this country a few years ago. He did not actually set light to the rockets, but pressed a button, which did it for him by means of an electric spark. When Li saw his own portrait in flame appear in the air before him and a message underneath in Chinese characters saying "We wish your Excellency a Long Life," he was overcome with surprise. Li was quite upset that his own country had fallen so far behind



A WONDERFUL SHOWER OF ROCKETS

the times in the art of pyrotechny, and even asked Mr. Brock if he could not find time to go to China in order to give the firework makers in that land a hint or two, but upon Mr. Brock somewhat prosaically asking who would pay for the instruction "Li" quickly turned to the next item on the programme.

Like most other big things, the great firework displays with which Messrs. Brock & Co. delight thousands of spectators have sprung from very small beginnings. The present state of perfection is the result of a wonderful system of organization. If you ask Messrs. Brock how it is that everything seems to work so smoothly at one of their displays they will tell you it is because nothing is left to chance. Everything, in fact, is worked out with mathematical precision. Since the first Crystal Palace display, in 1865, the art of conducting a big firework show has developed into quite a science.

Now-a-days 150 men are at work in the glare of the blazing fireworks on Thursday and Saturday evenings at the Crystal Palace; each with his own special duties to attend to.

Many people have wondered whilst watching a big firework display why it is that though showers of sparks fall in all directions yet nothing catches fire. This is because the bark of a firework is far worse than its bite, so to speak, and the average firework is composed of a mixture of chemicals which sets fire to nothing except itself. Even the men who form the living fireworks which have proved so popular during recent years are only partially clothed in asbestos; yet they often seem to be in the very centre of a frame of fire. The fact that the wooden frames to which the fireworks are attached can be used over and over again is yet another proof of the foregoing statement.

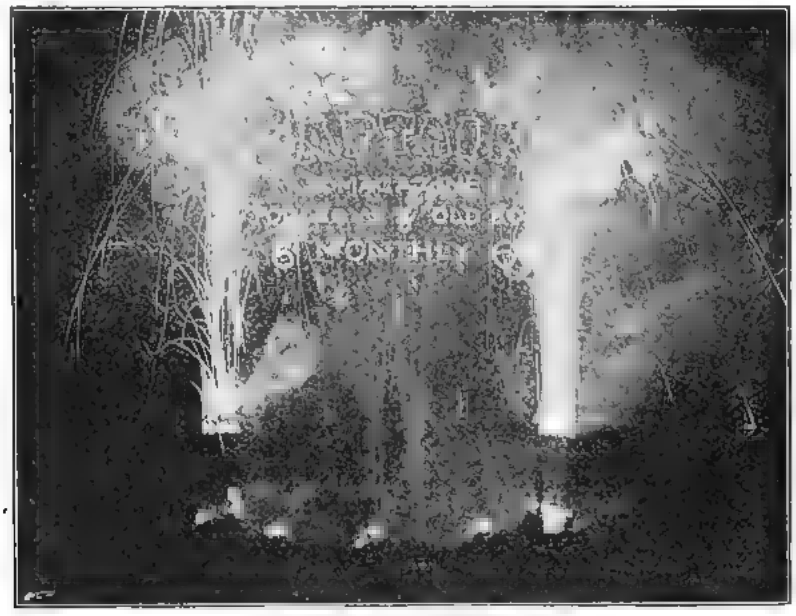
Illusion to a certain extent plays an important part in firework displays. For example, a good deal has been said about the living fireworks that have a boxing bout. As a matter of fact the fireworks are attached to the wooden frames, looking something like skeletons, whilst the real

men stand close by and work the limbs. The burning saltpetre sends forth such a strong light that the real living men are almost hidden from the spectators' view.

But besides the manufacture of fireworks to be used for people's amusement Messrs. Brock make a large quantity of fireworks, of all kinds and sizes, that really perform very useful work both in times of war and peace. What would

and is a sort of large Roman candle, which throws up twelve red balls, one after another, to an enormous height. Besides these, many fireworks are made for use in mining operations, for cleaning out flues and testing drains.

Some very remarkable fireworks were once made for the Royal Niger Company for use in times of war and revolts among the blacks.



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS SET-PIECE?

our railways do without the humble but necessary fog signal? Thousands of these are often exploded under engines' wheels in a few hours of fog. Every year enormous numbers of rockets are manufactured for the Trinity House officials, to be used on ships as signals for pilots or in times of distress. One of these maritime fireworks is called the "Crundell distress signal,"

One of these consisted of a long snake-like coil which was left lying on the ground at night. If anyone touched it a number of magnesium stars rose into the air from one end of it, lighting up the country for miles around.

But whether fireworks be used for work or play, they, like so many of our brightest hopes and desires, all end—in smoke.

I.

TO speak metaphorically, Flaxbourne had gone to pieces. In two years it had descended from the first place amongst New Zealand schools to the tenth; and at the time of which I write it was at its lowest ebb.

There are plenty of fellows in every school who look upon the Captain as a mere ornament, and fondly imagine that anyone with the required amount of muscle could fill the position satisfactorily. Brains, pluck, and perseverance, they argue, are quite unnecessary; but they are wrong. The Captain must organize and get the fellows to pull together; and it is want of organization on the Captain's part that was mainly instrumental in bringing about Flaxbourne's downfall. Campbell (one of the best and most popular captains the school ever had) left two years previous to the commencement of this story; and his successor nearly succeeded in ruining the good old school. Muscle he had in abundance, but he lacked the power to make himself popular; nor could he get the fellows to work with him. Again, he was selfishly inclined, and in less than six weeks everyone was pulling sixes and sevens, instead of all together.

It is truly marvellous what a disturbing element self is, especially in a large school; and we soon had plenty of it at Flaxbourne. Take, for instance, an important football fixture. "Somebody's" cousin (?) was almost certain to be amongst the spectators; and "Somebody" would selfishly want to distinguish himself by doing all the scoring, and several splendid opportunities would be thrown away, and the match lost. Thus it was that Flaxbourne, whose Rugby team was always to the front in battles with the pick of the Canterbury schools, sank lower and lower, until, athletically, it became one of the weakest schools in the colony. Then gradually a certain type of arrogant pride began to spread through Flaxbourne; and when Bowen left, the place was in an awful state.

However, the darkest hour always precedes the dawn; and when I returned, two days after the commencement of the winter term (my steamer had been delayed) I was overjoyed to find that my chum Frankish, the head monitor, had been elected to the position of Captain.

He and I occupied adjoining studies, and, both being monitors, we saw a good deal of each other. During the past three years I had discovered that he was a right good fellow, in more ways than one; and I felt confident that if anyone could pull Flaxbourne together, he would. Hence my joy.

He told me privately, the evening I arrived, that he was going to do his best to bring the school back to its old standard, and asked me to give him a helping hand—which I readily consented to do. However, let it be clearly understood that I can take no credit for what followed. Frankish organized, I only carried out his wishes.

A fortnight after the beginning of the term, he came into my study one evening after tea, and promptly sat down on my best chair. He held a letter in his hand; and carried a very anxious, troubled look on his face.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked, as I poked the fire.

"Will you play against a fifteen from Boys' High School next Saturday?" he asked.

"Most certainly," I replied, "you know I'm always willing."

"That makes five, including myself," he muttered, half aloud.

"Come along, old fellow," I urged; "don't talk in parables. What's in the wind?"

"Just this, Pat," he began, as he held up the letter, "I've just received a note from the Captain of the Boy's High School fifteen, offering to play us next Saturday; and there's only five out of the fifteen best men in Flaxbourne who'll consent to play! They are Bisset, Evans, Mills, you, and myself."

"What objection do the other ten raise?" I asked.

"Well, as you know, those who attend Boys' High School are mostly sons of working people, and consequently our fellows—'gentlemen,' they call themselves — declare that they will not 'degrade' themselves by meeting their 'poverty stricken inferiors on equal terms.' Isn't the school in a lovely state? I'm in a regular fix, for we must accept the challenge. It would never do for it to get about that we openly refused to play them. Honestly, old man, I don't believe that ever there existed such ignorant pride, or ever there was, within the walls of any school, such a hopeless collection of cads."

"What are you going to do?" I asked, after a lengthy silence.

"Pick the other ten members of the team out of the second fifteen," he replied, with a smile, "and," he continued, as he leaned forward in his chair, "there are some very promising, *unselfish* youngsters there, and I'm going to give them a trial. If they buck up well, I'll see that they get their footer caps," he added, as he rose to go.

"We'll get beaten," I said; "it would take our best men to match them."

"I fully expect that," he replied, as he made towards the door, "but, whatever happens, we will have demonstrated that there are still a few gentlemen in Flaxbourne. Good-night, old man!"

II.

When we took our places on the field, the following Saturday afternoon, I think we were the most uneven team that ever played as the "Flaxbourne First." There was Bisset at full back, Frankish centre three-quarter, with me on the wing, and Evans and Mills amongst the forwards. The rest were untried men. Most of the school had turned out to hoot, and see us beaten by "a pack of low class kids," so we came in for a lot of sarcastic chaff.

Almost immediately after the "kick-off," High School scored a try, which they failed to convert, and it looked as if they were going to run rings rounds us. However, our fellows got to work and prevented a further score. So we suffered defeat by three points to *nil;* but even that was glorious, for Flaxbourne's honour was still unimpeached.

When the Captain entered the dining hall at tea time, several of those who had refused to play attempted to raise a hoot; but somehow it fell very flat, and the instigators looked rather foolish.

After tea Frankish came into my study, and again usurped my best chair (a habit of his). He looked into the fire for a few moments, and then said:—

"I've made a discovery."

"What is it?" I asked.

"That we have some first-class footer men in Flaxbourne. When I have made a few alterations in the present team, and we have had a little more practice together, I'll guarantee that I captain one of the finest fifteens the school has ever turned out. I never for one moment imagined that we would do half as well as we have to-day. Fancy a lot of raw recruits, who never played together before, standing up to the Boys' High School First, and only suffering defeat by three points? It's marvellous!"

I agreed that it was, and he continued:—

"There's one thing certain, Pat—you won't be referred to as 'Flaxbourne's crack three-quarter' much longer; young Friedlander is the coming man; again, little Simpson is as fine a half-back as ever played behind a school scrum. There is only one thing wanted to make the team complete, and that is the inclusion of Wells as a forward. Why he refused to play I don't know, but I suppose the others influenced him. Somehow, I can't bring myself to think him a cad. Can you?"

I was about to answer in the negative, when a knock came at the door, and Wells himself entered.

"I thought I'd find you here," he began, as he advanced towards Frankish; "I want to apologize to you for refusing to play to-day. I'm sorry I was such a howling cad."

With a smile the Captain freely held out his hand, and Wells grasped it.

"Frankish, you're a brick!" he murmured.

Wells was not Frankish's only convert; but to none of the others would he give a place in the team. He said he couldn't turn out the men who had stood by him in the time of need,

as long as they continued to "buck up"; and "buck up" they did. Flaxbourne played every school—with the exception of Clifton College—in the country side, and defeated them all. Slowly, but surely, Frankish was pulling the old school together; and most of the fellows soon began to take an interest in the work, and to lend a helping hand.

However, the Captain was longing for a greater victory—he wanted to play Clifton College, the strongest school in New Zealand! There was a time, away back in the past, when Flaxbourne could match their first fifteen; but of late the greatest thing we had attempted was to play their "second," the year before, and suffer defeat at their hands by twenty-two points to *nil!* But Frankish had great ambitions, and a lot of confidence in his team. He challenged the "Clifton" second, and we romped over them, by ten points to three.

On the Wednesday evening following the match I was having tea with my chum, and during the meal he grew confidential.

"Pat," he said, almost affectionately, "we know each other fairly well, don't we?"

"Yes; fire away," I answered, and I knew something important was coming.

"Well," he began, "I believe the old school is righting itself slowly."

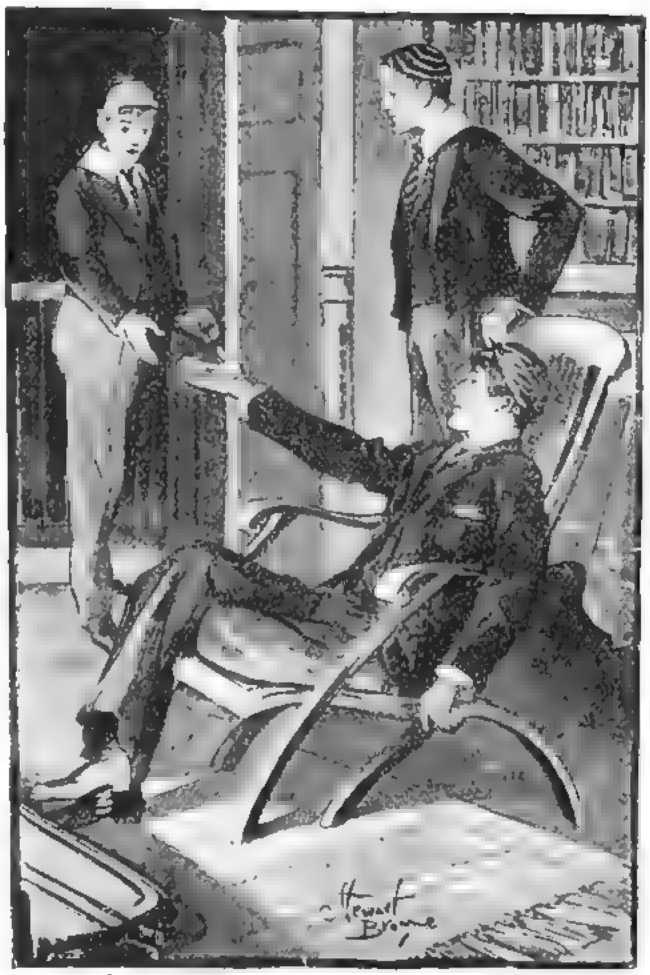
"Yes, thanks to you," I interjected.

"We've beaten all the school teams, excepting 'Clifton First,'" he continued; and, I think, that if we tackled them we'd be entitled to remain in the front rank. What's more, if we succeeded in defeating them—and I don't see why we shouldn't—the few waverers who still exist in Flaxbourne would come over to our side."

For a few moments I stared at my chum in speechless amazement, for he had told me sufficient to show what was in his mind. Even I, who knew him so well, was not prepared for what he was contemplating.

"Surely, you don't intend playing 'Clifton College'?" I gasped at length.

He smiled that old confident smile of his, and calmly said: "Yes, old man, I do, if the team is willing; and I assure you I don't expect a refusal. Will you play?"



"I AM SORRY I WAS SUCH A HOWLING CAD."

"Rather!" quoth I. "'For how can man die better than facing fearful odds'?"

At this juncture the Captain's fag put his head in at the door and asked if anything was required. Frankish sent him off to hunt up the members of the first fifteen; and, ten minutes later, they assembled in the study. All were "thirsting for a go" at the Clifton men; so the affair was settled then and there, and a challenge written out.

After some considerable delay, owing partly to the fact that the Clifton men thought we were joking, a reply was received and the news ran through the school like an electric shock, that we were going to play "Clifton First," a fortnight later. Little groups gathered about the "quad" after morning school, and excitedly discussed the prospects of the coming match. The general opinion was that we would

be "smashed"; but a few—and only a few—declared that we would make a fight for it.

The members of the team spent every spare hour of the following fortnight in hard training, and every day saw fresh improvement. Everything went splendidly until two days before the match; then I had a bad attack of influenza—the bugbear of a New Zealand footballer's life. To play was impossible; so Frankish was compelled to put Ross, the three-quarter who had refused to play against "Boys' High School," into my place.

III.

At length the day fixed for the match arrived, and, with two big overcoats on, and feeling somewhat like unto an Egyptian mummy, I went out to witness the struggle, in which, alas! I was to take no active part.

The Clifton men arrived a little before three, and, as the school clock chimed the hour, our fellows kicked off. The College back returned the ball, and the great match had fairly commenced. The opposing forwards got to work at once, and, taking the ball down the field in splendid style, scored! A few minutes later they started another brilliant, passing rush, and scored again! Our hopes went down to zero. Was this to be the ending of Frankish's most cherished dream? Six points to *nil* within ten minutes of the kick off!

However, suddenly, as if by magic, our fellows woke up; and, although they were on the defensive the whole time, no further score was registered during the first spell. As I watched the play from the front seat of the crowded pavilion, I felt positively certain that our men were not playing up to their usual form. The brilliant combination which had characterized the previous matches was entirely absent, and each man appeared to be playing alone. As the bell rang it dawned upon me what was wrong. Frankish was playing a forward game, instead of making use of his backs as usual.

As he came off the field, I walked out and met him.

"What's come over the team, Pat?" he asked, in a dazed kind of way; "everything seems to have gone wrong, and I'm bothered if I know what I'm doing."

"Pull yourself together, old man," I answered, as I patted him on the back, for I could see that he was awfully excited, "and feed your backs—especially Friedlander."

"Thanks, old fellow," he said; "I see the mistake I have been making. I have been letting the fellows work as they liked."

Poor Frankish had lost his head for the time being. But then, even the best of captains make mistakes occasionally.

However, from the very commencement of the second spell it was evident that he had altered his tactics. From a scrum the forwards heeled the ball out to Simpson, who passed to Frankish. The Captain dashed round the scrum and our fellows lined out across the field. By a series of rapid passes the ball went to Friedlander, who raced up the field, and, entirely outpacing the opposing backs, scored at the corner. What a roar went up!—such a cheer had not been heard at Flaxbourne for many a year.

Bisset failed with the kick, and a lot of give-and-take play followed. Gradually, however, our fellows, who were now playing with machine-

FRIEDLANDER FELL OVER THE LINE WITH THE BALL A MOMENT BEFORE THE BELL RANG.

like accuracy, took the ball into the enemies territory, and kept Clifton on the defensive. The college men, though outclassed, fought stubbornly, and the time dragged slowly on, until only ten minutes remained. Then little Simpson, who was always in his place, got the ball from a scrum, and passed to Ross, who in turn passed to Frankish. Then it went across to Friedlander, then back to the Captain, who, after a short, dodgy run, scored, amidst tremendous excitement, and cries of:—

"Frankish! good old Frankish!"

It was six all; and the crowd yelled themselves hoarse.

No goal resulted, and with four minutes left for play Clifton kicked out. The backs exchanged kicks, there were a couple of small passing rushes, then a scrum in the college twenty-five. Our forwards heeled out, and, with the ball under his arm, Simpson made for the line with the three-quarters close at hand. He dodged four men successfully; then the leather went to Ross; then to the Captain. The opposing three-quarter took him low; but not before he had transferred to Friedlander. A Clifton man dashed at him, and the ball went back to Ross. He was laid low and little Simpson got possession of the leather; but he had not gone five yards before an opponent threatened, and the ball again went to Friedlander. With it under his arm, and twenty-eight men behind him, he made for the corner at top speed; while the Clifton full-back raced across to intercept him. It was all a question of speed, and all eyes were centred on the pair. As our crack three-quarter tore up the touch line a faint cheer arose, then it swelled into a mighty roar, and high above the din went up the cry:—

"Friedlander scores! Friedlander scores!"

The Clifton back was beaten by a foot, and Friedlander fell over the line with the ball in his arms a moment before the bell rang. A frantic, never-to-be-forgotten yell of triumph went up, for we had won the match on the call of time!

Never before had there been such a scene as that which followed. Every member of the team was carried shoulder high round the field, and cheered again and again. Poor Frankish was quite overcome, and when he reached the dressing room all he could say, as he faced his plucky little team, was, "I'm proud of you fellows."

That night, when he walked into the dining hall, looking as fresh as a daisy, every fellow rose to his feet, and, having cheered his loudest, sang:—

For he's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
And he's our captain, too!

Flaxbourne was itself again.

AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL BOY "OUT-BACK," WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF THE GOAL FRANKISH SCORED.

ON KEEPING FIT.

A CELEBRATED physician once remarked that his income would be reduced from thousands to hundreds, and not many of the latter, if only people took more exercise and less food. Perhaps he exaggerated a little, but the gist of his remark, viz., that the majority of humans eat and drink too much, and do not take enough exercise, is undoubtedly true. Readers of THE CAPTAIN are, of course, not very likely to be given over to excessive indulgence of the appetites, or a constitutional abhorrence of exercise; otherwise they would not trouble to peruse a magazine which does its best to be manly and well-conditioned. English boys and men, fortunately, for the most part have a distinct contempt and dislike of ill-health. I do not mean the ill-health that cannot be avoided—organic complaints, and diseases, and so on—but the ill-health that comes from

SELF-INDULGENCE, SLACKNESS, AND IRREGULAR HABITS.

A person who, through his own fault, is in a continual state of never being fit certainly does not deserve any pity. He can easily avoid it, and it really serves him right. Some people are so strong and robust constitutionally that they can take great liberties without feeling much discomfort, but the average individual who is too ignorant or too careless to keep himself fit is sure to suffer for it; and, in the long run, even the man of iron and brass is found out by his sins. This is an old story, but the longer I live the more firmly am I convinced that people either do not recognize or else forget what a priceless possession is perfect health. I do not wish to sermonise, but, really, the matter is worth more consideration than it receives.

Properly speaking, everyone ought always to be fit—in training, if you like; not, of course, what you might call strict, or special training, but good, sound, hardy condition. In writing about training in a back number, I took great pains to convince boys — especially boys at school—that

THEY DO NOT NEED TO ALTER THEIR ORDINARY DIET.

The usual school diet, the food, in fact, which nearly every boy has provided for him, is absolutely exactly the sort that is "good for training"; it is a mere fad to imagine that this or that strange and uncommon food promotes fitness. The human body needs certain chemical fuel. To go into the scientific side of the question would take too long. Suffice it to say that specialists on the subject agree that plain English food—the ordinary meats, puddings, etc.—cannot be improved upon. The great point to understand is this, that when you take more exercise your body needs more food. Similarly—really similarly—a ship that is steaming twenty knots needs more fuel than if only going ten. When you go into special training for any form of athletics you take an increased amount of exercise — that is, your tissues use themselves up in an increased degree, and you need more meat. But it is not much use going in for weighing your food; your body judges for itself; if you need more meat, you are hungrier, and you take it. In the case of an ordinary healthy person, who lives in England, on ordinary English food, it is absurd to make any material change in kind of diet; the thing to do is to

EAT MORE WHEN YOU FIND YOU NEED IT.

It is, of course, a mistake to plunge from a small into a large amount of exercise; and equally a mistake suddenly and of afore-thought to make a big increase in what food you take.

And, even in full training, the increase is nothing very big. I am quite sure that by far the best plan for a boy or youth to follow is not to bother about diet at all. The chances are you cannot make any material change, and to fuss about inessential little details is useless. I remember once being told by a big boy that if I ate apples my calves would get flabby. I was an "under-fifteener" and much impressed by the advice of the prospective winner of the steeple-chase. It is, no doubt, a great mistake to stuff between meals; but I should have eaten my apples had I known what I know now.

We are not, however, concerned at present with strict training, but with keeping fit in general.

Fitness depends almost entirely upon two things: food and exercise. Your food should in kind and amount be suitable to your climate, manner of life, and the amount of exercise you take.

PLAIN FOOD IS FAR BETTER

than richly-spiced, much-sauced food, for the simple reason that what your body needs is the meat, vegetables, bread, etc., not the spices and sauces; so if your food is highly elaborated with condiments you fill up your internals with stuff that is no good to your tissues and give your digestion almost useless work. Of course, condiments are not bad, and even good in moderation. As to the proper amount of food, it is vitally important to understand that it varies with your mode of life and what exercise you take. The proper amount of meat is really the chief item. And with regard to this the case is simple enough. If you lead an active life, full of out-door exercise, you need a good deal of meat; if you lead an in-door, sedentary life, you need very little. The commonest mistake is for people to eat too much meat. All this is very homely, but it is very true. The less exercise you take the less meat you need; if you eat more meat than your amount of exercise warrants you upset your liver.

People who have been used to a good deal of exercise, but for some reason have to give it up, nearly always

FALL INTO THE ERROR

of not regulating their food accordingly. And, in a similar way, athletes, on going out of training, stop their work but not their food.

Dr. Henry Hoole, in his admirable book, "The Science and Art of Training," writes:—

> Another evil, and one which athletes are prone to, is the sudden cessation of muscular work as soon as the period of training and competition is passed. Weeks of a healthy life in the open air have brought all their organs into a state of perfect functional activity and created not only the need for the stimulation of exercise, but also, with a keen appetite for animal food, a remarkable power of assimilation. During the lazy existence which some of them lead in the dark days, these organs miss the accustomed stimulation, and plainly show their sense of neglect by an irregular and incomplete discharge of their functions. To add to the trouble, the desire for a large meat diet is often unchecked, although the athlete must be conscious of no longer requiring so much sustenance. Is it to be wondered at, that the digestion soon becomes unequal to the demands thrown upon it, and that serious derangement of the stomach, liver, and kidneys follows? I have been impressed by the number of cases of indigestion, bilious attacks, gout, skin disease, and mental depression it has been my lot to treat in this class of patients. These ailments can, undoubtedly, be traced to this cause alone.

Dr. Hoole's remarks are extremely worth the consideration of those they concern. I hope I am not being too medical, but, really, you cannot discuss fitness without discussing food.

I CANNOT MAKE OUT WHY PEOPLE WHO TAKE NO EXERCISE DO NOT DIE.

On the other hand, I cannot make out how those boys who start training off-hand by indulging in an amount of work that would astonish Bredin or Bacon when almost fully trained manage to survive their self-imposed and exhausting ordeal. When not training strictly you still need a regular amount of exercise to keep you fit. The more you take within reason the better, but it is astonishing how little, provided you take it often and regularly, will keep you in condition. It is said that W. G. George, whose mile (4mins. 12secs.) record is perhaps the best record there is, is said, and I believe truly, to have trained for one race round a table in a large room. I am sure you can keep quite fit upon no more exercise than a quarter of an hour's dumb-bells per diem, and a few short walks or runs per week. Many of us, unfortunately, have no time to devote to out-door games, and little to spare for exercise of any kind. But there is no one who, if he cares to, cannot get some sort of regular exercise. Boys and men engaged in sedentary office work make a most tremendous mistake not to get

A LITTLE OUT DOOR EXERCISE IN THE MORNING,

if it is only a walk round a square, and a little exercise of some kind in the evening. Bicycling is, of course, a first-rate form of athleticism for people with limited time and opportunities.

Nearly all the men I know who go in largely for any form of game take trouble to keep fit in the off season. W. G. Grace does a lot of walking, and runs with the beagles in the winter. A. E. Stoddart plays golf and hockey. Ranjit-

sinhji is a tireless walker out shooting, and plays racquets. Anyone who neglects to keep fit between whiles not only gives himself much trouble at the beginning of the cricket or football season, but stands a good chance of injuring himself by suddenly taking too heavy exercise after a period of complete slackness.

If you take no exercise your muscular development cannot be good. If you never had any muscle to speak of, what you have is flabby, rusty, and slack. If you have had good muscles they change into fat and get flabby by disuse. But, more than that, if you do not exercise your muscles,

YOUR WHOLE BODY IS THROWN OUT OF GEAR

by a defective circulation of the blood. Yet the blood is the life.

The defect a man out of condition finds, perhaps, most inconvenient is what is called "shortness of wind." Few people know what they mean by a bad wind. The fact is that any unwonted activity of the muscles drives into the chest a large quantity of blood which has previously been stagnating in the veins. The heart, lungs, and the large vessels of the thorax are not prepared for this, and become congested. Hence a feeling of discomfort or even faintness. Moreover, in ordinary life one only uses part of the lungs: exercise produces deeper breathing and taxes the muscles of the thorax and the diaphragm. These muscles, being flabby from non-use, are thrown into a state of painful spasm, the common or garden "stitch in the side." Any young man or boy whose self-respect would not be injured by the idea of being unable to run half-a-mile without "losing his wind" or "getting a stitch" is not up to the standard of which THE CAPTAIN and our friend, the Old Fag, approve. Remember George and the kitchen table.

C. B. Fry

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sec., S.H.G.S.F.C.—Our mutual friend, the Old Fag, has handed your letter on to me. I think, you know, the Latin frightened him! There is no rule about caps; you are at liberty to have any sort you like. It is customary, however, for "Soccer" clubs to have ordinary flannel articles like those used at cricket; whereas Rugby players usually affect a velvet cap with or without a peak in front, trimmed with gold or silver wire lace and with a tassel attached to the centre of the crown. At my old school, Repton, we played "Soccer," but our first-eleven caps were made of dark red velvet, ribbed with silver-wire cording. International "Soccer" caps are made of velvet, with a badge in front, but shaped like cricket caps. With regard to your mottoes, I much prefer "*multa opera, multa praemia.*" I do not agree with you that "much pains, many gains" is not always true: you may not always, however much you try, achieve the particular and direct object of your pains; but incidentally you are bound to gain much, for if you gain nothing else you are bound every time to increase your power of taking pains—a power the value of which is inestimable, and which you can only acquire by continual practice. I do not favour your Latin translation of "'Tis not for mortals, etc." Shakespeare does not go well into Ciceronian prose; and your translation is not good Latin. The grammar is correct, but the Latin is what we call very late, so late, in fact, that a Roman would not have understood it. *Poscere* means "to ask for"; and anyone can ask for success—*Impetrare* is the right word: it means "to ask for, and get." *Fortuna* does not mean "success." But the whole thing is too long for a motto. A football club needs no motto: or, if any, one that is short, simple, and English. But good luck to you all the same! **W. Nettleton.**—Funny fellow! The man is not-out, as the ball is still in its place. My idea of 220yds. in 22secs. by a boy of fourteen is—inexpressible. On a grass track, too! Marvellous! In fact, absurd! **Wicket-Keeper.**—As Ranjitsinhji is a gentleman and also a player you may correctly call him a "gentleman player." As he is not a professional you will not be wrong in describing him as an "amateur." The former phrase is new to me, but I knew a man who used to call himself a "gentleman-professional." **J. Fuller.**—Glad to hear you like THE CAPTAIN. I do not much like a tight belt; a loose, yet close-fitting one is all right. Is it for cricket? Because you can have your trousers made so as not to need a belt, *vide* my article in Vol. I. (May, 1899) on "The Contents of your Cricket-Bag." **Scisne.**—I am sorry about your accident, but trust you are all right again now. I am sure your "younger sister" writes an excellent letter, for which no apologies are necessary. Of course they like THE CAPTAIN at Malvern! Who wouldn't? V. F. S. Crawford is the son of a clergyman; you will find a lot about him in last year's cricket almanacks. **Athlete.**—Don't trouble about your measurements; you are "all square." I have contributed several articles on training to THE CAPTAIN, *vide* back numbers. Practice a little every other day and do not alter your usual diet. **Periwinkle.**—I assure you I am much interested in your cricket. That jealous Old Fag did not send me your letter in time, or I would certainly have looked up your brother. I was not in very good form that day, and the light was bad, so I fear your brother may have been disappointed. What a pity I did not know sooner! You did very well in your matches. Analyses excellent! Do not let your brother over-bowl his strength. He has a fine chance of doing really well if he does not fall into this too prevalent error of promising young bowlers. **H. Rimington.**—I have lately discovered that the best oil for bats is a mixture of two parts linseed and one salad or olive. Keep bats in any dry place, but not in a room where there is a fire. Oil once a fortnight. **B. P.** (GLASGOW).—I should say (not being a physician or surgeon, in spite of the article above) that you have contracted slight rheumatism. Bathe your knee well in the evening with hot water, and keep a roll of flannel round it always; when it gets better, rub it well with Elliman. **O. H.** (WORCESTER).—Glad to hear you are in form. I wish you much success.

KINGLAND is an island in the Atlantic, which is avoided by mariners on account of the perilous currents abounding in its vicinity. In fact, only one ship calls there *per annum*. The inhabitants rely for food and clothing, etc., entirely on the contents of derelicts which drift on to their shores. In Kingland, the King only reigns one year, and every man has his turn. King Waterbottle is a waiter who takes very unwillingly to the throne; so, as his twin brother is expected home from England by the annual ship, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief propose to dethrone Waterbottle and put his brother in his place. Waterbottle at first agrees to this proposition.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING'S YOUNG WOMAN.

THE King of Kingland's palace was a corrugated iron school-room that had been raked out of the hold of a tramp steamer which, after being deserted by her crew, had been driven on to the shores of this strange country. It was wonderful how the islanders could adapt themselves to the performance of jobs in the carrying out of which they had had no previous instruction whatever. They turned carpenters, blacksmiths, boot-menders, and most other things *by instinct*, and so somebody was soon found to run up a corrugated iron school-room—even to putting the windows in. One end was curtained off, and this was the sovereign's bedroom. In the lower end, originally intended for an entrance hall, lived a terribly old woman, whose appearance thoroughly warranted her name of Hag Haggety. She "did for" each successive King, and served him as door-keeper, housekeeper, cook, and "boots." Hag Haggety was a very rough old soul, albeit kindly. From the first she took rather a fancy to Waterbottle because he resembled a son of hers who, venturesomely entering the powder magazine of a stranded gunboat with a lighted torch, was blown—with the gunboat—into a million fragments.

Hag Haggety had decorated the palace to the best of her ability. Everything on the walls, of course, had been cast up by the waves. There were some impressionist water-colour paintings (hung wrong way up, as Hag couldn't make head or tail of them), and there were skins of animals, texts, almanacks, posters, portions of curtains and blinds, and many other decorative articles which had never reached their rightful destinations.

The furniture was of a like heterogeneous nature. The King's bed was an (apparently) very ancient four-poster which had been manufactured by a Birmingham firm for an American museum of old English curios. The chairs were of all sizes and shapes and colours. There were Windsor chairs and saddle-bag chairs and deck-chairs; there was a sofa, covered with light blue silk, that had been intended for a Russian princess's suite of rooms in Paris; there was a kitchen table in the centre, and here and there a vaulting-horse, a lady's walnut wood desk, a bagatelle board, a piano, and a dainty little what-not.

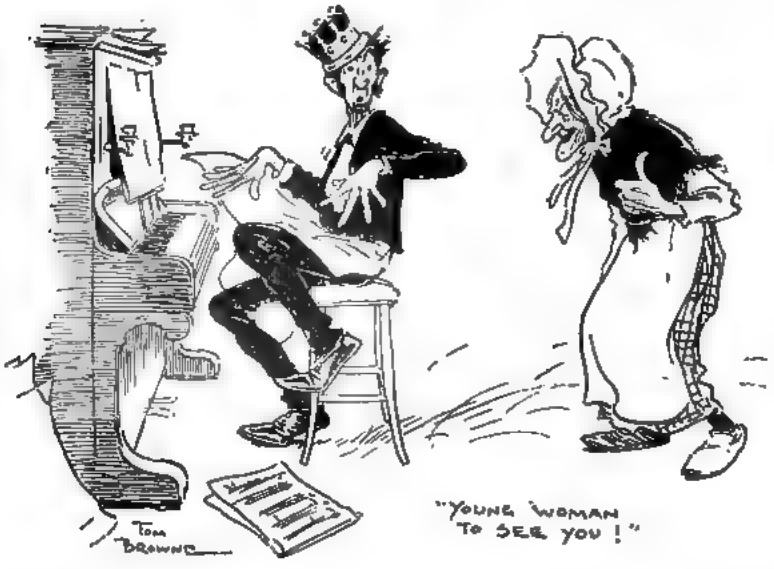
The King could never have sighed for a little more variety in his reading, for the royal library contained, among other works, a log-book, a cookery book, a copy of Wisden's Cricket Almanack, a book of fairy tales, "Lady Audley's Secret," "Tom Browne's Comic Annual," a Greek

lexicón, a "Life of Napoleon," and "Robinson Crusoe." This last-named work had a strange fascination for the islanders, who were able to appreciate Robinson's position as other readers never could, and trembled and triumphed with him whenever the reigning King, as a great treat, gave a reading from the book.

The King had a plentiful supply of food, wine, and tobacco; there was no reason why Waterbottle should not have been completely happy. Why, then, did he suffer sometimes from the dismals? Why? Because he was a man, and, like men of all ages and countries, he had a heart.

Waterbottle was in love.

One day, as the King was miserably endeavouring to play a waltz (from a bundle of music



that had arrived in the usual way) Hag Haggety entered without knocking and hobbled softly across the room until she arrived at the King's elbow.

The King was fumbling away among the bass notes when a gruff voice suddenly exclaimed:—

"Young woman to see you!"

Waterbottle was so startled that he tumbled off his stool.

"Ha! he! ho!" chuckled Hag. "I thought that would wake him up." And then, croaking mirthlessly, she tottered off to admit the visitor to the royal presence.

A girl, dressed in a neat black dress, cap, and apron (once the property of a stewardess on an ocean liner) came hesitatingly into the room. When Waterbottle saw her he coloured up and looked very sheepish. This being the case, the girl—who had all *her* wits about her, as women generally do under such circumstances—tripped forward, and, stopping within a few paces of Waterbottle, said mockingly:—

"I crave a few words with your Majesty. Does it please your Majesty to grant me audience?"

"Oh, Buzzie, *don't!*" cried poor Waterbottle. "You've been readin' those Ainsworth novels, I know you 'ave—drop that talk, do you 'ear?"

"Yes," admitted Buzzie, "I've got to the part where Lady Jane Grey is led out to die by the crool axe——"

"I know it—I know it," sighed Waterbottle, "don't remind me of it; it's too 'arrowin'. And now—tell me, why are you here?"

Buzzie, after the manner of go-ahead, modern young women, had really come to see whether Waterbottle meant to keep troth with her—in brief, to marry her. King or no King, she was very fond of him, and although she was only a waitress she intended to wed the man of her heart's choice. But it was by no means her intention to admit this all at once.

"Oh," said Buzzie, "I called to make sure you were quite comfortable, dear, and enjoying your meals, and having them quite regular. And are you sure your sheets are well aired?"

"I have nothing to complain of," answered Waterbottle, drearily, "and I suppose I ought to be very 'appy. There's only one thing I want in the world, and that is——"

She thought she knew what he was going to say, and cast down her eyes most demurely.

"——somebody to teach me the bass notes of this waltz!" concluded Waterbottle.

"Oh, then," cried Buzzie, tossing her head, "if that's all you want, Mr. Waterbottle, I daresay you can find *heaps* of girls in Kingland who will be only too glad to give you lessons *all* day long!"

And with a snap of her little white teeth she flounced away towards the door.

"Buzzie!"

Waterbottle caught her up as she put her fingers on the handle.

"How could you?"

"Well," replied Buzzie—artful little cat!—"what did you say that about the piano for?"

"Because I thought you could play it well, dear."

But Buzzie was not going to understand him too soon.

"And *so*, Mr. Waterbottle——"

"Excuse me," was the King's timid interruption, "it's nothing, of course, but somebody might overhear you You called me 'Mister'——"

"Yes," retorted Buzzie, "I did call you 'Mister,' and I'll say it again—'*Mister* Waterbottle'—'*Mister* Waterbottle'—I'll say it ten times, and twenty times, and a thousand times, if you don't take care, *Mister* Waterbottle."

"Of course, it doesn't matter much," apologized the King, "but I thought I would just mention to you that anybody who calls the King 'Mister,' is put to death."

"*What!*" cried Buzzie, with blanching cheeks.

"Don't be frightened, darling. I thought I ought to tell you, especially as Hag Haggety generally listens at the keyhole."

The door was flung open and, sure enough, Hag Haggety appeared before them.

"Yes," she growled, "I generally do listen, and I heard her, but I won't tell on her because you're like my son who was blowed up." And after looking fiercely at Buzzie, Hag made a curious choking sound, pointed significantly to her throat, scowled again, and withdrew.

"You understand now, dear," said Waterbottle, gently, "why I asked you not to say 'Mister.' It wasn't because I was proud, or anything of that sort."

Buzzie flung her arms round his neck and burst into tears.

"DEAR BUZZIE, I PROMISE AND VOW THAT YOU SHALL BE MY QUEEN."

"Oh, I knew it wasn't—I felt wilful, that was all. Please forgive me, Wattie; I mean—your Majesty."

Waterbottle kissed her tenderly, and thus did a little quarrel cause them to become more united than ever.

They sat down on the blue silk sofa, and talked as lovers talk. We must not listen to them, for that would not be fair.

But after a long time they arose, and the King said:—

"Dear Buzzie, I promise and vow that you shall be my Queen. Yes, I give you my word, and with this kiss I pledge myself to you for ever and ever."

"You said it ever so prettily," said Buzzie, nestling to him, "and shall I say it too?"

Then she said: "I will be your Queen while you are King, and after that I will be your wife for ever and ever, and with this kiss I give myself to you."

The lovers were engaged thus sweetly when a harsh cough startled them. They drew apart, and saw that they were being sternly scrutinized by the Lord Chancellor.

"I await your Majesty's pleasure," sneered the Chancellor.

"Then," said Waterbottle, stepping boldly forward, "await my pleasure in the proper place."

So fiercely was this said that the Chancellor was struck dumb for the moment. He realized that Waterbottle was not such a weakling as he had supposed, and retired to the entrance hall as directed.

When the King looked at his sweetheart he saw that her face was full of terror.

"Wattie" she cried, in suppressed tones, "don't trust that bad old man. He means you harm. Oh, there was such an evil look in his eyes."

"I never did trust 'im," said Waterbottle sturdily, "and I never will."

"Take care of yourself, dear!" said Buzzie anxiously, "because you know there's no one to protect you if he means villainy. He has the Army to back him up."

"Let 'em all come!" cried Waterbottle, putting his arm round the girl's slim waist, "an' see what they'll get."

"Well," said the prudent little Buzzie, "I don't want to make him any angrier—don't you hear him clearing his throat out there? That shows he's angry—it's a saying in Kingland: '*The Chancellor is clearing his throat!*' Mothers frighten their naughty children with it. Even when the sky is black, they say the Chancellor is clearing his throat."

"Do they?" returned Waterbottle defiantly, "all right—let 'im clear it. I'll show this Chancellor who's King in this 'ere *h*island!"

"But pray be careful, Wattie."

"The Chancellor can do what he pleases," said Waterbottle, "I'll come out top yet. And to begin with, I'll announce my engagement to you. So now you'd better be going—this Chancellor and me are going to have words, *I* can see."

So, with another embrace, the lovers parted.

As Buzzie hurried down the passage leading to the street the Chancellor cleared his throat with such tremendous force that Buzzie, in her fright, simply shot through the front door and went plump into the gleaming breast-plate of the tallest soldier in the Army, who was on sentry-go outside the palace. The sentinel staggered back a pace, and then, seeing that his assailant was only a girl—and a comely one withal—did not draw his sword.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" breathed Buzzie, all in a flutter; "I really didn't see you—I—am very sorry."

"Nay, beg no pardon, my pretty!" rejoined the sentinel, with an amorous glance, "for your weight is but that of a fly. Still, you must pay penalty for having assaulted in such grievous fashion one of the King's bodyguard—stay, my pretty, do not fly—oh, but thou *shalt* not fly—I say thou *shalt* not——" and with these words he advanced upon her, as if he would snatch toll from her red lips.

Seeing that flight was impossible, Buzzie faced round on the bully, and, when he came near enough, dealt him a blow across the cheek which roused hearty laughter amongst the passers-by.

The jeers irritated the sentinel.

"Oh, thou saucy vixen—I will make thee smart for that. My tooth was aching, and thou hast made it worse. Now I will make thee pay penalty ten times over——" and so saying, he rushed at Buzzie and clutched her roughly by the arm.

None of the crowd endeavoured to interfere—so afraid were they of the Army.

Buzzie screamed, for the man hurt her.

"So thou didst smack me," quoth the soldier, who, in his spare time, was a great reader of the historical novels that were found in the officers' libraries of wrecked ships, and had caught up something of the phraseology of such works, "thou little spiteful wench! Nay, struggle not—for 'tis useless. I have thee fast, and now will I give thee that which thou wouldst not take before in maidenly good part."

Now, Hag Haggety had been a grim observer of the whole incident. She hated all women, especially nice girls, and the soldier's conduct had rather amused her until he lost his temper. Then Hag came to the conclusion that something ought to be done. Quickly putting her head into the royal sitting-room she called out to the King: "*You're wanted!*" and withdrew her head as abruptly as she had thrust it in.

Waterbottle obeyed her summons leisurely; but when Hag silently pointed to the crowd on the pavement, and what was interesting them, he flew out, and in an instant had wrenched his sweetheart from the cowardly soldier's grasp.

"'Ere—take 'er," he gasped, handing Buzzie to Hag; "now, you long-legged son of a sea-cook," he continued, stripping off his coat, and handing it, with his crown, to a bystander, "I'll teach you manners."

And with that he went square for the sentinel, and after planting a beautiful straight left on the end of the bully's nose, he swung him one in the ribs, and supplemented this with a neat upper cut that stretched the sentinel in the mud. But Waterbottle's anger was not yet assuaged. He dragged the soldier up and leant him against the palace wall, and then, seizing him by the back of the neck he ran him down the street to the barracks, and, with a final kick, sent him flying through the doorway into the middle of his comrades, who were gambling with an excessively greasy pack of cards.

"I'll tell the Chancellor of this," roared the soldier, getting behind his companions, "see if I don't! Who are *you*?"

"I'm the King," said Waterbottle.

"Who's the King?" blubbered the bully, forgetting his historical patter; "the Chancellor and the Commander-in-Chief rule this country—pooh, you're really no better than any of us—not so good!"

"Well, I won't give you any more just now,"

said Waterbottle, "because I think you've had enough, judging by your nose. But never dare to lay hand again on my sweetheart—*on my sweetheart*," reiterated the King, turning to the crowd and then back to the soldiers; "for that, know all of you, is the lady I am going to marry."

And with these words the King returned to the palace.

The people in the crowd gazed wonderingly at each other, for never before, in the history of Kingland, had any King dared to defy the Army in this way. The injured soldier strode out of the barracks' entrance and began to cuff the crowd right and left. "Move on, you gaping fools!" he roared; "move away—be off!" and he hit every old man he could get near enough to until he suddenly ran against the cabman who had driven the Commander-in-Chief and the Chancellor to and from the beach a few days previously.

"Don't you move *me* on," said the cabman, "or there'll be a military funeral, my friend! You got what you deserved, and 'e's a good plucked 'un, is young Waterbottle. And wot I say is: Three cheers for King Waterbottle—hip—hip——"

"HURRAH!" shouted the crowd three times.

"And one for the King's young woman!" bawled the cabman: "Hip—hip——"

"HURRAH!" shouted the crowd right lustily, in spite of the scowls and threats of—the Army.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN ON THE BEACH.

"WITH all due respect to your Majesty——" began the Lord Chancellor, on the King's return.

"Ah!" said Waterbottle. "I know that means you are going to say something rude. Well, out with it!"

"With all due respect to your Majesty," repeated the Chancellor, "I must humbly put it to your Majesty that your Majesty has engaged yourself to that young person under false pretences."

For the Chancellor had received from a passer-by news of the King's speech regarding Buzzie.

"False pretences! What do you mean?"

"You have promised to make her your Queen!"

"That's so—and the sooner the better, old man."

"Passing over your vulgar allusion to my advancing years," snapped the Lord Chancellor,

PLANTING A BEAUTIFUL STRAIGHT LEFT ON THE END OF THE BULLY'S NOSE.

"may I ask your Majesty how the young person——"

"The young lady, by your leave," interrupted the King.

"How the young lady can be your Queen when you are not the King?"

"When I'm not the King she won't be the Queen," bluntly replied Waterbottle, "but she'll be my wife—that's all I care about."

"What I mean is," explained the Chancellor, gently, "she won't be Queen at all, because you are going to abdicate, you know."

"Am I?" replied Waterbottle, pretending not to remember. He was beginning to enjoy his reign. That little dust-up with the soldier had done him a world of good, and he felt a man again. As a man, it behoved him to do his duty; as King of Kingland he must reign his full year. There must be no crying off. Although he felt sure that Buzzie would marry him were he only a waiter, he knew enough of women's natures to understand that the fact of a man's possessing a throne does not necessarily belittle him in the estimation of one of the opposite sex. Putting it plainly, he was certain Buzzie would be grievously disappointed if she were not allowed to share this high position with him. Waiting was all very well, but a palace appeared to Buzzie a far nicer place to live in than a third-rate restaurant. Making batter pudding is one thing; making laws is another. Playing duets with a real live King is far better fun than serving peasant women with pea soup, or crossing-sweepers with "currant dump."

Waterbottle now repented of having offered to resign his throne, and, being a King, he felt that he would be fully justified in changing his mind. So he said: "I ain't goin' to abdicate."

The Chancellor's mouth opened involuntarily, so taken aback was he by this speech.

"Not going to—you *must!*" he gasped.

"Who says '*must*' to me?" was Waterbottle's haughty rejoinder.

"You can't break your word!" exclaimed the Chancellor.

"As easy as pie!" cried the King, as he sauntered over to the piano.

The Chancellor glared wrathfully at him, and then made an indignant exit.

"Hi!" shouted Waterbottle, as the Chancellor was striding down the passage.

"Ah! he has come to his senses," chuckled the Chancellor to himself. "I thought he would when I went off like that. What is your Majesty's pleasure?" he asked softly, as he re-entered the King's sitting-room.

"You left the door open—that's all," replied Waterbottle, without looking round.

The Lord Chancellor banged the door furiously, and, with flying robes, made for the residence of the Commander-in-Chief.

Late that night the conspirators sat over their gin-and-water, toasting each other copiously, and, anon, plotting destruction to the King. With a serene countenance the King slept in his curtained-off bed-room; he had mastered the bass of the waltz; there was a smile on his lips. In the entrance-hall snored Hag Haggety. In a top attic, rather more than a mile away, Buzzie was dreaming sweetly. Waterbottle was going to marry her; she was to be Queen of Kingland. No wonder Buzzie's dreams were sweet ones.

And all this time a teasing half-gale was arousing the wrath of the ocean. Higher and higher leapt the waves, lashing the stalwart cliffs of Kingland in their fury. Presently a portion of cliff which had been loosening for years came away from the breast of Mother Earth, and fell with a thundering crash to the beach.

The Commander-in Chief and the Chancellor sprang out of their chairs.

"Listen!" exclaimed the Chancellor.

"I heard—'tis a wreck!"

"That was a signal of distress."

"We can render no aid; but we can be in first at the death," said the Commander-in-Chief, with a leer horrible to behold.

They crept out of the house, and, making fast their garments, walked hastily to the shore. As fate willed it, there actually *was* a ship driving towards the island, though no gun had been fired by her, for her crew had escaped in their boats many hours since.

"'Tis a schooner!" cried the Lord Chancellor, who was well versed in the rigging and build of vessels, "and, if my eyes don't deceive me, 'tis the one that passed by the other day. I can always recognize a ship again, once I have seen her. Look, she has struck on the 'Shark's Tooth'—there is no hope for her."

The moon, struggling from behind a bank of clouds, shone full upon the doomed vessel.

"I can see a figure," cried the Commander-in-Chief; "but only one. See—ah!"

For at that moment the one human being to be descried hurled himself into the boiling waves.

The Shark's Tooth was a jagged rock situated some 80yds. from where they stood. The conspirators could plainly see the man as he rose on the crest of a wave, only to lose sight of him as he went down, down, down. He was clutching a spar and struggling right gamely.

"He may be carried ashore," said the Chancellor.

"What—alive?"

"Yes. Look, here he comes. Now then, get ready to dash down and pull him up when the wave leaves him on the strand."

The Commander-in-Chief shivered.

"'TIS HIS TWIN BROTHER!"

"Why should we save him?"

"Oh, a little fancy of mine. *Now then!*"

Down the wet slope of shingle dashed the Chancellor, followed by his military friend, and together they dragged the man into safety. He was insensible—for the crash on the beach had stunned him—but still breathing.

The moon came out again most opportunely, and as she did so an exclamation broke from each of the rescuers.

"Wonderful!"

"Marvellous!"

"Waterbottle himself—whiskers and all!"

"'Tis his twin brother!"

"What luck!"

In their glee the conspirators capered about the shore like school-boys. It was, indeed, Waterbottle's twin brother, and the vessel going to pieces off the Shark's Tooth was the whaling schooner that called at Kingland once a year.

"Nobody will know," cried the Chancellor. "Nobody will know except us two. We can put Waterbottle out of the way, and place this gentleman on the throne. We can promise him death if he speaks a word, so he'll hold his tongue."

"Oh, he will hold his tongue—the Army will see to that," added the Commander-in-Chief.

"Strikes me that Army of yours has been a bit over-rated," said the Chancellor. "Waterbottle simply made flour of your biggest soldier when he set about him to-day."

"Yes, that is another reason for my hating Waterbottle," growled the Commander-in-Chief.

Examining the prostrate man, the conspirators now perceived that, fixed tightly in his right eye was *an eye-glass*, which all the buffeting and banging he had received had failed to disturb. It might have grown there, so immovably was it set between brow and cheek.

The man opened his eyes. The Chancellor leaned over him.

"I say, you know," murmured the man, "where am I?"

"With friends, my poor fellow. We have saved you from drowning."

"Oh, I say, you know, that's awfully good of you! Thanks!"

And with this he fainted.

"The pink of politeness!" cried the Chancellor. "Oh, how different to Waterbottle! Come, friend, let us help him home. My cellar will hold him nicely till we are ready to act."

The Commander-in-Chief managed to revive Waterbottle's brother with some gin he had brought in a flask. Then the two pushed and dragged him to the Chancellor's house, where they stripped his clothes off and rolled him up in blankets. A strong dose of hot brandy and water was administered, and soon the young gentleman was looking quite intelligently at his rescuers.

"I say, this is a rum go," and he laughed feebly. "You'll excuse me, but—but you two really do look so comic."

And as he laughed again he fainted again, and it took a good deal more of the Chancellor's precious brandy to bring him round again.

"This is getting expensive," grunted the Chancellor; "and what did he laugh for? Do *I* look comic?" he demanded of his companion.

"Picturesque," said the Commander-in-Chief, diplomatically, "but not *comic*. Oh dear, no!"

"That's all right, then. Now, hadn't we better get him to bed? Just for one night he can have my bed—the cellar would be a little cold for him in his present condition."

So they put him to bed, and decided to sit up all night, as the dawn was already peeping through the curtains.

About six o'clock—when both were shivering and feeling miserable—a sound proceeded from the rescued man. The Chancellor hurried over to his bedside, and came back just as quickly.

"Well?" queried the Commander-in-Chief.

"Laughing in his sleep," snapped the Chancellor, very crossly, as he went off to the kitchen to get some breakfast.

(To be Continued.)

CHEER FOR MILL HILL.

A School Song.

HERE's to the School at the head of the valley,
Girded and crowned by her lawns and her trees,
Sure to her aid all Millhillians will rally,
Others may sing there own School if they please,
Fill the cup, fill,
Cheer for Mill Hill,
We see her flourish, and flourish she will.

True to our motto, the morals and muses
Severed by some, in our hearts shall unite;
Here's to the lad who no learning refuses,
Sworn to use all in support of the Right.
Fill the cup, fill,
Cheer for Mill Hill,
We see her flourish and flourish she will.

Battles for freedom were won by our sires,
Freedom e'en now has her fulness to gain;
We seek the light that the future requires,
Strong and impassioned in muscle and brain.
Fill the cup, fill,
Cheer for Mill Hill,
We see her flourish, and flourish she will.

This be our Day-star when manhood shall claim us,
Hair may be whitened and backs may be bent,
Yet shall no thought of Mill Hill ever shame us,
We cheer for the School where our boyhood was spent.
Fill the cup, fill,
Cheer for Mill Hill,
We see her flourish, and flourish she will.

W. R. D. A.

(From the "Mill Hill Magazine.")

A Thrilling Experience on the Alps

By George H. Best.

FOR some time previous to my departure from England I had been preparing a programme of a somewhat ambitious nature. A perusal of various numbers of the *Alpine Journal* had filled me with an all-absorbing desire to attempt some climbing exploit which, in my inexperience, I considered myself quite capable of performing.

Armed with alpenstock, ice axe, rope, and other articles necessary for my purpose, I set out for Switzerland, with the fixed determination to put my purchases to as severe a test as possible.

Leaving the railway at Grindelwald, and continuing my journey on foot, I endeavoured, as far as possible, to avoid the frequented districts. Proceeding in this way for a couple of days I reached, towards evening, a wayside *auberge*, in which I decided to put up for the night. The situation of the house was isolated, and evidently used more for the purpose of furnishing relays for the diligence that plied daily between N—— and D—— than for the entertainment of casual tourists. Although the accommodation was primitive, and the bill of fare extremely modest and limited, I managed to make myself comfortable. With a bottle of country beer at my side, I took out my Baedeker, in order to learn from its pages as much as possible of the nature of my new surroundings. I was running my finger over the map of the neighbourhood, when the door opened and a native walked in.

He was the man, apparently, who could give me every information of which I stood in need. Fortunately, as is common with the majority of the better class of Swiss guides, he was able to converse in English, which, I found out, he had learnt partly during his occupation as an hotel waiter in England, and partly while engaged on the numerous excursions he had taken in making ascents with my fellow-countrymen in various parts of the Oberland and the Chamonix district.

The accounts he gave me of his climbing experiences thrilled me. He had made one of the quickest ascents on record of the Wetterhorn, and was the first to discover the easiest route up the dizzy Finstaarhorn. In the course of conversation I gathered from him that the only peak of importance in the neighbourhood was the Dent du Chat. I turned to my Baedeker to find out its exact location, but failed to discover the whereabouts of the mountain.

Droz—for that was the name of the guide—came to my assistance, and explained that the Dent in question was comparatively unknown outside the Oberland. He had twice made its ascent, but no Englishman so far had attempted to reach the summit, although its terrors were more apparent than real.

Here was the opportunity for which I had been longing, and I was anything but dilatory in sounding Droz as to the practicability of an early attempt at reducing the peak.

I thought at first that he would be willing to conduct me, and I offered him a fair average remuneration. He excused himself, however, on the ground that his time was too limited, as he had an engagement to fulfil at Courmayeur, which would prevent him from undertaking a prolonged climb in advance.

I could see that he was not over anxious to assist me, but I was determined to make it worth his while; so I offered him a larger sum as a temptation.

After turning the matter over in his mind, Droz said that he could accompany me, but only on condition that we started the same night, so that he would be able to return in time for the evening diligence on the day following.

Needless to say, I jumped at the offer. I should have preferred to have made the start by daylight, but Droz pointed out that I should be at the disadvantage of having to climb over a large area of snow surface while under the melting influence of the sun's rays—a drawback always to be avoided on a necessarily fatiguing excursion.

We collected our instruments as quickly as possible, for Droz, like myself, was only too anxious to make a start. The night appeared to be anything but favourable for our journey. The sky was overcast, and we could hardly distinguish anything a yard or two distant. Droz, notwithstanding, was in good spirits, and assured me that there was every prospect of a change, and fine and clear weather later on, when he hoped to reach the top of the Dent.

How he managed to pick his way through the pitchy darkness was a marvel to me. He seemed to know, as though by instinct, every deviation which formed the shortest route to our goal. I simply followed in his steps until the path suddenly became steeper, and crag climbing became the order of events. It was at this point that he advised the use of the rope which he uncoiled, attaching one end to myself, and making himself fast to the other. We proceeded cautiously, winding in and out amongst the rocks until we came to a ledge-like gallery. We rested for a few moments, and Droz told me to brace up my nerves, for we were about to encounter the worst portion of our ascent.

I ventured to question him as to the safety of proceeding in the inky darkness, for I was not feeling absolutely comfortable in having to grope about as though blindfolded; but he laughed at the possibility of danger on a route he knew so well, and I summoned up courage accordingly.

Our progress now became exceedingly slow, and at every half-dozen steps or so Droz had to assist me forward by virtually lifting me from one projecting point to another.

We reached a fairly even surface, when the lamp, which the guide carried for use on emergencies, became detached from the pack, and rolled down the slope beside us. It was a serious loss under the circumstances, but nothing daunted Droz resolved at all hazards to continue the journey, expecting that the clouds would break before long. Had I not had perfect confidence in the practised skill of my guide I should certainly have collapsed. If previously I had underrated the difficulties and dangers which mountaineers have to encounter, I was fully alive now to the trying ordeals which they are constantly exposed to.

Had Droz lost his way? He was groping about in as large a circle as the slack of our rope allowed, and he seemed to be at a loss to know what to do.

Telling me to stop where I was for a few moments while he looked around, he disconnected the rope and mounted a crag that was close at hand. He had not been absent for the space of half a minute when he hurriedly returned. He seemed to be shaking with agitation, in spite of his attempts to hide his feelings, and his voice quavered as he told me how he had slipped, and had only just been able to save himself from being hurled over a precipice by seizing a piece of projecting rock at the last moment. He then confessed that he had lost his way, and that instead of being on the path to the Dent du Chat, we had most probably strayed on to the Weissbahm.

I suggested that the best course to pursue under the circumstances would be to stay where we were until daybreak; but Droz would not listen to my proposal. He said that the slopes of the Weissbahm were frequently swept by stone avalanches, and that the sooner we got away the better it would be. As he spoke, he detached several blocks with his foot, which rolled down beneath us.

Again the guide took the lead on our return journey; but it was evident that he had only a hazy idea as to our exact whereabouts. To keep to the identical path by which we had

commenced the ascent was doubtless beyond the powers even of a man so experienced as himself.

How we cursed our misfortune in losing the lamp, but it was too late now to worry over the unfortunate circumstance.

We seemed to move in circles, and every now and then we found ourselves in the same place that we had left only a few minutes before.

The guide, however, maintained his self-possession in spite of the uneasiness we felt as we dreaded that the fearful rush of *débris* from the higher crags might at any time sweep us from the face of the mountain.

Fortunately, no avalanche threatened. After some refreshment from a bottle of wine which I carried, Droz exclaimed that he fancied he had at last found his bearings. We had a difficult piece of work in front of us, but if I kept a steady head, he assured me we should be able to reach level ground in less than half an hour.

Then commenced a series of short ascents and descents alternately over sharp rocks and along narrow ledges.

I felt thankful, for the first time, that the extreme darkness of the night prevented me from seeing the dizzy precipices which I knew must be falling to appalling depths just beneath us The sight alone of these would have utterly unnerved me.

Then followed a series of horrible experiences. My guide had the greatest difficulty in moving me from one point to another. The minutes seemed like hours in duration, until at last we left the rocks for comparatively level ground. It seemed to me as though I had passed a lifetime since we left the *auberge*, only a few hours before.

The strain which I had been subjected to was beginning to tell on me. My legs gave way, and refused to carry me further. Droz produced the wine bottle, and I took a long draught, which put new life into me. I managed, with the support of the guide's brawny arm, to make a fresh start.

Then I learnt more of the dangers of our excursion, for Droz hitherto had purposely been silent, in order to prevent me from collapsing at the most critical junctures. He informed me that we had made a journey at which the most practised native would have trembled. We had skirted one of the most terrible of Alpine precipices, and it was nothing short of miraculous that we had not perished amid the hundred-and-one pitfalls that surrounded us.

MY GUIDE HAD THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN MOVING ME FROM ONE POINT TO ANOTHER

We at length reached the *auberge*, and Droz advised me to turn in and obtain as much rest as I possibly could.

Before carrying out his injunctions I felt that I had a debt of gratitude to perform. My life had been in the hands of the guide, and, thanks to his skill and conscientious devotion, I had been brought back safe and sound. I paid him the sum due, and after allowing just sufficient to carry me back to England, I handed him the rest as a small acknowledgment of the indebtedness I should always feel to one who had performed his duties so ably.

Droz at first demurred. He explained that although my inexperience in climbing had caused him much anxiety, he should not depart from his accustomed principle of never charging for unforeseen contingencies, however dangerous they might be.

I was firm in my resolution, however, and he accepted the donarium, evidently with great reluctance.

I slept soundly until mid-day. When I rose I inquired for Droz, who I was informed had left word to say that he had been obliged to pursue his journey to Courmayeur, and could not stop to bid me good-bye.

I felt an irresistible desire to witness the scene of my overnight adventures, and made my way in the direction of the Weissbahm. I had proceeded for about an hour over the slopes when I suddenly came across the lamp which we had lost.

THEN I GUESSED THE TRUTH.

I felt puzzled. Could it have been removed from the spot where we dropped it? Evidently not, for there were the marks of our temporary resting place.

Where were the traces of the fearful stone avalanches? There was a long ridge, about twenty feet or so in height, which appeared to me to be of moraine character, but no beetling crags were in sight!

Then I guessed the truth!

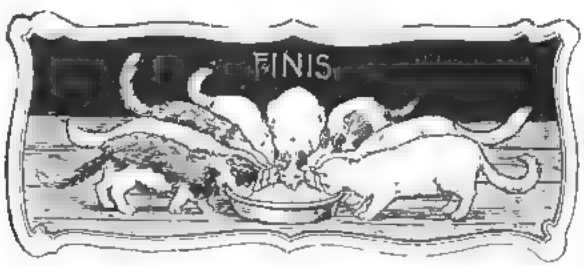
I had been fooled over and over again by Droz. He had taken me down in right earnest, and had swindled me into the bargain!

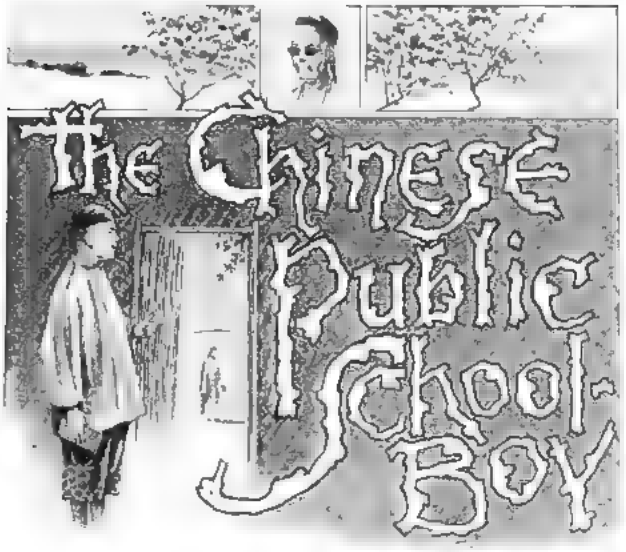
Under cover of the intense darkness, we had been climbing up and down and circulating around the moraine-like deposit for an hour or more!

I trudged back to the *auberge*, packed up my belongings, and two days later found myself at home.

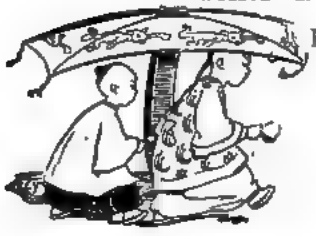
I had bought my experience in elementary mountaineering at an expensive figure.

Since then I have made many *bona fide* ascents, both thrilling and difficult, but I have to confess that my adventures on the imaginary precipices of the equally imaginary Weissbahm were fraught with infinitely more horror than any I ever experienced in my subsequent climbs in the higher Alps.





PART I.



THE streets were crowded with Chinese boys, all wending their way in one direction. Over 1,100 were about to commence their daily studies at Queen's College, Hong-Kong. They did not hurry; they walked sedately along, with their books under their arms. There was no boisterous laughter; at the most a reserved smile lit up the face of a boy here and there, as he listened to the conversation of his fellows. There was little variety in the colour and cut of their dress. They wore no hats. Some had brushed all their hair straight back into their long queues; others had a fringe of stiff, upright bristles dividing the shaven from the unshaven territory of their heads. All carried fans. There were none that ran and none that leapt "like troutlets in a pool." Such proceedings would have been very undignified, and quite contrary to Chinese ideas of schoolboy "form." The more sedate and quiet he is in his behaviour, the more he conducts himself like a little old man, the more "toney" he is considered to be by his school-fellows, and the more his school-masters and parents will praise him. In England, parents and sons do not always agree as to what virtues are to be admired in a school-boy; but in China they do, and, strange as it may sound to an English boy, Chinese youths mostly go to school with the sole idea of acquiring knowledge. Hence the stolid faces

THE CAPTAIN OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HONG-KONG.
Photograph by Pun Lun, Hong-Kong.

REV. BATESON WRIGHT, D.D. (OXON.), HEAD-MASTER OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HONG-KONG.
Dr. Wright is a famous Hebrew scholar.
Photograph by Mee Cheung, Hong-Kong.

of these 1,100 boys as they entered Queen's College

That institution was my destination as well. Having entered the gates, the four coolies lowered my chair, and I at once inquired of the Chinese hall-porter if I could see Dr. Wright, the headmaster. To this he replied, "No can," which, being interpreted, meant that I could not see the gentleman for whom I was inquiring. However, I presented my card, and, after waiting a few minutes, my Chinese friend returned and fired this at me:

"Can go topside—look, see."

I immediately went topside, and, having looked, I saw Dr. Wright, who, in a characteristic, energetic way, bade me welcome. Shortly afterwards I was walking through class rooms and halls, gaining my first experience of Chinese public school boys. The first thing that struck me was how quiet they all were. We went into class rooms where forty

Hung Hing Kwong

(6)

The Future of China

After the disgraceful defeat by the Japanese, many would think that China would surely do a great deal of reform in its political affairs as well as its superstitious custom abounding all over the empire. Few year ago—say 1898—many great reformers as Kang Yu-wei, Liè took offices and were much favored by the Emperor. But the kings favouring them only made the other officers especially the relative of the Empress-Dowager, envious by. More than once they had tried to do away with all of them, and at last with the Empress Dowager's assistance, then all the Reformers were either accused of treason and were either beheaded or banished and the Emperor was thought by many to have been imprisoned by the Empress-Dowager. Kang Yu-wei the famous reformer occasionally escaped. His family was nearly imprisoned and long ago

A CHINESE SCHOOL-BOY'S ESSAY.

or more boys were studying by themselves in the absence of their master, but we heard no uproar as we approached, and there was no cry of "Cave" and a sudden cessation of noise when we entered.

The ages of the boys at Queen's College vary from nine up to twenty-three, and many of them have family cares in the shape of a wife and children at home. Each year sees a decrease in the proportion of married schoolboys, and the average age becomes less every year. In its early history boys of all ages were to be found in the school, and it was quite possible to find father and son run a dead heat for the first prize. Sometimes family rivalry was productive of dire results, as the following experience of Mr. May, the second master, bears witness. Mr. May had been but a short time at the school when one day he noticed that a boy was absent, and he made inquiries as to the reason. The following dialogue in Chinese took place:—

OFFICIOUS BOY: "Please, sir, Li-ho-wack isn't well."

MASTER: "What is the matter with him?"

OFFICIOUS BOY: "His father thrashed him last night, and he is too bad to come to school to-day."

MASTER: "He must have committed a grave fault to merit so severe a thrashing. What did he do?"

OFFICIOUS BOY: "Please, sir, he laughed when you caned his father yesterday."

On the staff at Queen's College there are ten English masters and ten Chinese professors, besides several Chinese probationers or pupil-teachers.

The subjects taught are the same as in schools in England, and the standard of work attained is that of the Senior Oxford Local. Hung Kang, a Queen's College boy of seventeen years of age, was twelfth out of the twenty-three boys who gained the mark of distinction for mathematics in 1898.

I obtained permission to take classes in the school, and was much struck by the intelligence displayed. The silence was appalling. One boy had no pen; he did not tell me, but simply sat still and left me to find it out. How many times an English boy would have acquainted me with the fact before I was fairly in the room I dare not venture to guess.

Whilst taking these classes, the only approach towards disorder that I ever had was during a history class.

"We have been reading," I said, "of Nelson, a great English hero. Now, tell me of some naval hero celebrated in Chinese history." I at once received replies from different parts of the class; but the want of unity among the Chinese was displayed immediately. A boy would call out in proud tones the name of one he considered a hero; but a large section of the class would receive the name with shouts of derision. Name followed name, but none gave entire satisfaction. Indeed, the opposition and resentment displayed on one occasion was so great, that, fearing a riot, I changed the lesson.

Their taste in the choice of subjects is similar to young English boys in a preparatory school.

They hate "Euclid"; they like geography and history. Their knowledge of the history of England was very good, and they took great delight in the doings of our naval and military heroes. English grammar is not a favourite subject, and the omission or insertion of final "s," "ed," etc. is a constant bugbear to them. Most of them were very orderly and attentive; but I was sorry to find a few of a *genus puer* we all know—lusty mother's pets, who are "not very strong," and they bore a striking resemblance to the specimens found in England of the same class.

Successive English masters have endeavoured to make cricket, football, and other English games popular. They have met with a certain measure of success; but comparatively few Chinese boys at Queen's College go in for these games enthusiastically. Their favourite game is a species of battledore and shuttlecock. For battledores they use their own feet, and they exhibit great skill and accuracy in the game.

The game cannot be called *battledore* and shuttlecock, if we wish to speak correctly. There is no battledore. The shuttlecock is made of layers of snake's skin and shark's skin, and is crowned with three duck's feathers. It is usually played by irregular groups of four or five. The game is begun by one player throwing the shuttlecock to another, who receives it on his foot, and punts it into the air towards another player. The play is carried on with the utmost solemnity, and the object of the game is to keep the shuttlecock in the air. If you have ever seen a party of professional "Soccer" players "keeping a ball up" with fancy kicks,

"PLEASE, SIR, HE LAUGHED WHEN YOU CANED HIS FATHER, YESTERDAY."

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HONG-KONG—THE ONLY BRITISH GOVERNMENT SCHOOL IN CHINA.

you will have a very good idea of the character of some of the strokes—with this exception, that the Chinese make all their strokes with the broad sole of their shoes. It is very amusing and interesting to watch skilful players, who usually drive the shuttlecock 20ft. or 30ft. up into the air at each stroke. There are no sides; it is a winter game, and is played by men as well as boys.

The school hours are from 9 a.m. till 1.30 p.m. and from 2 p.m. till 4 p.m. There is a break at 11.15 a.m. On Wednesday and Saturday there are half-holidays. During the intervals between school hours the playground is visited by itinerant tuck-shops, which tempt the young Chinee to part with his "cash," a coin worth about one-tenth of a farthing, in return for some succulent sweetmeat or stick of sugar-cane. Ice-cream vendors are also to be found, and John Chinaman junior has quite an English boy's thirst for "ginger-pop."

There are three vacations. Four weeks are given in February—the Chinese New Year; Ten days are given at Easter, which coincides with the native festival, "Tsing Ming," associated with the worship of their ancestors; four weeks are given during August, the hottest month of the year.

There has been established recently a school magazine, called the *Yellow Dragon*. The current number contains a lengthy article on the follies of foot-binding. This article is illustrated by two drawings. The first shows the pain and discomfort of the practice, the second the intelligence and industry of those of China's "new women" who discard the custom and go in for rational feet. The whole of the magazine is produced by the school, and printed partly in English, partly in Chinese. In the Upper School there is a reading club, in which THE CAPTAIN and other school papers are to be found, in addition to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Daily Graphic*, the *Weekly Times*, and *Public Opinion*.

Dr. Wright was about to leave for a well-earned holiday in England—the first he had had for eight years—and, on the morning of his departure, I witnessed a curious custom con-

nected with the school. When a popular master leaves for England they give him a "send off." Dr. Wright kindly invited me to go with him on his launch, when he crossed the harbour to join the German mail ship. Around the steamer we found fourteen launches, each carrying about eighty boys. At the bow of each of these launches was a long pole, and attached to these poles long strings of powerful Chinese crackers. As soon as Dr. Wright stepped aboard there was such a banging that conversation was out of the question. The strings of crackers were replenished again and again, and Dr. Wright left Hong-Kong amidst thousands of cracker reports, loud shouts, and other manifestations of good will from his young Chinese friends. The object of this firing of crackers was to frighten the devil away from their beloved Head, and I trust, for the Doctor's sake, that this noisy remedy has proved effective.

I have spent much time in describing Queen's College, because it is the only school in China under the British Government.

"EUCLID" 108DEGS. IN THE SHADE.
English Class Room, St. John's College, Shanghai.

My next experience was at Canton, when I visited the Tung-Wen-Quan. This is an International Government School, and has for its avowed object the teaching of foreign languages and the preparation of its pupils for a commercial career.

[Part II. of this article will appear next month.]

ON THE CARE OF PETS.

By Percy W. Farmborough, F.Z.S., F.E.S.

WITH many boys pet-keeping is a temporary fad; they get some rabbits or some white mice, put them into a badly constructed cage, and then think they have done all that is necessary. It does not occur to them to gain any knowledge beforehand as to how their animals should be kept. Starting in this ignorant manner, after a short time they get dissatisfied, and gradually neglect their pets, in the end throwing them up in disgust. Let me now endeavour to remedy this sad state of affairs.

There are two words which are indispensable in pet-keeping, and if every boy were to adopt them as a motto a great deal of good would be done; these words are "*kindness*" and "*cleanliness*." The writer has found, after an experience of many years, during which time he has kept nearly every animal, bird, or reptile that can be considered as coming under the category of "pet," that it is only by kindness that pets become trustful and confident, and only by cleanliness that they can be kept in a wholesome and healthy condition.

No boy should attempt to keep a pet of any kind, be it rabbit, dog, or mouse, until he has read up everything he can concerning the particular animal he has in view; and when he purchases it he should be able to take it straight home to a place absolutely prepared for its reception in every particular; if it be a rabbit, the hutch must be perfectly clean, the floor well strewn with sawdust, a bedding of sweet hay provided, and the food trough supplied with good clean oats. On the arrival of the rabbit it must be put into its hutch as quickly as possible and allowed to rest as long as it cares to; all desire to have a look at the animal should be repressed, as it is very unkind to disturb it after it has possibly come a long journey, cramped up in a tiny travelling box, in which, probably, there was not room enough to barely move, let alone turn round in.

Ventilation and exercise are two other necessary things, as no creature can be healthy without either; fancy mice are the chief pets that suffer from want of ventilation. This is because many of the cages intended for these little rodents have a glass front in place of wires, owing to the fact that a mouse can creep through a very tiny crevice, and it is a comparatively easy matter for one to get between the wires of a cage; every cage that has a glass front ought to have a large piece of perforated zinc let in at both ends, so that a current of air—not a draught—may cross the cage, and thus insure perfect ventilation. Exercise is beneficial to all living creatures, or else they become lethargic in constitution. Who has not seen pet pug-dogs coddled up in their mistress's arms, never getting any more out-door exercise than an afternoon drive in a carriage? They develop

IT IS VERY UNKIND TO DISTURB IT AFTER A LONG JOURNEY.

into waddling, wheezy lumps of animation, a disgrace to their owners, and an eyesore to all who behold them.

A WADDLING, WHEEZY LUMP.

How, then, should pets be kept? Firstly, they ought to be kept in a cage large enough to give them plenty of room for exercise. Rabbits and guinea-pigs should not have a hutch of less dimensions than 4ft. or 5ft. in length, 18ins. to 2ft. in breadth, and about the same in height. A dog—well, a boy's dog should be a companion, and not a prisoner; it might be confined to a kennel for temporary purposes, but if kept continually on the chain, uncertainty of temper and moroseness are sure to be developed. A cage for a pair of white mice need not be a patent mechanical box of the usual type sold for the purpose; no advantage is derived from the poor mice having to drag up all their food and water by means of a string, pulley, and bucket, nor by rapidly running inside a revolving wheel for people's edification; a plain, box-type cage, 1ft. square in front by 6ins. in depth, divided into unequal parts by a partition, the smaller serving as a retiring chamber, and covered in front by woodwork to shelter the mice from prying eyes, the other compartment being either wired or glazed. All cages, whatever animals they contain, should be cleaned out every day, and scrubbed out with boiling water and disinfectant soap at least once a week.

The floor of the rabbit hutch or mouse cage is to be strewn with fresh sawdust each time, and new bedding of sweet hay every other day. Mice are generally credited with being very offensive little animals, but if cleaned out as directed no one would tell whether a boy kept them or not. The writer had over a hundred white rats always on hand at a time for several months. They were used as food for some large snakes he had, and by being always kept in a state of perfect cleanliness, none but those who saw them knew he had them.

The food vessels for fancy mice and rats should be of glass; the reason is that glass can be more perfectly cleansed than any other material, all that is necessary being to drop the vessel every day into boiling water and then dry. What remains of the food one day should never be used the next, unless it be seed food, as all slops of bread, water, meal, and milk go sour in a very few hours, and if left for the animals

THEY WERE USED AS FOOD FOR SOME LARGE SNAKES.

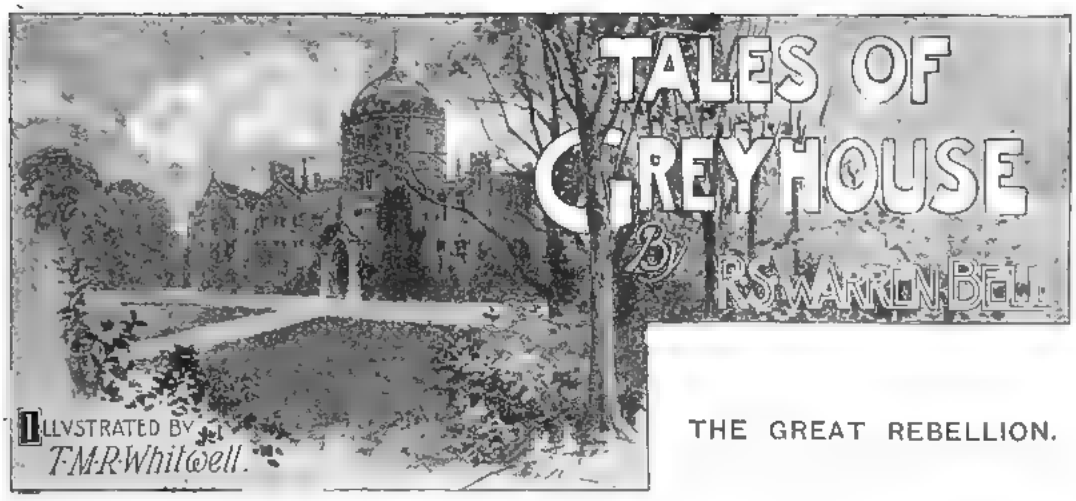
to eat generally produce illness of some kind. Of course, if no other food be given the animals are obliged to eat the sour stuff, with the inevitable result that, if the state of affairs be allowed to continue, they will die. Fresh food at every meal is just as important a matter as fresh air. Earthenware food dishes and troughs for dogs and rabbits are always more suitable than metal ones, as, by the method of manufacture, a certain amount of deleterious matter is always left on the surface of metal, which is licked off by the tongue. The *freshness* of the food has been alluded to, but always let the quality be the best. Take canary seed as an example: the best quality is known as Spanish, and is a fine, smooth seed, dried by the sun; it usually costs half a crown a peck; ordinary canary seed can be got for 1s. 4d., and is, in nine cases out of ten, dried by means of sulphur fumes. To use the commonst and cheapest seed is cruel to pet mice and birds; the pungent taste of the sulphur causes a throat irritation, which is most distressful to both bird and beast. The green food for rabbits should be firm, and free from dampness; the oats the heaviest and sweetest to the taste that can be bought. Change of diet is essential for all animals, and for rabbits in particular. A rabbit requires feeding three times a day, varying the food at each meal; the first meal, at eight in the morning, can be a handful of hay and a little scalded barley-meal; the second meal, at one o'clock, might be green food and carrots, and the last meal, at six or seven in the evening, oats or Indian corn.

The food for mice must not be too sloppy; the bread should just be dipped in the milk and taken out again, so that it is merely moistened; at intervals of two or three days canary seed and oats may be substituted with advantage.

A dog should rather be under-fed than over-fed, and one good meal a day is quite enough; a couple of dog biscuits and a dish of boiled bones and greens at ten in the morning being the best food any dog requires. A bath ought to be given every week during the summer months, and less frequently at other seasons of the year.

Kindness with all animals is the great factor in gaining their confidence and affection; a boy that is kind to his pets will always look after them well, and they will well repay him by their docility to his wishes, and by the absence of fear at his presence. No animal should be thrashed without reason, as many boys do their dogs which disobey commands at times, and anyone who strikes an animal whilst trying to teach it a trick is doomed to failure from the beginning. Remember, boys, always to keep the two words, "Kindness" and "Cleanliness," in your minds.

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING."



THE GREAT REBELLION.

THE Headmaster of Greyhouse dies suddenly, and Mr. Forbes, the second master, whose methods of government are extremely tyrannical, is temporarily appointed to fill his place. Much discontent is occasioned, and Bannerman, a Fifth Form boy, organizes a rebellion. Taking advantage of the absence of most of the masters one night, Greyhouse (with the exception of the monitors) breaks into open mutiny, just as they have locked themselves into Big School and barricaded the door, Mr. Dodson ("Doddie"), a very popular master, arrives back at the school, and commands Bannerman to open the door. Bannerman emphatically refuses to do so

---

CHAPTER IV.

MR. DODSON was, in every-day affairs, quick to chide and passionate—like a changeful western sea, full of sudden storms. But to-night he saw that it was necessary to keep his temper cool and his brain clear.

Do you imagine that he thrashed upon the door with his fists and wildly demanded admittance? Do you think he thundered threats at those within, and promised dire penalties to all who should resist his authority?

Nothing of this sort characterized his actions.

After that most audacious reply of Bannerman's there was an awful stillness. Mr. Dodson made no reply. Greyhouse, within the barricades, kept mute.

Bannerman slid his hands into his pockets and strolled towards the fireplace. He felt that he had taken the fatal step and meant to abide by it. What if he *was* expelled? He could easily persuade "Sir Jim" that he was the victim of most untoward circumstances, and finish up the interview by wheedling his grandfather into a promise to send him up to Oxford the following autumn.

So he planned it all out. It will be seen anon to what extent his calculations "came off."

Presently Mr. Dodson turned coolly to the pack of frightened kids who lingered at his heels.

"Off to bed with you—sharp! Last fellow up, fifty lines!"

Of course—as they knew—he wouldn't remember to ask the most laggardly for the "impot," but this wheeze always had the desired effect. Those kids sprinted to their dormitories in breathless haste, and Mr. Dodson was left alone in the dim corridor.

"Two hundred to one," he muttered. "at least, till 3 a.m. Hullo!"

This exclamation was elicited by the appearance of the monitors, headed by Farrar and Phillips. With the exception of the last-named, they all looked extremely sheepish. Their discomfiture was not lessened by the scornful look Doddie cast upon them.

"I think you are rather late, gentlemen," he observed, with a curling lip.

"We found it impossible to preserve order, sir," was Farrar's lame retort.

"Your idea of discipline has always been so extremely delicate," said Doddie, "that I am not surprised to hear it gave up the ghost entirely to-night. I really do not think," he added, "that you can avail much by sitting up any longer, so suppose you go to bed?"

And he turned his back on them with a gesture of dismissal.

Phillips strode forward.

"Excuse me, sir——"

Doddie's eyes lit up dangerously as he wheeled round on the one strong man of the Sixth.

"I thought I told you to go to bed."

"I simply wished to inform you, sir," said Phillips, standing his ground doggedly, "that Farrar was too hurt by things they threw at him to be able to stop the row. I took down the name of every fellow I saw out of his dormitory. Here is the list."

And with this attempt to vindicate the spectacled Captain and himself, Phillips handed the roll of offenders' names to Doddie and walked away.

Doddie now perceived the bruises and cuts on Farrar's face. When he spoke again his tone was more gentle.

"You had better see the matron,' he said; "ah—Phillips!"

"Sir!"

"I wish to speak to you in the common room. As for the rest of you—do as you please about going to bed. I can take no further steps to stop this business until Mr. Forbes and the other masters return."

Then Doddie—this was so like him—slipped his hand round Phillips' arm, and they disappeared down the gloomy corridor. The other monitors, gazing blankly after the retreating forms of master and boy, heartily wished they had plucked up courage enough to do even as Phillips had done, for undoubtedly he had acted pluckily and to the best of his ability.

"What now?" asked one.

"Sit up till Forbes comes," said another.

"And then?"

"Oh, I suppose they'll send for the police. There's one comfort—Bannerman's bound to be expelled for this. He's the head and tail of it."

"Yes, that's one comfort," muttered a puny scholar who stood in constant dread of the leader of the rioters.

"Think they'll send for the police at once?" asked the monitor who had first spoken.

"When it's light. Oh, yes—they're sure to—if Bannerman doesn't give in."

Thus the monitors. But Doddie had other plans.

"You must forgive me for having been so short with you," he said to Phillips, when they reached the common room, "but this matter is calculated to upset a saint's temper!"

"I think, sir," began Phillips, "that Mr. Forbes has been a trifle too——"

"Quite so," interrupted the master, "too much iron hand, and not enough velvet glove. No use mincing matters. I speak to you in confidence, as a monitor. All the fellows in the Sixth seem to be old women, except you—that's why I've brought you along to help me. I want you to go and find Cripps."

"Cripps?"

"Yes, as the school porter, he has charge of the gas arrangements, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good; rout him out and bring him here."

The worthy Cripps, having been much disturbed by the raid on the pantry, had taken refuge in the kitchen. Here, discussing beer with the cook, Phillips found him.

"Cripps, Mr. Dodson wants you."

"Shockin' in—sh—bordinashun!" slobbered Cripps, waving his glass above his head, "ought t' read t' Riot Act!"

"Come on, you old fool," said Phillips, in his blunt way, "and bring your keys."

Cripps preceded Phillips with unsteady steps to the common room.

"Call out t' military," hiccupped the porter, fixing his glassy eye on Mr. Dodson.

"Cripps," said Doddie, "passing over the fact that you've had too much to drink——"

"I'm an ole policeman," Cripps interrupted, "and what I shay is, read the—hic—Riot Act——"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"And then fireovertheir'eads," concluded Cripps, all in a breath.

"Where is the gas-meter?" demanded Mr. Dodson, sternly.

"In the boot room," Cripps managed to say.

"Very well, then. Go to the boot room and—but stay, we will accompany you." And Doddie took a lighted candle off the table.

Pushed and pulled by Phillips and Mr. Dodson, Cripps descended a long stone staircase to the basement, and at length managed to reach the boot room. The door was locked, but the key was in the lock.

"Let me out," whined a voice.

"Ghosht—it's a ghosht," gurgled Cripps.

"No it ain't—it's me—Mike. They locked me in 'ere when you sent me off on my bike to tell the masters. Let me out—won't you?"

Mike was promptly released. He slunk off to bed, looking very cold and miserable.

"Now, Cripps, *turn off the gas!*"

"But there won't be no light anywhere," objected Cripps, astonished into lucid reasoning.

"In Big School, for example," murmured Mr. Dodson, "yes, that is the idea. Turn it off, Cripps."

So Cripps plunged Greyhouse into total darkness by turning off the gas at the main meter.

Cripps went off to his sleeping den, while Phillips and Mr. Dodson returned to the common room.

"The next thing on the programme—Cripps being useless—is to turn off the tap of each

gas bracket wherever gas has been left burning. If you will take the whole building on the left of Big School, Phillips, I will take all on the right."

So master and monitor went each his way, meeting in the common room again half an hour later.

"I wonder how those beggars in Big School are getting on without any light?" said Doddie, with a chuckle.

He quite appreciated the humour of the situation.

"Shall I find out for you, sir?"

"Certainly — but how?"

The windows of Big School, it should be explained, were built high up, at a considerable distance from the ground. Each lay snugly back in the shade, between two huge buttresses. On the right of Big School were situated the Hall and Head-master's House, with dormitories above; on the left came, first, the most ancient portion of this old building, dating back to the fourteenth century, and tacked on to this was the rest of the school, of more modern architecture — some of it a hundred, some of it two hundred years old. The chapel lay away down near the gates, and the infirmary in a corner of the upper playing field. But Mr. Dodson had forgotten one bit of Greyhouse — a new bit. Straight across the wide expanse of asphalt, which was divided from the upper playing field by palings 9ft. high—and which was, in fact, the playground proper — stood the gymnasium, an absolutely up-to-date structure. Its predecessor had been nothing like so grand, or so well equipped with all appliances that could develop the human frame, and had been burnt to the ground some years previous to the happening of this rebellion. One could get out on to the roof of the "gym." by means of a trap-door, and from the roof obtain a glimpse of what was going on in Big School.

"NOW, CRIPPS, TURN OFF THE GAS."

Phillips explained this to Mr. Dodson.

"And if you will lend me your field-glasses, sir, I can tell you what they are up to. They're bound to have some sort of a light."

"Good idea," said Doddie, and went off to

his private sitting-room for his glasses. Returning with these, Phillips and he again roused up Cripps and procured the key of the gymnasium from him.

It was dark and dangerous work scaling the rope ladder which depended from two big staples close to the trap; but Phillips was a gymnast. He drew the bolts, crept out on to the roof, and got the glasses into position. He could see many lighted candles—and another light.

An ejaculation of alarm escaped him.

"What's the matter?" anxiously inquired Doddie from the darkness below.

"They'll set the school on fire if they're not careful, sir. They're breaking up the desks, and have got a huge fire roaring up the chimney. I can see the sparks coming out of the top. Bannerman may not care much about the old place," he concluded, speaking rather to himself than to his companion; "but it's a trifle low of him to risk burning it down in this way."

Mr. Dodson overheard him.

"As bad as that?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

Doddie put on his thinking cap. The other masters wouldn't be back for three hours; until 3 a.m. he was the general officer in command, and he felt that he must damp the rebellious ardour of the fellows in Big School somehow until reinforcements arrived.

"Look here," he said, "there are plenty of trap-doors in the main building, aren't there?"

"There's one leading to the big tank on the top of Head-master's House," Phillips bawled in reply, "because the other chaps and I used to lark about up there on summer nights, when I was a young 'un. You can get on the roof of the Hall from there and so on to the roof of Big School."

"You were a bad boy to lark round the tank," Doddie howled back, "but I'm glad you did. It'll be something more of a lark this time, however, so come down, and I'll tell you what I think we can do."

It was cold and windy on the gym., and Phillips was quite willing to leave his post up there.

"Tell the other fellows in the Sixth I want them; I will go and dig Cripps out yet once again."

The blood of battle was flowing through Doddie's veins, and he felt that in Bannerman he was meeting a foeman worthy of his steel.

There was none of the warrior thirsting for the fray about the lethargic Cripps, however.

"Lemme alone," grunted the porter. "If you read t' Riot Act an' fireovertheir'eads, it'll be aw' right."

Mr. Dodson shook him fiercely.

"Wake up, wake up!" he cried, "do you want to be burnt in your bed?"

This frightening had a wonderfully sobering effect on the ex-policeman.

"*Burnt*—oh, lor! Where is it?"

"Close here," said Doddie; "now then, come along quick. Collect all the fire-buckets, and take them into the playground"

Having made sure that Cripps understood his order, Doddie repaired to the main ground corridor and found that Phillips had collected the Sixth. Then Doddie explained.

"I have plenty of rope in my room," he said to them, "and I want three of you to get out of the trap-door by the tank, each taking a long rope, and swarm along till you reach Big School chimney. Then let your ropes down, and haul up very carefully the buckets we fasten to them. Who will go with Phillips—its risky work, and will require some nerve?"

Several volunteered at once. Doddie provided them with ropes, and they were soon out of the trap-door and creeping carefully towards the chimney on the roof of Big School.

Cripps had collected the buckets. The playground tap, with its iron cup dangling by, was close at hand. One by one the ropes came skipping down—thus announcing that the roof-journey had been accomplished in safety—and a bucket of water was made fast to each line. The venturesome and agile Phillips descended the broad leaden water-way which skirted the roof, and passed each bucket up to the next fellow, who emptied it down the hot and smoking chimney.

Swosh! Swosh! Swosh! Swosh!

Bringing dirt and soot with it, the water pounced on to the huge fire in the grate below, causing a great outcry amongst the fellows sitting round the blaze. Those most close to it, of course, were Limmell and other worthy ones in the Fifth, and these received a rich coating of wet grime.

The fire was just recovering itself from the watery avalanche when—the buckets having been replenished and drawn up again—down came another torrent, quite drenching Limmell and Jewell, who, by Bannerman's orders, were coaxing the damp wood with torn-up exercise books.

And even after this the fire might have burnt up again, but no—five minutes later came a third dreadful downpour, completely putting an end to any hopes the rioters may have entertained of toasting their toes again at the bars. The huge grate was quite under water.

"I think that will do," said Doddie, when, to make doubly sure, the Sixth Form fellows on

PHILLIPS PASSED EACH BUCKET UP TO THE NEXT FELLOW, WHO EMPTIED IT DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

the roof had poured four more buckets down, "I think that will do for the present."

CHAPTER V.

When Mr. Forbes and the other masters got back to the school at three o'clock that cold and frosty morning, they found themselves compelled to hunt their pockets for matches, the gas jets that usually afforded a dim and ghostly light in entrance hall and corridors being nowhere visible.

"That fellow Cripps must *go*," said Mr. Forbes irritably; "this is too bad."

Stumbling into the common room, one of the younger masters found a candle burning, and his colleague, Mr. Dodson, slumbering peacefully in a big armchair.

"Hullo! Dodson back already"

A sigh from one sleeping in another part of the room drew his attention to the recumbent form of Phillips, and still another deep-drawn breath to that of Farrar.

The assembly of masters gazed upon this interesting trio.

"Seems to have been entertaining the Sixth to some purpose," said Mr. Forbes.

Just then Doddie opened his eyes.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Glad you fellows have come at last. We were just having forty winks,"

and then he briefly informed the temporary Head of what had taken place.

"A *rebellion!*" cried Mr. Forbes. "Oh, this is absurd! You cannot have spoken seriously to them, Dodson."

"Suppose you try the effect of your dulcet tones, then," said Doddie, with a yawn. "Personally, I'm for bed."

And so, taking it that he was now "off duty," Doddie lit another candle and marched upstairs.

Mr. Forbes strode down the corridor, followed by the other masters, and halted in front of the massive portal of Big School. He rapped loudly on the door.

There was no response.

"Open this door, I say! Open this door!"

Not a sound.

Again he thundered on the staunch panels.

"You in there, I say! Open this door! Do you hear me?"

Apparently they did not.

Mr. Forbes gazed round at his staff. It was dawning on him that Mr. Dodson had not used the word "rebellion" inadvisedly.

At length a sporting young master, fresh from Cambridge, spoke up.

"If I may make a suggestion, sir," he said, "I think we had better leave them alone for the present. Possibly at daybreak they'll think better of it and steal off to their rooms."

"But it is incredible!" gasped the Head, "to think—to think that they should *dare* to defy me in this way. Bannerman," he went on, raising his voice so that those inside should hear him, "Bannerman, I understand you are in there. Open this door at once—I command you to open it."

By way of reply a chorus of long-drawn, highly exaggerated *snores* were produced by those within for the benefit of the masters without.

Mr. Forbes turned pale. He had heard and read of rebellions in public schools, but never before had he had experience of the actual thing.

"I must ask you to be down for first school as usual," he said to his staff, "and then, if these boys are not in their places, we must take vigorous action. In any case I will make the ringleaders bitterly repent having acted in this outrageous manner."

At 7.30 a.m., when the masters repaired to their respective class-rooms, they found that the rebellion was indeed a thing of substance and of fact. Only the Sixth and a feeble minority of the Lower School were present.

So a council of war was held in the common room. The master fresh from Cambridge proposed beating down the door and bursting through the barricades; another suggested that a force of police should be summoned; a third provoked ironical laughter by uttering the word "Military"; and it was left to Doddie to voice a proposition which all accepted as most practical.

"I think," said he, "that we had better keep the matter as quiet as possible. Calling in the police or the military would make us the laughing stock of the whole neighbourhood. No; *let us starve them out.*"

"But I understand that they are well provisioned," said Mr. Forbes.

"What they have won't last very long," replied Doddie, cheerfully, "if I'm any judge of Greyhouse appetites."

Which he was, for often had he carved until his arms ached from shoulder to wrist.

"What do you call 'very long'?" demanded Mr. Forbes anxiously.

"Oh, three or four days!"

"Three or four days! Good gracious—they must have an enormous amount of food!"

"You see," explained Doddie, "I have no doubt Bannerman will put them on siege rations. But if he *doesn't* stint them they will get through what they have in twenty-four hours."

"We will see," said Mr. Forbes; "we can at least give your plan of campaign a trial, Dodson. Meanwhile, classes, such as they are, will be held as usual"—an arrangement which the young master fresh from Cambridge found most agreeable, for, having no work to do himself, he obtained a half-holiday for the monitors, whipped up as many of his colleagues as possible, and organised a Rugger match—Common Room *v.* Sixth—which the Common Room won with the greatest of ease.

"It would have been very much the other way if we had been playing the Fifth," observed that athletic young master, when "Time" was called.

When the players returned they found that things were getting very lively indeed in Big School. The malcontents were kicking up a deafening row—shouting, singing, and—as observed through a hole bored in the door—playing such vigorous games as leap-frog, high-cock-o-lorum, and "bull-in-the-ring." It was evident that Bannerman had set his men to these pastimes with the laudable object of keeping them warm.

After a time he stopped all promiscuous rompings, and was seen drawing up his army as if for drill. Presently, when he had got the

whole lot into a double line, he rattled out his orders in smart military fashion.

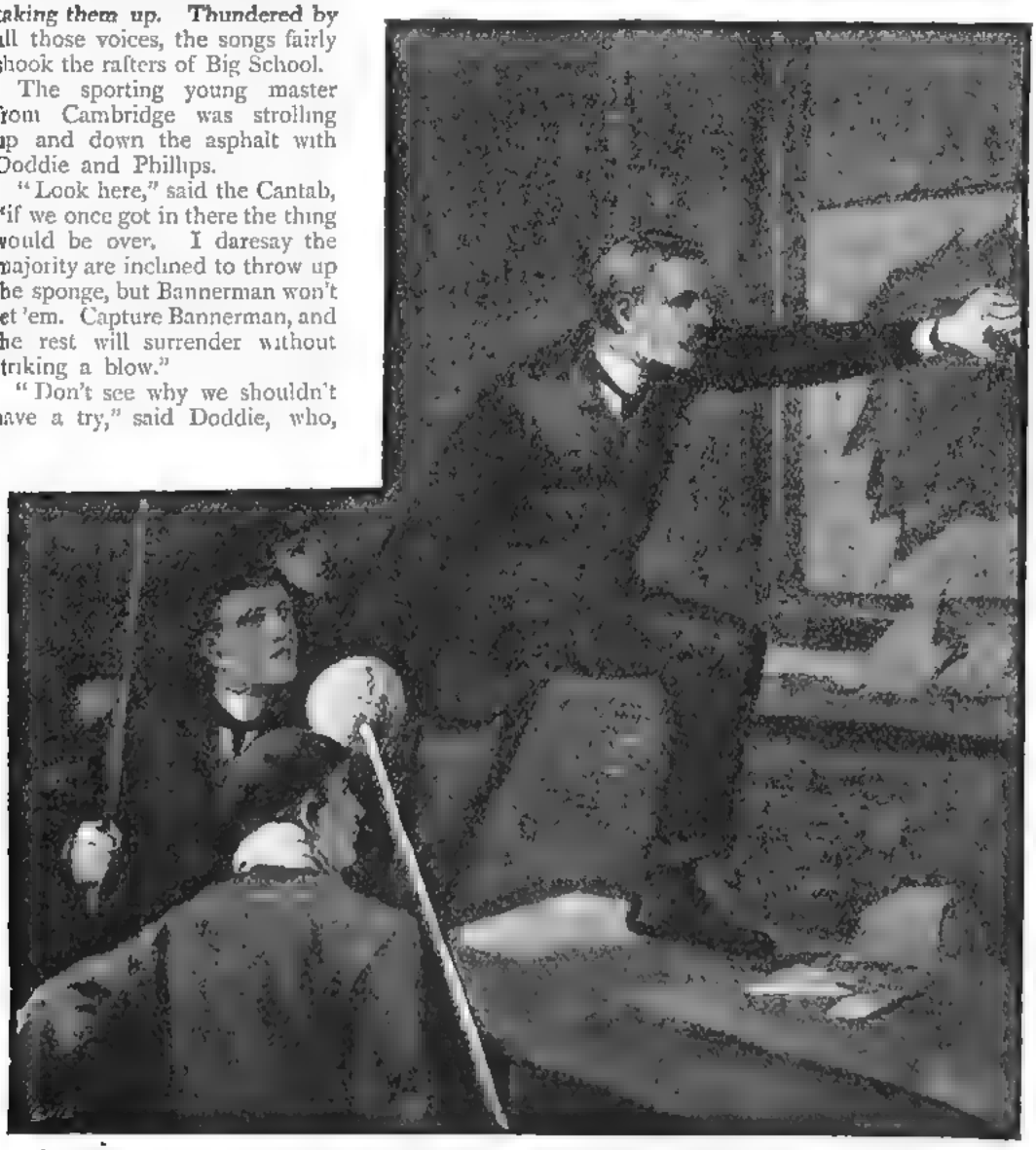
"Form fours—right wheel—quick march!" . . and as these pent-up Greys tramped up and down they gave tongue to various stirring war-songs, what time Bannerman, at the head of his foemen, blew furious blasts on a penny trumpet, which had been commandeered for the purpose from a small boy. The swinging choruses proved most infectious, and it was with some difficulty that the fellows in the corridors could refrain from *taking them up*. Thundered by all those voices, the songs fairly shook the rafters of Big School.

The sporting young master from Cambridge was strolling up and down the asphalt with Doddie and Phillips.

"Look here," said the Cantab, "if we once got in there the thing would be over. I daresay the majority are inclined to throw up the sponge, but Bannerman won't let 'em. Capture Bannerman, and the rest will surrender without striking a blow."

"Don't see why we shouldn't have a try," said Doddie, who, although he had advised the "starving-out" policy, was burning for more active warfare. "See here—why not pile up desks *outside* the windows, just as they have piled them up inside? Then we should meet them on a common level. Some of us might make a feint of attacking at the top end, and draw all the big fellows away from the bottom, which we could then rush with our main body."

Both the Cantab and Phillips were much excited by the prospect of a hand-to hand



DODDIE CLIMBED ON TO THE BARRICADE, SMASHED THE LOWER PART OF THE WINDOW, AND DRAGGED THE BLIND ASIDE.

encounter, and suggested that if Mr. Forbes' permission could be obtained, it would be as well to put Doddie's idea into practice.

Mr. Forbes gave in unwillingly—but he gave in—and as soon as it was quite dark preparations were made to build platforms of desks and forms from which to attack. This was effected at the top end with as much noise as possible, while at the bottom end everything was done quietly.

Whilst the platforms were being constructed, the besieged kept up a continual marching and singing, giving all the popular ditties of the day a turn, and filling up intervals with mad whoopings and cat-calls. At times faces appeared at the top window, though hardly long enough to be recognized. Evidently the doings of the besiegers at that end were being kept, by Bannerman's orders, under strict surveillance.

Shortly before the platforms were completed the huge blinds with which the windows in Big School were provided were pulled down, thus rendering the darkness within doubly dark. Some covering was thrown over the door, effectually preventing any more spying through the hole which had been bored in it from the outside.

Doddie knew Bannerman well enough to be sure he had some wily game on hand, and wondered what it might be. He had posted a fellow on the roof of the gym. to watch what he could of the proceedings, but when the blinds went down there was, of course, nothing to be reported from that point of vantage. Thus, though the besieged were undoubtedly in the dark, the besiegers were, too—as regards the tactics of the enemy.

"No hurry," said Doddie, when all was ready; "it won't be a bad plan to keep them in suspense. They may get careless and think we are not over anxious to come on, and so we may catch them napping."

But although he spoke confidently, he had considerable misgivings as to the ultimate success of the manœuvre he had planned. What was going on inside? What cunning preparations had been made to "receive boarders"?

The singing and shouting, Doddie noticed, had, during the last half-hour, been diminishing in volume. It seemed as if they were closing their mouths "by sections." Gradually and gradually the noise subsided, until at last all was quiet. Not a sound reached the ears of the storming brigade. The two sections were itching to begin, but Doddie held them firmly in check.

At last—at last—after what seemed to his men to be an interminable period, Doddie climbed softly on to the barricade under the top window, and, calling to those with him to follow, smashed the lower part of the window with a drill stick, and dragged the blind aside.

Not a movement on the part of those within—not a word—not a stroke.

"Rum," thought Doddie, and stepped back, fearing a trap.

At that moment the man whose duty it was to look after the playing-fields came up at a run.

"They're down there," he cried, "in the pavilion—all yellin' and shoutin' like demons."

"Where? In the *pavilion!*" gasped Doddie.

"That's it. Ten minutes ago I saw some young gentlemen entering the fields, and then more, and then a big crowd of 'em. I got behind the stable door an' watched. They went straight to the pavilion and swarmed into it, and there they are now.

"But—but—" exclaimed Doddie, "its impossible—they couldn't get out of Big School."

"Well, sir—they *have*," returned the man; "of that I do assure you. If it's not them in the pavilion now, I dunno who it is, and what's more I recognised Mr. Bannerman's voice shouting orders to them."

The pavilion, as Doddie knew, would easily hold the rebels. It was a big place, with a spacious balcony and changing room.

"Well, sir," said Phillips, who was standing near, "it's quite easy to find out whether they're there or not by looking in Big School for them."

"It is," said Doddie, and, getting cautiously over the jagged edges of the pane he had broken, disappeared inside.

A few moments elapsed.

"Quite right," he shouted; "nobody here! Somebody get a light. Tell Cripps to turn on the gas again."

"Cripps did that this afternoon, sir," replied Phillips.

"Good. I'll light the gas—there—why—why—*what on earth's this?*"

The storming party surged through the broken window, sustaining many cuts in so doing, and soon all were by Doddie's side. And it was indeed a strange thing that they beheld.

(To be concluded in the Christmas Number.)

Warren Bell

THE CHASE OF FOX.

By Our French Contributor.

Sketches by Tom Browne.

To The Editor,—Since that I have write to you the last time I have had an opportunity to make my observations of another of your national recreations — the chase of fox.

See then how it has happened. My friend pay me a visit. He say: "Look here, M'sieu. What sort of horse-man are you?" "A horse-man! me! but, my faith, I am not Horse-man! a horse-man is perhaps a Centaur, eh? me—I am not a Centaur! I not comprend." "No, no, M'sieu, but I mean do you know to ride?" "Ride? Ah, I know! Eh Bien, I am not a famous cavalier but always I make my promenade at horse in the Bois when I am at Paris." "Ah, that is all right! then will you come with me and my sister tomorrow to see the meat?" "The meat? At the Butchery? Ah, bah! I love not much the meat!" "No, no, M'sieu!" he say in laughing, "but this is not the Butcher's meat, this is the Dogs' meat?" "The Dogs' meat! Pah! that shall be more disgusting than never — no, no, it is not possible — and Mademoiselle?" "But you don't understand, M'sieu; I ought to have said the hunt; they are going to hunt the fox—chasser le reynard, savez-vous?" "Ah, ah! Chasser le reynard! That goes well! I comprend! My dear friend I am glad! I am enchanted! I shall come and I shall bring my fusil—gun, is it not?" "No, no, M'sieu, we chase the fox with dogs, not with guns." "Ah, I did not know; and the dogs, is it that they attrappe him themselves?" "Yes, M'sieu, that is it." "And after? they eat him, is it not?" "Yes, M'sieu, right again." "Ah! now I comprend for why you say the Dogs' meat; the Dogs' meat is the fox, is it not? The fox—the Dogs' meat—good! it must to recollect the phrase. But, pardon—you march at horse, is it not? and me, I have not one of it—what to do?" "Oh, it is easy to hire; there is a good man in the next street, he has some very good cobs—horses you know; his name is Madgin." "Ah! a thousand thanks! I will write him on my tablettes: M. Madgin, horser? cobbler? stabler?—how you call him?" "Well, M'sieu, you had better put job-master." "Ma foi! but what drôles of names! Job, cob—pardon one moment while I write: M. Madgin, Cobmaster, has some good jobs, n'est pas?" "No, no, the other way! the other way, M'sieu!" "Ah, no matter, I shall remember; and is it for to-day?" "No, tomorrow, M'sieu." "Good! and at what hour?" "At 10 hours exactmently." "I shall be there—and Mademoiselle?" "She will be with us." "What happiness! I thank you of all my heart." The next morning arrive, the sun gives, all is gai—I shall see a chase of fox—I shall meet again Miss Mary. I put on my pantalon of cavalier, my long boots, my spurs. I take my horsewhip—mais voyons! to chase the fox it must a cor—a horn—I have not of it. N'importe! I go out and purchase one of it. After, I visite M. Madgin: He is short, square, with mounting gaiters; in his mouth a straw, it

is perhaps a sample, he puts it to the proof—if it is good he will buy of it for his horses. We salute ourselves: "Good morning, M. Madgin," I say. "I wish a job." He regard me very strange. "Oh! you wish a job, do you?" say he, not at all with the politeness, "and may I ask what sort of a job you want?" "I want a good job," I respond, "a *very* good job." "Now look here!" he say, "what is your little game?" "My little game! I do not comprend! I have not a little game! only I wish a very good job." "All right!" he say, of a tone insolent, "can you clean a stable?" "Me! a stable! what you mean? insolent! Coquin! Blackguard!" "Now, take care!" he respond, "just now, you want a very good job—well, if you blackguard me it will be a very good job for you if I don't give you a thrashing. I can't speak plainer than that, Canaille!" "Ah!" I exclaim, all furious, "if I call you blackguard, you call me Canaille! Canaille! me! a french gentleman!" "A gentleman, eh?" say he, "but a gentleman does not go about asking for jobs! perhaps it is a mistake—*are* you a french gentleman?" "Certainement," I say, "but n'importe! you have call me Canaille, and——" "Not I," he say, "what is Canaille? I don't know your french. What I said was, 'I can't speak plainer than that, Can—I?' Now do you understand? But there is some mistake—what is it that you want?" "I want a horse." "A horse? but you said a job." "Mais, yes, but a horse is a job, n'est pas?" I produce my tablettes. "See then: M. Madgin, Cobmaster, has some very good jobs—you are M. Madgin, Cobmaster, is it not?" "No, Mossoo," he say, "Jobmaster, not Cobmaster." "Ah, ah! that I am sot! Now I remember. I have made a mistake; accept my apologies. It is not then a job that I desire, it is a cob—a horse—you have, without doubt, some horses?" He smile. "Yes, Sir, what sort of horse do you wish?" "I wish a good horse." "A good horse," he reply, "that of course." "Of course! mais, certainement *non!* I am not jockey, me! it is not that I shall ride a course—a race! I wish a horse of the chase—un cheval de selle, n'est pas?" "Oh!" he say, this so stupid man, "to sell, eh? I thought you wish only to hire, but I have of them to sell." "To sell! no, no! you not comprend again. I do not say a horse to sell, I say a horse de selle, a horse of—of—ciel! what then, is your little beast of word—ah! of saddle, that is it—a horse of saddle." "Oh! you wish a saddle horse, eh, Mossoo, to hire?" "Yes, yes! a horse of saddle to hire—I go to chase the dogs' meat." He shall see, this stupid man, that I know well the English phrase. "Oh!" he respond, "to chase the dogs' meat, eh? John" (to the valet), "this gentleman wish a horse to chase the dogs' meat." John say something all low, his patois is execrable, I cannot hear, it resemble "a donkey to catch the catsmeat," but I am not sure of it. He enter quickly a stable, to go seek perhaps a horse. From the stable come a loud noise, it is without doubt of a horse, mais never I hear a voice of horse as that; it is as some rude laughter—it is, perhaps, an English horse. After, I ask my friend, he tell me that yes, it call itself a horse laugh. But it is strange—the horses of France have it not. By-bye, John bring the horse; it is a horse gris; it appear docile. I ask "Is it good for to ride, this horse?" He tell me "yes, it is thoroughly broken!" "Broken! but, ciel! I do not wish a broken horse! I wish a sane horse, a sound horse, is it not?" "Well," he say, "this is a perfectly sound horse." "Mais, it is not possible! he cannot be broken and sound in the same time! which then is he—sound?" "Yes," respond M. Madgin, "he is quite sound." "Ah, good! then it is a mistake, he is not then broken?" "Oh yes, he is thoroughly broken!" But, ma foi! regard these English, how they cannot reason. He cannot see that it is impossible. No matter, the valet assure me that he is sound—me also I think it. I hire him. I mount. I march at horse towards the house of my friend. The horse march perfectly well, he does not appear to be broken in no part. I find my friends attending me. Miss Mary is more enchantante than never. She is one veritable Diana. She has an appearance in saddle the most beautiful that I have never seen. Her figure! Ah, la, la, la! it is not possible that one shall descript it. My friend appear to regard me with surprise. He did not perhaps think that I could make a toilette so comme il faut. He admire my horse—he examine him. He also, cannot find any fracture. He say, "the horse is alright; but I see you have a horn." "Certainement," I reply, "a horn of the chase." "Hang it!" he reply all low—"Blow it!" "Mais yes," I respond, "sans doute. I hang him on my shoulders, and by-bye I shall blow him, but not now, mon ami, not now." He is on the point of reply, when Miss Mary call him, her horse will not rest tranquille. We put ourselves in route; we march at horse on the road, the sun brills, the birds titter in the trees. I am at the side of Miss Mary! en verité, the chase of fox is delightful. All at a blow I see some soldiers—at a distance—near a little ticket of some trees; they are of the cavalry. I ask what it is that they are—the soldiers. Miss tell me they are not soldiers, they are huntmen. We approach more near;

in truth they are not some soldiers, they have some red coats, but not some casks nor some sabres. I say to Miss Mary, "what damage that I have not also a red coat, but Mr. your brother has not one of it, neither." "No," she respond, "we do not propose ourselves to follow the dogs—only to see the meat." "Ah, ah!" I say, "the meat! I hope also to see him; I shall, perhaps, attrappe him, me myself!" She laugh in showing her little teeth of perle. The dogs are in the little ticket; they make some sad cries; they are, without doubt, miserable. The more part of the huntmen are in face of us at a distance. All at a blow I see a red dog come out of the ticket to my rencontre. It is, perhaps, one of the paque. No! sapristi! it is the fox! The others do not see him! I seize my horn, I sound him with the most grand force, I cry "To me! To me! The Dogs' meat! The Dogs' meat!" I give of the spur to my horse. What happiness! I shall attrappe the Dogs' meat myself! See here the dogs! they bark; they are all around me; they will not make place; my horse tread them at feet; they howl, the so stupid dogs; the huntmen follow me in pushing loud cries; but I am first, me—a french! I lead the chase! But, alas! in face of me a palissade; I do not see him until too late; my horse essaye to throw himself at him, but he batters himself upon the ground. I descend upon the head! for me the chase is finished; I know no more.

I SEIZE MY HORN, I CRY, "TO ME! TO ME! THE DOGS' MEAT!".

* * * * * *

I am in a chaise; we drag ourselves slowly back; I have ill at head; my arm makes bad; for me no more of fox chase; I have the full back of it.—Agreez, Monsieur, etc., etc.

VIVE LA FRANCE.

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTOETUMTOOTYKIETOKE.

'TWAS in the month of December, and the sun shone fiercely down upon the unmelted snow, and people in flannels and sunshades were playing tennis on the ice of the river.

Among them was a young man of sixty years of age, who was skipping with a clothes-line 16ft. long.

He looked a gentleman, but was really a burglar and a safe opener, etc.

Presently he left the throng, and made his way to a large house beside the river, and, knocking at the door, asked if he might look over it, as he wanted to break into it that night.

The servant who answered the door thought that she would let him look over it, and see everything, so that when he did break into it she could fetch some policemen and have him locked up.

When he had seen everything, and was in the top room, she asked him if there was anything else he would like to see.

"Yes," he said, "the safe in which they keep the plate."

"Here it is, sir," she answered, "in this very room—there is the safe," and, unlocking it, showed him all the plate.

"Thank you," said he; "now I must be going." And, so saying, he snatched the key from her hand and jumped through the window, glass and all, about a hundred feet from the ground, where he alighted on his feet. Picking himself up, he walked to the nearest prison to get a hair-cut and a shave.

"THE SAFE IS IN THAT MAN'S POCKET!!"

* * * * *

That night he went to the house, and, opening the front door with a pickaxe, went into the dining-room and rang the bell for some tea. After this he hid himself in an armchair.

At twelve o'clock he went upstairs, shouting loudly, so that the people should not hear his footsteps.

When he reached the top room he opened the door and went in, and, picking up the safe, put it in his pocket.

Then, looking out of the window, he saw a lot of policemen waiting for him. Turning round, he ran into the arms of some more policemen. Dodging these, he ran along the bannisters, out of a window, into a tree, under a leaf of which he crept and hid himself.

He eluded all pursuit until a dog climbed the tree. He then picked it up and threw it down. He was at last captured by the policemen sawing down the tree.

He was then taken to the lock-up, but on the way he managed to put the safe into one of the policemen's pockets.

When the magistrate asked him whether he found himself guilty or not guilty, he replied: "The safe is in that man's pocket," pointing as he spoke to the policeman in whose pocket he had put the safe. Upon the policeman being searched, he was found to have it, and was then sentenced to be hung, and afterwards to be transported for life.

Then Tintoetumtootykietoke (the burglar) was set free, but as he was going out he stabbed a policeman with the key of the safe, and was then given seven days.

After he had done this, he came out a younger and older man. He then decided to become a hunter, and purchased a revolver, a Maxim, and a 4·7in. naval gun. With these in his pocket, he went to Australia, and killed a lot of wild animals such as flies, bluebottles, sparrows, and old tin kettles, and one or two tamer ones, such as lions and elephants. The people were thankful for this, and presented him with a farm of twenty square feet, and also a house, so that he was nearly rich.

One day, as he was reading the *Yearly Exaggerator*, he saw that his American-Indian uncle was dead, and had left him a farm of five thousand winkles. Taking his house and other farm with him, he went to Jabalagalagoo, and claimed them. He reared them by himself, and soon had fifteen, which was an enormous increase (of space) on the farm.

He then came to England and settled down (because he was obliged to by his keepers, who had traced him and brought him back).

The last I heard of him was that he had found a button in his cell, and had dug a tunnel, alone, unaided, and by himself, to the nearest riverside, where he had a bathe every morning.

C. EDWARD WEIR.

How Sparkes Upset a Kopje

By H. Hervey.

Sketches by T. W. Henry.

I sat on the platform of the little railway shanty of Nukkacheru awaiting an up goods that would take me back to camp. I heard that Sparkes was down the line; but I was "fagged" with the morning's march, and did not feel up to going further. It was now ten o'clock, and presently the goods came lumbering along, drew up, and a native, springing out of the brake, presented me with a note:—

Dear Hervey,—Come straight on to this—Futtackcheru. I'll wait breakfast. I send my trolly; so look sharp.—Yours truly,

F. S. Sparkes.

While I read, the trolley had been shipped on to the metals; so telling the goods guard to shout to my people—as he passed my camp—not to expect me till the morrow, I started the trolley, wondering why Sparkes wanted me.

There he was, seated on the platform, smoking; he collared and lugged me off to breakfast in the tiny waiting room.

"Well, old chap, what's it to-day?—tigers?—crocodiles?"

"No—stones."

"Stones!"

"Aye; see there," pointing through the window. "Do you mark those hills?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you are!"

I saw several hills; ideals of what one would now term "kopjes." Had it been to-day I should almost have expected to see slouch-hatted Boers on them, and hear Mauser bullets whizzing about. They were hills of rock—of boulders rather—as if piled up by giants. Had a party of whimsically-inclined Titans purposely heaped those *tumuli* in as grotesque and tantalizing a fashion as they could devise, the result could not have been more successful. Enormous boulders rested fantastically on the verge of similar masses, in a manner to suggest that the addition even of a feather-weight would topple them over. Others lay piled pell-mell; a single fragment retaining the super-incumbent load jammed to the hill-side, conveying the idea that one wrench of a crow-bar would dislodge the whole and send it thundering on to the plain beneath. These hills, about 200ft high, were entirely devoid of vegetation, and their appearance was altogether grim, stark, and forbidding.

"Only heaps of uninteresting boulders, Sparkes—what about them?"

"Do you see this one?" pointing to the nearest hill, about 100yds. away.

"Yes."

"Well, do you notice at the very top those two round boulders, exactly like fellers at see-saw on that long horizontal monolith gingerly poised on a vertical support?"

"Yes."

"And that the heavier chap has pulled down the other?"

"Well?"

"Let's weight the lighter end, and bring them

even. Every time I pass this confounded place I itch to equalize those fellers. Going down yesterday I determined to break my return journey for the express purpose. Then, hearing of you at Nukkachern, I thought I'd grab you to come and see the fun."

He spoke of stones as if they were sentient beings! I did not expect much "fun" from the experiment: however, having come, I resolved to see it out. After breakfast we put on our hats and sallied forth.

The down goods—the next train—did not pass through till four, and it being then one o'clock, we had ample time before us; so my chum requisitioned the single porter and signalman, and we proceeded to the foot of the "konje." He told the men what to do, promising a reward, and they, nothing loath, set to to scale the hill; we remaining where we were. They reached the summit in no time; the porter mounted the "see-saw," and crept towards the lighter end, shinned up the boulder, and squatting on it, grinned down at us; but the balance was not disturbed by his weight. Sparkes now shouted to the signalman to hand up stones to the porter; the latter to gradually pile them on and around the boulder. They were about proceeding to business, when the signalman climbed frantically to his companion's side, and both gesticulated, pointing among the rocks beneath them.

"Hi you! what's the matter?" bawled Sparkes in the vernacular.

Without replying, the men commenced throwing stones at a certain spot. We were wondering what possessed them, when, like a flash of yellow light, a great cheetah sprang out of its lurking place, bounded from rock to rock, reached the level in a twinkling, and careering past us, dashed into the open back door of the station. Sparkes' servants and trolley-men scattered in all directions, and the native station-master, the only occupant of the building, now appeared at an iron-barred window, and yelled for help

"Where is he?" asked my chum, as we breathlessly gained the window.

"Under the booking counter, sir!" blubbered the station-master.

"And where are you?"

"On the counter of the booking-office, sir."

"Can you see him?"

"Yes, sir. *Naraina! Naraina!*" cried the unfortunate Brahmin, in appeal to his god.

"Hold your confounded jaw! Can't you slink out?"

"No; it is between me and the door, sir."

"Look here, you're on the counter; climb over the partition into the waiting room; take my rifle, which is loaded; climb back, and shoot the beast, either while you're astride the partition or after dropping back on the counter. Go on, you silly owl!" he added, seeing that the station-master "hung in the wind."

Unfortunately we could not spot the animal. Scared rather than angered, he had fled for the first cover; the open door had tempted him—he bolted through, and, as luck would have it, took refuge in the booking-office, cutting off the station-master's retreat, and making him jump for his life on to the counter

Again urged by Sparkes, the wretched Brahmin clawed up the partition wall and dropped into the waiting-room. Presently he reappeared on the coping, handling my chum's Martini with an air of ludicrous apprehension.

"Now then, let fly! Aim at his head if you can see it; if not, at his shoulder!"

"Sir," wailed the fellow, "I do not know the use of this instrument."

"You jackass! Stick the thing to your shoulder, point it at the brute, and pull the trigger!"

"Trigger, sir?"

"Yes, the thing protruding from—not that!" roared Sparkes, seeing him bungling with the ejector. "Turn it round—there, that's it! Now clap it to your shoulder; press hard, point the end at the beast, and pull the trigger. That's it; now, pull!"

He pulled; there was a deafening report, accomby a heavy "thud." When the smoke cleared, there lay the cheetah, shot through the head. But where was the station-master? Not on the wall; he was not in that room. Hark! a moaning; we rushed round to the wicket, on by the platform into the waiting-room, where, sprawling and writhing on the floor, still grasping the rifle, lay the Brahmin!

"Hallo! how did you come here?" asked Sparkes, when he had ascertained the man was not seriously injured.

"That gun, sir," he moaned.

"What about the gun?"

"It pushed me off the wall, sir."

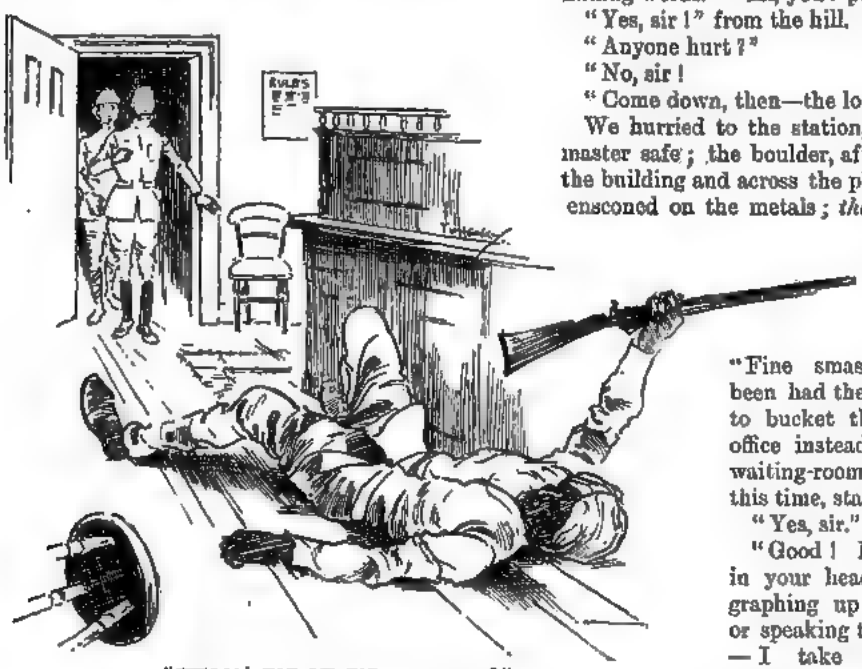
"Kicked you off, you mean; I told you to press it tightly. However, no harm's done, and you've shot the cheetah clean through the head."

Rallying the followers, we lugged the dead cat into the open. In the meanwhile the station-master was the hero of the hour; he had never fired a gun in his life, he averred; and when the recoil tumbled him off the wall, he said he thought he had shot himself!

"Now," cried Sparkes, after the excitement quietened down, "come on! I shan't rest till I have balanced those fellers on the 'see-saw.'"

It was nearly three o'clock; we had barely an

hour before us, so, to expedite matters, Sparkes reinforced the porter and signalman with two of his trolley-men. The porter mounted to the transverse slab, while the others collected and handed up stones, which the man deposited on and around the uptilted boulder. The pile grew, and with it the caution of the porter increased. We watched with breathless interest, for, after all, there was really something fascinating in unshipping an



"HULLOA! HOW DID YOU COME HERE?"

arrangement that had existed since the days of Noah!

The porter now hailed us. "I feel it moving, sir!"

"Well, get off. Two of you climb on to those big rocks close by, and gently throw on more stones."

They obeyed, two mounting the neighbouring boulder, two handing up *débris* as before. The process went on till, with a slow majestic "swoop" the hugh monolith came into the horizontal, paused, and then, bowing yet more, slid with a hollow rumble off its perch, upsetting, in the twinkling of an eye, the equipoise that had been there for ages! The stones worked and ground against each other; everything appeared to be slipping down, and we two had just time to spring aside to avoid an enormous boulder that hurtled past us, ricochetting and bounding madly in the same direction taken by the cheetah—towards the station! Involuntarily we followed its course with our eyes; we hoped it would exhaust its momentum in the intervening open; we saw the station-master, who stood at the back door watching us, turn and fly; and in a "jiffy," before we could realize it, the huge mass, with a horrible rending sound, plunged through the wooden structure, and was lost to our view!

Then a silence, as if of the grave.

"Well—I'm—jiggered!" observed Sparkes, on finding words. "Hi, you! porter!"

"Yes, sir!" from the hill.

"Anyone hurt?"

"No, sir!

"Come down, then—the lot of you!"

We hurried to the station, to find the station-master safe; the boulder, after charging through the building and across the platform, comfortably ensconced on the metals; *the single line of rails without even so much as a siding!*

"Here's a pretty go!" remarked my friend "Fine smash-up there'd have been had the beastly thing chose to bucket through the booking office instead of the third class waiting-room. You are all right this time, station-master?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Keep a close tongue in your head! Don't be telegraphing up or down the line, or speaking to anyone about this—I take the responsibility. See?"

"As your honour wishes."

We pressed every available man, including the few native travellers present. We pushed, we pulled, we heaved away at that boulder to get it off the track, but in vain; it resisted the combined efforts of twenty men, armed with crowbars, sleepers, and ropes. It sat there, fixed and immovable!

I looked at my watch. Three forty-five! Apparently everyone had forgotten that the down goods would want to pass in a quarter of an hour, and I drew Sparkes' attention to the ugly fact.

"By jingo, so she will! Put the home signal against her, station-master!"

"And the mail is due at six," I continued.

"I know, but I've just thought of a dodge," said he laconically.

I did not press him. If any mortal could get out of a scrape it was Sparkes.

The goods came lumbering along, and after doing all she knew to whistle down the home signal, drew up beyond the platform. We walked

down to the locomotive. The driver craned over the railing, eager to learn the cause of the stoppage.

"Oh, it's you, Marker!" said my chum, returning the driver's salutation.

"Yes, sir. What may be the cause o' the signal agin us—that there stone?"

"Yes; we've had a sort of landslip. One of the confounded boulders came bang through the station, settled on the metals, and now refuses to budge. Uncouple your kettle, and lend her to me a bit, will you?"

"What be you thinkin' o' doin', sir?"

"Make her butt the thing out of the light. Hang it, Marker, don't you fret! I'm responsible."

"All right, sir! It ain't for me to say no. You'll drive her, I s'pose—I've 'eard tell as you be at 'ome on the fut-plate."

"Yes, I can manage her," replied Sparkes, as we clambered up. Marker got down and walked on ahead, while a fireman uncoupled. The guard came up from the tail, and followed the driver.

Having caused a spare sleeper to be lashed to the buffers, Sparkes jammed the engine gently against the obstruction. Then he put on more steam; the locomotive snorted, and brought her whole strength to bear. The boulder moved, but it only slid along the metals!

"Hang it, that won't do!" exclaimed Sparkes, shutting off. "We might push the thing fifty miles before it chose to clear out of the road."

"If we only 'ad some wire rope and a large block!" observed the driver.

"Why?"

"We could shove this 'ere lump abreast o' that there tree, clap the block on to the trunk, pass the rope round the stone, reeve it through the block, give th' end to th' engine, and she'd pull it out o' th' way fast enough."

Marker, as he spoke, pointed to a large tree that grew fifteen paces on the off side of the track a short way up the line. It afforded an admirable "purchase" for hauling on, but where was the block?—where the rope wire? And where was there time?

"Look here," said I, "there's the fencing of strand wire; if tripled 'twould give us the rope."

"Aye, it would, sir," said Marker approvingly. "Now, who'll find a block?"

"There's an engineer's waggon in the train, sir," spoke up the guard; "there may be blocks in it."

"Good man!" cried my friend, springing down. "Show us the waggon, and we'll look."

We hurried down the train till we came to a truck full of "plant," and in it, sure enough, we found some large iron blocks, the very things we required. To cut the requisite length of wire fencing, and twist it to necessary girth was the next task. Then the engine gradually pushed the boulder abreast of the tree, we encircled the obstruction with the rope, paid it out to the tree, made fast the block to the trunk with a piece of the rope, rove the latter through the centre sheave, and, carrying the end to the engine, we looped it to the front coupling hook. Now reversing, Sparkes gently jerked 'her into motion. She snorted obedience, the rope tightened, the block stood out from the tree, the rope formed a rigid two sides of the triangle, but the boulder did not yield an inch!

"I say!" called my friend anxiously to Marker, who stood below, "will she bear more?"

"Bless you, sir, yes! the rope'll part afore she busts up."

Another jerk, more snorts, then a huzza of triumph, as the boulder, caught by the outer rail, slowly rose on end, and toppled over clear of the line, rolling down the slope till it brought up with a "scrunch" against the tree.

"You can lie there till doomsday if you like," said Sparkes, apostrophizing the rock. "Now, Marker, this infernal business has put you back 30mins.; try and make it up between this and Jimmancherla; you can if you like. And, see here, don't be jawing all over the place; let them get the news from me first hand."

"Ne'er a word shall I say about it, sir."

"Thanks! you're a trump. Now re-couple and crack on as hard as you can pelt. Good-bye!"

In a few minutes the goods thundered past; we let the men to tidy the track and remove all traces of the catastrophe against the arrival of the mail.

"How about the hole?" I asked, as we sat side by side, with our legs dangling over the metals.

"Oh, hang the hole! 'twill be nearly dusk, and they won't notice it; besides, if they do, who cares?"

"None of your bosses likely to be coming up?"

"No fear! they're all busy prospecting for a place to commence their confounded narrow-gauge feeder at. Come along, it's past five; let's have some tea."

We had our tea, and while still talking over the day's doings, the station-master, with an expression of fearful portent, entered, and handed Sparkes a telegram.

"Oh, I say! here's a business!" he ejaculated; "Old Maggs wires me to meet Major Crockdale coming up in the mail!"

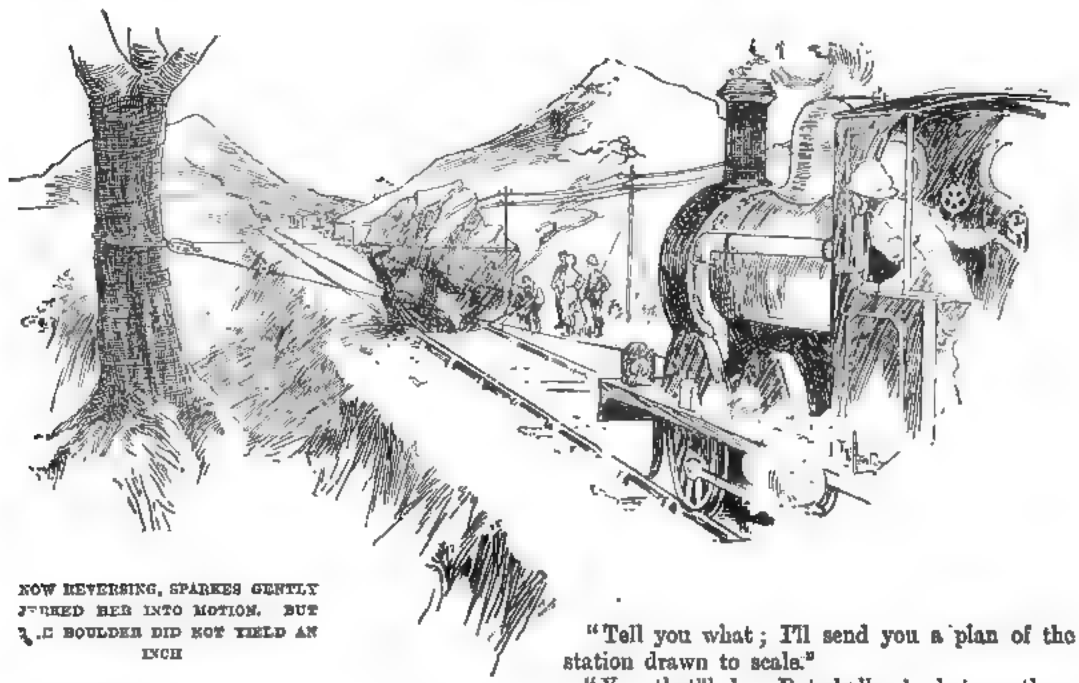
"What! the consulting engineer for railways?"

"Yes; he's an awful bounder. Westholme, our chief engineer, may be with him. But come on! We must smother up that beastly gap; if these fellows get sight of it, and Old Maggs hears of it from them, I shall get into a tidy mess."

Ten minutes to six! We went out on the platform, and ruefully gazed at the yawning rents in the walls. Were there boards at hand? was anything at hand?—no! We stood aghast.

"Your honour," spoke the station-master, "shall we hang up some of my turban cloths over the space?"

"Humbug! they'd spot them at once, and ask what the dickens you did making your station



NOW REVERSING, SPARKES GENTLY JERKED HER INTO MOTION. BUT THE BOULDER DID NOT YIELD AN INCH

a laundry drying yard. I have it!" he cried suddenly, "my blankets! we'll jim them up, and if they make any remark I'll cock up something or other."

No sooner said than done. We had barely erected the two blue blankets over the gap when the mail drew up. I followed Sparkes to the inspection carriage, to find the Major and Westholme; they both alighted, and we did all we knew to keep them from straying and poking about.

"There's a question of quarrying, Mr. Sparkes," said the Major. "Mr. Westholme recommends this as a base, and Mr. Lichen referred me to you as district officer on the subject of traffic arrangements for ballast trains, the consequent increase of staff, and accommodation."

"Nothing easier," replied Sparkes. "Make it a crossing station; lay down a siding or two, and there's plenty of stone to quarry on."

"But how about accommodation? I should just like to see what you have."

"My good sir, you've no time," rejoined my chum, and, with the words, gently and unmistakably hustling the Major towards his carriage door; "you are delaying Her Majesty's mail. Take a look round on your return journey."

"I'm not coming back by this route."

"Can't stop the night, I suppose?"

"Impossible!"

"Tell you what; I'll send you a plan of the station drawn to scale."

"Yes, that'll do. But, halloa! what are those blue blankets doing there?"

"Yes," added Westholme, "I was about making the same remark."

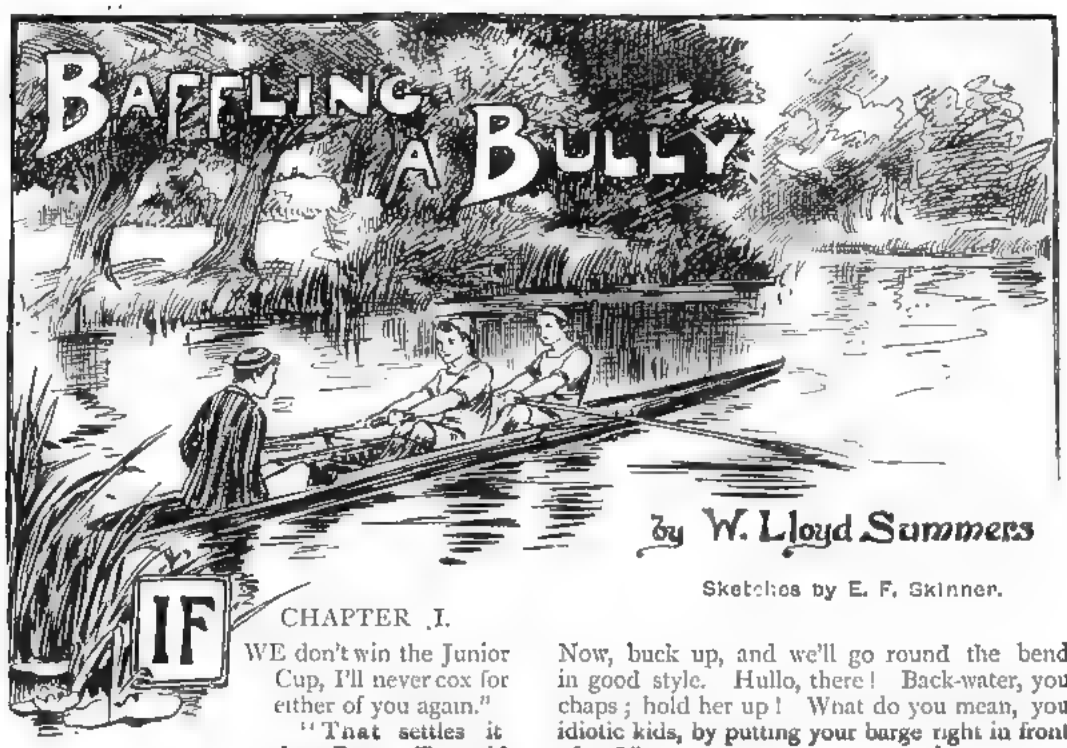
"Blankets!—where?"

"There; up against the wall of the third class waiting-room."

"By jingo! so they are. Hang those idiots of servants, sticking them there to air! I'll spifficate the beggars! As if they could not have selected—Halloa! there's the bell! Good-bye! Good-bye! In you get. I'll get that plan through in a day or two. Good-bye!"

Out glided the mail.

Sparkes weathered the scrape. He went down to Madras and made a clean breast of it to Mr. Maggs, propitiating that gentleman—as on a former occasion—by presenting him with the magnificent cheetah skin; and, barring the paying for the repairs to the station—in which I insisted on going shares—he got off, as usual, scot free!



by W. Lloyd Summers

Sketches by E. F. Skinner.

CHAPTER I.

IF we don't win the Junior Cup, I'll never cox for either of you again."

"That settles it then, Ram. To avoid such a disaster, Blake and I will do our level best," said Beecham.

"Shut up, 'Pills'! I don't want any of your gas. I guess you chaps would have to do a lot of searching before you picked up another cox that would steer you and coach you as well as I."

"Hear, hear!" put in Beecham sarcastically. "I've always thought that the bow oar was the strongest part of our boat."

"Have you? Think what you like; but we've got to 'lift' the Cup."

"I've no objection."

"And we've only got this afternoon and Saturday for practice. We must make the most of our time."

"I think we ought to lick Bailey and Bond," remarked the boy who was pulling stroke-oar. "Nobody else is dangerous, and I don't believe Bond will stay the whole course at racing pace."

"Just what I think, Blake! We ought to have a clinking good chance. Now then, let's have a steady pull."

For a few minutes the light racing pair sped down stream at a rapid pace; the two rowers swinging well together.

"Very good," cried Ramsay; "but, Blake, you ought to get an earlier grip on the water. Pull out the stroke, 'Pills,' to the very end. Now, buck up, and we'll go round the bend in good style. Hullo, there! Back-water, you chaps; hold her up! What do you mean, you idiotic kids, by putting your barge right in front of us?"

In sweeping round the sharp bend, the racing pair had come almost full tilt on a heavy "tub" that was anchored under the trees by the bank.

"Back-water, 'Pills'! Pull, stroke, pull! You staring owls, why don't you clear your Noah's Ark out of the way? I'm gated if they're not Lower Third chaps who are blocking up the river!"

"Pull their ears for them," growled the indignant Beecham, as he manfully backed his scull.

It is impossible to say what the crew of the pair might have done to the occupants of the tub; but Ramsay's eloquence was suddenly quenched by the sight of a red shock of hair that rose from the bottom of the boat.

"What are you making such a row for, you kids?" the owner of the red hair inquired. "I've come out this afternoon for rest and quiet, and I'm hanged if I let you wake me up for nothing. What do you mean by it?"

"It's all right, Mac," said Ramsay, in a deprecating tone, for he recognized the Rufus locks. Their owner was a Fourth Form boy, more remarkable for his loutish strength than for intellect or athletic skill. Mackenzie was a tyrant, who ruled the smaller boys with a rod of iron, and Ramsay decided to be as diplomatic as possible in his unexpected interview

with the bully. "It was only that these kids nearly caused a collision, and I was mildly reminding them that the river didn't belong to Lower Third chaps entirely."

"Nor to Lower Second either!" retorted Mackenzie. "But, in any case, these kids are my boatmen, so I don't suppose you'll want to interfere with them."

"Oh, no!" answered Ramsay readily. "We only want to have a good practice this afternoon, as we are in for the Junior Cup."

"Wait half a sec.! You represent Barton's house, I think. Now, Bailey and Bond are in mine—that is, Goodson's. I was wanting to take a pull down stream; but these youngsters are too feeble to lug this heavy tub along, so you'll have to clear out of that pair."

"Oh, I say, Mac! It's ours for the afternoon. We can't win the race if we never get a chance of practising."

"Who thinks you're going to win? I'd just as soon bet on these kids—though they're beastly lazy—as on you chaps. Besides, I've got a quid on Goodson's house pulling off the Junior Cup, and if your chance is spoiled—all the better for me!"

"But you can't take our boat, Mac; it's against the rules!"

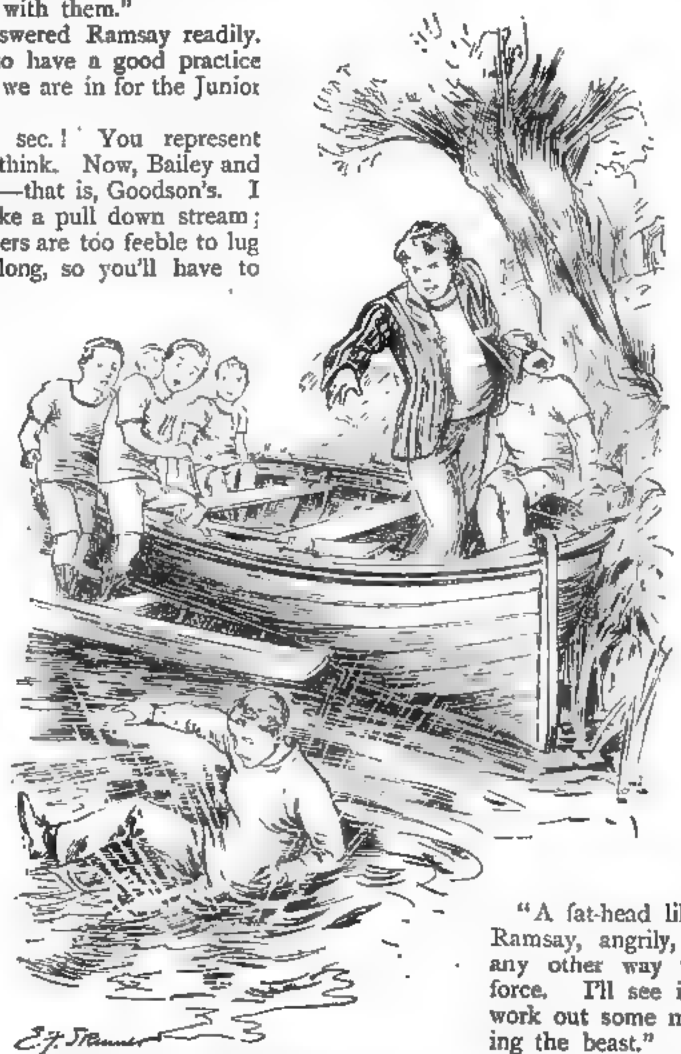
"Who will prevent me?" answered Mackenzie coolly. "It's real cheek on your part to think that I'm going to swot in this tub whilst you are enjoying yourselves in a light pair. Out you come, kiddies!"

"Pull, Blake! pull 'Pills'!" cried Ramsay in desperation.

But Mackenzie had anticipated this action, and he grasped the bow of the boat, so that they could not make their escape.

"You're a beastly cad!" Ramsay said, as he unwillingly stepped out of the pair into the tub.

For answer the bully caught him by the collar of his sweater and flung him into the river.



THE BULLY CAUGHT HIM BY THE COLLAR OF HIS SWEATER, AND FLUNG HIM INTO THE RIVER.

"Perhaps that will cool your temper, kiddy, more effectually than any advice I could give you."

But, to judge from Ramsay's language when he clambered into the tub, his cold bath had failed to reduce his temperature.

"I'll be even with the brute for this!" he vowed, when he had regained some coherence of speech. "He shall wish he had left us alone!"

"Rats!" said Beecham. "We can't very well report him, and you are scarcely big enough to lick him."

"A fat-head like you," retorted Ramsay, angrily, "can't think of any other way than using brute force. I'll see if my brain can't work out some method of punishing the beast."

"I'm afraid we shall have to swallow it," sighed Blake; "although it's a bit thick to have to tug this Noah's Ark back to the boat-house."

CHAPTER II.

"HULLO, young Ramsey, you've signed on for the racing pair this afternoon?"

"Yes, Mac"

"Dale and I want it, so you needn't turn up at the boat-house."

"But Mac——!"

"That's enough, youngster, you don't want a licking as well?"

"But, Mac, I've——"

"I dare say you have, but we're going to commandeer the boat even if you lose the Cup in consequence."

Mackenzie turned on his heel and strode away without listening to any further objections. As the bigger boy reached the end of the corridor and turned into the Fourth Form room a change came over Ramsay's face.

"Oh, you beauty," he murmured, "if the Fates be kind I'll have you on toast yet!"

He stealthily crept down the corridor until he reached the class-room door.

Early in the day the whole of the Upper Fourth had been accidentally shut in with their master in consequence of the handle of the door coming off. Until the necessary repairs could be made the door had been propped open by a heavy weight.

This Ramsay quietly moved away, and the draught from the open windows promptly closed the door. The boy chuckled as he heard an angry exclamation from the prisoner within, but, without waiting to enjoy Mackenzie's discomfiture, he hurried off to warn his crew.

"Come on, you chaps," he exclaimed, "there's no time to be lost if we mean to have our practice. That cad, Mac, wants our boat again."

They were a breathless trio when they reached the river, but the pair was lying ready, and the boatman quickly pushed them off from the raft.

"We've fairly done old Mac this time," chuckled Ramsay. "He'll be pretty mad when he finds we've taken the boat."

Then he explained how he had entrapped their persecutor.

"We shall get a licking when we return," said Blake, "but we needn't think about that for an hour or two."

"We'll have the practice," said Beecham, "and, if we pull off the Cup, Mac's welcome to lick me black and—by Jove! I believe he's sculling after us. Yes, it's not difficult to recognize his back—for it's just like a big brown bear's. Ram, I guess that licking's rather near."

Ramsay turned and watched the solitary oarsman.

'I rather hoped he would come," he said; "but I didn't think he would venture in a light sculling boat. He must be awfully mad. If you can keep ahead at first he'll soon be winded—he's such a fat pig. Then our licking will have to be postponed."

"For an hour or two," grumbled Beecham.

"No; postponed altogether," answered Ramsay, with a smile.

For the next half-mile the struggle was severe, for the boys in the racing pair were scarcely a match for big Mackenzie in the "funny." But, although the latter reduced the lead to a few yards, he rapidly tired, whilst abstention from pastry and "goodies" had rendered the small boys' wind sound and enduring.

"Don't upset the boat, Ram," Blake anxiously exclaimed, as his friend rose to his feet and, holding on to the rudder-lines, scanned the river bank.

"Right O!" replied Ramsay, laughing. "Easy a bit and let that chap come up a little, or he'll give up the chase."

Rather unwillingly the oarsmen obeyed. Mackenzie, looking round, fancied that his chance had come. Making a desperate spurt, he quickly gained ground.

"Sit down, Ram, and steer us better, or the brute will catch us!"

"Keep cool, 'Pills'! You need fear nothing whilst I'm at the helm," Ramsay airily replied. "I'm watching the bank."

"So it would seem. We lost at least three yards going round that corner."

"I wish you chaps would mind your own business—you'll soon find out that I've been minding mine. Ah, there he is—good man!" he murmured, as he dropped down on the seat and deliberately pulled the left rudder-line hard.

"Look out, you idiot!" shrieked Beecham. "We're done for now—he'll have us to a certainty."

"I want him to nab us," Ramsay tranquilly remarked, as he skilfully steered the boat's nose gently into the bank.

Before his outraged crew could release the pair again Mackenzie rowed alongside.

"We'll land first," said he, "and then I'll lick you all round; but young Ramsay I'll thrash within an inch of his life."

"If he miscalculates, and goes an inch further than he intends," said Ramsay calmly, "mind you chaps have him hanged."

Blake and "Pills" gazed in astonishment at their rash comrade, but Mackenzie's wrath was too hot for words. In his rage he nearly fell into the river whilst landing from his "funny." As Ramsay cheerfully sprang out of the pair the bigger boy seized him.

"Now, you young dolt, you won't find much amusement in what I'm going to do to you."

But his victim only laughed in his face.

"What's all this row about?" exclaimed a boy who, unseen by all save Ramsay, had come along the bank towards them.

Mackenzie looked up guiltily. He would rather have met one of the masters than the Captain of the school.

"Oh, it's nothing, Fleming! These kids have been cheeking me, and I was going to lick them."

"We haven't cheeked him a bit, Fleming; but Mac wanted to take our racing pair, and we tried to get out of his reach — that's all."

"What did *you* want with the racing pair?" the Captain demanded of the bully. "You're scarcely young enough to enter for the Junior Cup."

The boys laughed.

"Besides, I had promised Ramsay that I would meet him here and give his boat a coaching lesson this afternoon."

"I didn't know that——"

"Because you wouldn't listen to me," the younger boy retorted.

"Oh, well, if Fleming's going to coach you, I don't want the boat."

"I suppose you won't," agreed the Captain; "but I may as well hear the whole story."

Nothing loth, the youngsters allowed him to elicit the details of their frustrated practice, and "Pills" did not forget to mention that Mackenzie had a bet on their rivals.

"You dirty sneak!" exclaimed Fleming. "You break the rules of the school by betting, and then prevent these fellows from practising — you miserable, mean hound!"

When Mackenzie saw the school Captain turn to the hedge and cut a pliant cane, he began to beg for mercy.

Little enough mercy he obtained. After a sounder thrashing than a master would have administered, Fleming hurled the bully into the stream. Ramsay was in ecstasies over his enemy's discomfiture.

"Let me ever hear of you bullying these chaps again," thundered Fleming, "and I'll give you far worse treatment."

"Now then, kiddies, let's get to work," he added, as the baffled bully clambered on to the bank. "I've brought my bike, and will coach you from the path."

"I believe you arranged this affair, Ram," whispered Blake, as they took their places in the pair.

"WHAT'S ALL THIS ROW ABOUT?"

"Of course I did. Thinking that Mac might want to borrow our boat again, I asked Fleming to come down and coach us, and, as he's the head of our house, he agreed. When I saw him waiting on the bank I ran the boat ashore so as to give Mac a chance of 'putting his foot in it.' My plan worked splendidly — it's much better than sneaking!"

Blake laughed.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

"WHAT WILL MY STAMPS FETCH?"

By a Philatelist.

[The above question has so often been addressed to me that, in self-protection, I have invited an expert on the subject to hold forth on stamp buying and stamp selling. There is sound advice given here to the young philatelist wishing to realize the value of his collection.—Ed. Captain.*]*

It is easier to buy stamps than to sell them. It is easier to buy a bicycle than to sell it—or a cow, or a house, or a parcel of groceries. And all for the simple reason that money is the most sought-after, the handiest, the most valuable commodity in the world.

An article is worth just what it will fetch — that is self-evident. But in the case of the cow, and the house, and the parcel of groceries, the value is more or less fixed and certain, being a utilitarian value rather than a "fancy" or sentimental value. All that seems horribly dry and uninteresting, but it is necessary to show that the value of used and unused postage stamps, as bought and sold by philatelists, is a thing quite unlike the value of a horse, or a lathe, or a football.

Stamps, in the fullest sense of the words, are worth just what they will sell for. Now let us see what, at the present time, the various grades of foreign stamps are calculated to "fetch."

Really Rare Stamps.

The Koh-i-nors among these fascinating little squares of gummed paper will always realize the full value assigned to them by philatelists. Thus, the two extremely scarce stamps of the first issue of Mauritius, generally known as the "Post-office" Mauritius, are regarded as worth £300 to £600 apiece, according to their state of preservation; and, so long as stamp collecting remains a popular hobby, so long will these stamps be saleable at what is known as their "market value." I use the expression market value, merely for want of a better term; for in these stamps, of which less than two dozen specimens are in existence, it is plain that there can be no very active "market."

There is one other stamp, the king of all scarce stamps, to which no price has ever been assigned. It stands alone. It is, so far as is known, the only one of its kind in existence. I refer to the 1c. British Guiana of 1856. The single authenticated specimen of this stamp is now in the possession of Mons. Philippe la Renotière von Ferrary, the greatest amateur philatelist in the world. Were this stamp to be placed on the market, its price, judged on the basis of relative scarcity, could scarcely be set at a less figure than £2,000. But, whether the price you are asking be pounds or pence, the solid fact remains that you must first catch your purchaser. And the curious thing is, that the buyer in pounds will be found as easily—sometimes more easily—than the buyer in pence. Readers of The Captain having stamps worth pounds sterling may find comfort in that.

The Value of Common Stamps.

To go to the other extreme, the value of common stamps, the very commonest of common stamps, may almost be said to be nothing at all! There are hundreds, I had almost said thousands, of stamps which can only be sold in bulk. To sell them singly would be impossible without the help of some such coinage as the Chinese, which, I understand, goes down as low as the two-hundredth part of a penny. It is almost unnecessary to instance the sort of stamp I mean, but it may be pointed out that the current 3, 5, 10, 20, and 25 pfennig of Germany; all the low values of the present issue of France; the common current stamps of Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, Denmark, Italy, and most European countries, including, of course, Great Britain, are all stamps that are worth simply so much per thousand, and cannot possibly be valued as single specimens. The stamp dealers' catalogues afford, generally, a fair guide to the buying and selling values of stamps, but in the matter of

the very commonest stamps

they are little better than useless. For instance, some of the best-known dealers price the current 10 pfennig of Germany, the 15 centimes of France, and the 10 pfennig of Bavaria—three of the very commonest stamps in the world—at 1d. each. It is absurd; but they do it because, like the bankers, they object to halfpennies. In actual practice they will, of course, sell these common stamps much cheaper, but the plan pursued in their catalogues is one that causes much confusion

among young collectors. One big firm certainly condescends to recognize the humble halfpenny; but this makes things only a little better. French catalogues price the commonest stamps at 1c. (the tenth part of a penny), and their German *confreres* at 1 pfennig (half a farthing); so that much of the blame for the absurd catalogue pricing of the rubbish I have described is due to the British currency.

How to Value "A Collection."

Now a collector wishing to realize may arrive at the value of his stamps in one of two ways — he may take them to a dealer to be valued, or he may value them himself, using the current dealers' catalogues as a guide. In the first event the dealer will ask a fee varying from 5s. upwards, and his valuation will certainly not err on the side of exaggeration, for he will have before him the possibility of a "deal" on the basis of the value he quotes. Dealers are necessarily the best judges of the market in stamps; but a collector whose album is of modest proportions will generally find it the cheaper and easier course to value the stamps himself.

How is this to be done? Well, a dealer's priced catalogue is the chief accessory required, and I can recommend the simple and concise

"STANDARD CATALOGUE,"

published by Messrs. Whitfield, King & Co., of Ipswich; the "A.B.C." catalogue, published by Messrs. Bright & Son, London; and the "Stanley Gibbons" catalogue, issued by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., London. Of the two last-named the "Gibbons" catalogue is the more up-to-date, while of the "A.B.C." a new edition is on the eve of publication.

With the catalogue as a guide, go through the album, and value the several stamps therein on this basis: —

Stamps catalogued at 1d. or less disregard altogether.
Stamps priced in the book at 1½d. to 6d. each value at one-third of the catalogue prices.
Stamps catalogued at 7d. up to 5s. value at one-half of the catalogue figures; and all stamps catalogued at more than 5s. may be taken at about two-thirds of the dealers' quotations.
Unused British Colonial stamps are an exception to the foregoing rules, for these may always be regarded as worth, at least, their face value.

The total arrived at in this way will pretty fairly represent the market value of the album. Allowance, however, must be made for all stamps in a bad state of preservation, or with exceptionally heavy and disfiguring postmarks; and torn or otherwise damaged stamps must, as a general thing, be ignored altogether.

Selling to a Dealer.

Failing a sale to, or a "swap" with, a fellow-collector, there are two ways open to the seller. He can take his stamps to a recognized dealer, or to one of the "philatelic" auctioneers. The dealer, if he needs the stamps, will pay a fair price for them. He will make no offer for them—that is against the custom of the trade—but, if he wishes to buy, he will ask the price, and the rest must be left to the philatelist's own individual skill as a bargainer.

Many a dealer will decline to buy, not necessarily because the price is too high, but because his "stock books" are already full of the particular stamps offered. Rare stamps are always wanted, common stamps seldom.

Selling at Auction.

The sale of a collection of stamps through an auctioneer is not to be thought of, unless the goods are of high quality. A philatelic auctioneer will seldom offer a stamp worth less than 7s. or 8s. as a single "lot," and thus the commoner stamps in any collection committed to his charge must be parcelled out in "mixed lots," which in many cases realize a sum far short of their true value at auction. That there is always "money for good stamps" will be seen from the following prices, realized at the opening auction of the present season, held by Messrs. Plumridge & Co., at their rooms in Chancery Lane:—

	£	s.	d.
Cape of Good Hope, triangular, unused pair of the 1s. green	7	10	0
Ditto ditto the rare "wood block" error of colour, 1d. blue ...	55	0	0
Ditto ditto the "wood block" error, 4d. red	45	0	0
Ceylon, 16c. lilac, perforated 14 and water-mark "C.A.", unused ...	4	0	0
Fiji, 2d. in black on 3d. green, unused, without gum	3	10	0
Mauritius, 1d. vermilion "Post Paid" issue	15	0	0
Spain, 1853, 2 reals, vermilion ...	4	10	0

There were also several of the famous "Mafeking Besieged" provisional stamps, as issued during the historic siege; and these averaged 25s. to 30s. per specimen.

And now I think I have told you all I can, in this number of THE CAPTAIN, at any rate, as to what stamps will fetch, both in the dealer's office and "under the hammer.

A Night of Action

BY MAITLAND S. MERRIES

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

In a fairly large room a dozen or so of very ordinary English schoolboys were gathered together. The night was stormy outside, the fire was bright within, and on the hot bars lay a row of browned chestnuts, which from time to time cracked and burst. The room was part of the Priorhouse, once a monastery, now a school, and the boys were the members of the same, taking counsel together.

The school had only about thirty people in it, including masters, and stood close to the coast.

At that time of the year the autumn storms were at their worst, and the heavy pounding on the shore mingled with the words of the boys round the fire.

"The question is," said one, rescuing a nut from the ashes, "whether the game is worth the candle. You know what happened last time."

"Oh, shut up, Vickers! Things must be kept up, you know, and we've all been through the mill many a time. We ought to be used to it by now."

"Well, I'm on it; but what about——"

"There's plenty already in the old cave. Kids have been at work for a fortnight. Jolly big heap, too."

"And I've plenty of fireworks," piped in one of the smallest, anxious to be in the public eye.

"But what if the '81 game happens over again?" remarked one in a corner, putting at the same time a hot nut down between his neighbour's neck and his collar.

'Eighty-one, outsiders must know, was the year of the "Grand Remonstrance" and the "Universal Caning." In that year the usual November fire on the beach brought the brig *Margaret Annie*, of Hull, on to the rocks of the little bay, the skipper having taken the blaze for the harbour light, further down the coast. There was an historic row, a small lawsuit, an edict from the Head forbidding future fires—(the Grand Remonstrance)—and, following that, the Universal Caning.

"Rubbish! There's no fear of that," said the eldest of the boys. "We'll have it behind the Shoulder on the north side. Everything was quite right last time, you know."

"Yes, including the 'U.C.' Daddy." (This in right of the head boy-ship.)

"Well, and are you afraid of that, my sweet infant?"

"No-o, but——"

"Then shut up!"

At this point a few juniors succeeded in disinterring a box from its wrappings, and got it open. Fireworks in bundles, in boxes, in faggots—the smuggled property of the school.

Each boy grabbed his parcel, and fell to counting out squibs, jumpers, and all the other miniature bombs with which people express their hatred of the great Fawkes.

Attention was centred chiefly round three or four large rockets belonging to the man in the corner; they were as long as broomsticks, and warranted to emit all kinds of surprises in the way of coloured balls and sparks.

"These will be for a final bust-up, I s'pose," said the owner. "My eye, they will whizz!"

There still wanted two days to the 5th, and the school busied itself in preparation. Wood—mainly wreckage—was stored in the caves, and a platform of stones built, on which the fire could burn freely.

Now since the fire had been held behind the North Shoulder, the Head, knowing that there it

could tempt no more vessels on to the Herd, winked regularly at the preparations, but promptly carried out the historic "U. C." on the next day, no one escaping. Indeed, it is recorded that some craven aforetime who pretended illness, hoping to be in hospital out of the way, was specially brought up, whacked in due course, and then escorted back to bed. Whether he was cured by counter irritation is not stated.

Each boy, therefore, knew quite well what lay before him, and took a fresh interest in life. By the morning of the 5th, all things were ready, and the sea, beaten to fury by the wind, banged incessantly on the rugged Herd, smothering it in creamy foam.

School dragged on slowly that day, and no one (save, perhaps, the masters) would have imagined that these rows of figures bending over the "Metamorphoses" would themselves be metamorphosed in a few hours into howling fire-worshippers.

However slowly time seemed to pass, the hour of eight came at last, and the school (in its oldest clothing) slipped off to the caves of supply to stack the fire on its pedestal. The wind was worse than ever, and as it flung the rain in drenching lashes, the boys were soon very wet.

"Rum go this!" shouted one, bearing several fragments of the ill-fated *Margaret Annie*.

"Good thing we're to leeward of the Shoulder, or we'd never light up," remarked Daddy, as the heap rose. "Stick that brushwood in underneath, kids. Now then, here goes!"

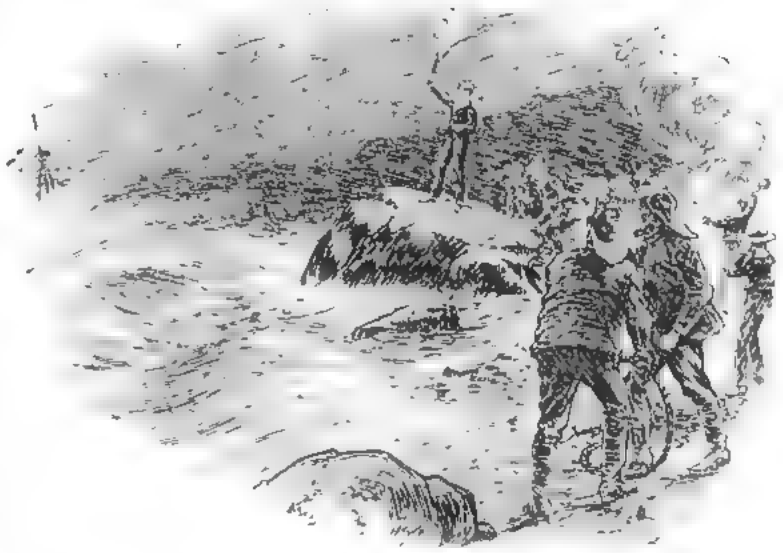
It took sixteen matches to set the brushwood off, and the paternal fingers were half roasted when at last the wind whirled the flame into the wood, and fairly set things going. Then pandemonium began, and the air was full of flashing, whirling missiles, responsibility as to eyes being left with Providence. It was not until the blaze was really hot that the effigy in the cave was prepared for the stake. This worthy was strikingly clothed in a top coat (Vickers), a top hat (Mossman Minor), and a pair of trousers which once adorned the lower limbs of Daddy. Two fellows lifted it solemnly, like a sedan chair, and walked toward the fire, on which they placed it. All the school opened its individual mouths for a cheer, when a sounding bang made them close them quickly. The sound was too loud for a firework. What was it?

It took the boys thirty seconds to reach the top of the cliff, and then they saw all. Before them was the Herd, the foam glimmering round it, and above it they could see a dark mass, swung to and fro in the darkness.

"By Jove!" said the school, and turned white.

A lantern flashed over the water, and a glimpse of moonlight showed the stranded peak of the vessel and the only remaining mast. It was not more than 50yds. from the coast, but between them was a seething rocky channel in which no boat could keep whole timbers.

Fishermen, roused by the report, joined the group, and the moon, unclouded for a minute or two, showed them the knot of men huddled on the peak, shouting for help. The boys were too much awed to speak, but the head boy said



"ATTENDEZ-LÀ, NOUS ALLONS VOUS ENVOYER UNE CORDE. M'ENTENDEZ-VOUS?"

earnestly: "Could I swim out with a rope behind that rock, do you think?"

The school stared at him, but the men shook their heads. "Thor'll be aneugh drooned withoot ye, ma lad," said one. "We can do nowt but watch."

And then it was that the captain had an inspiration.

"I have it!" he said suddenly; "Vickers, all the school ropes as fast as you can; some of you bring burning wood and make a fire here.

Mossman, take two of those rails from the fence and fix them up slanting across one another. Quick!" He turned and ran to the cave, and when he returned he was splicing two of the juniors' rockets together. "Well done!" he said, as the panting Vickers, five minutes later, threw down several coils. "Tie them together and coil it out so as to run easily."

The rockets were fixed pointing a little to windward of the Herd, and leaning on the forked rails.

"Good old Daddy!" muttered the school.

Some of the fishermen held the end of the rope lest it should be carried too far, and they stood waiting. Denby, standing on the edge of the rock, waved a brand until an answering signal showed that he was observed. Then, in the voice in which he gave directions across the football field, he shouted: "Stand by! We are sending a rope."

"They may be French," put in Mossman Minor.

"Thanks," said Daddy, and then howled out:—"*Attendez-là, nous allons vous envoyer une corde. m'Entendez-vous?*"

A shout answered his question, on which the captain lit the fuses with a burning stick. Everybody stood back watching, until they heard the whizz of the rockets, and the rattling of the rope as it flew out. "Right over, sir," said a fisherman, peering seawards. "They're fastening it to the mast."

"Warp this end of the rope round that post, and hang on behind," ordered Denby, and the stretched rope began to swing as a man came along, hand over hand. A dozen arms pulled him ashore and took him to the red fire, while another came in a few seconds and was landed in the same way. Before ten minutes had gone the ship was empty of its crew, and a dozen seamen were drying their clothes by the bonfire, like St. Paul's crew in the Island of Melita.

That night the school slept three in a bed, and the crew, fortified with hot liquids, occupied the rest of the dormitory. When the morning came they departed, with cheers for their rescuer, in which the school joined. The skipper was coming back, he said, to look into things more fully, with the upshot that, in a day or two, a fine cricket bat arrived for each of the Priorhouse people, accompanied by a flattering letter, signed by the owners.

School was called, and the Head made a speech. He was not given to lavish praise, but his eyes sparkled as he spoke of the bravery of his boys. "And," he added, "it is my pleasure to hand you some reward for the same." And, in order, each received his bat, plus a half-sovereign from the Head.

When the cheering had died down, his voice was heard again:—

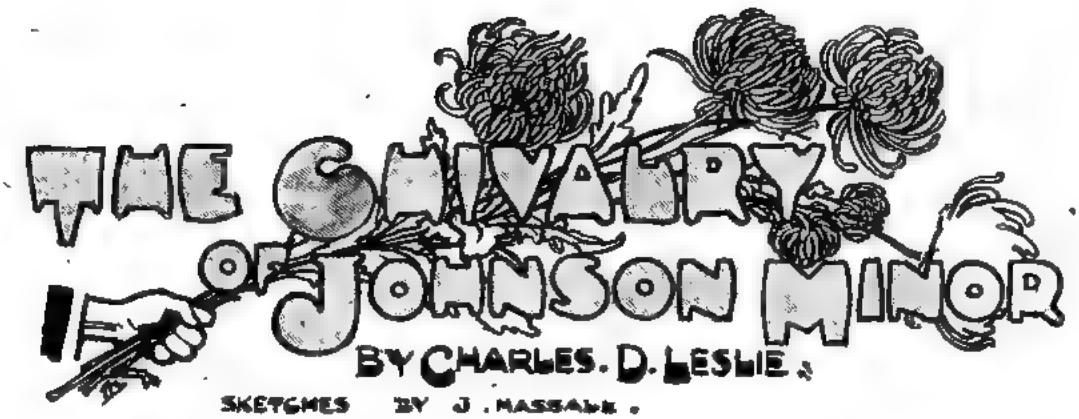
"Further, we must consider the circumstances. You have all heard of the Grand Remonstrance, and know what must follow a breach of it. You would not, I believe, break through our ancient institutions. Denby!"

And he stretched out his hand towards the cane.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

L. A. B. You are quite right in thinking mathematical knowledge is absolutely essential for electric engineering, or, for the matter of that, for engineering of any kind. It is very hard for me to decide from your letter whether you are best fitted for the profession of doctor or some other calling, and I am afraid I cannot undertake to advise you with certainty upon this point without knowing more about you and your capabilities. **Miss P.**—I must apologize for the delay in answering your letter, but the correspondence is so immense that I have no alternative. With regard to your question about the difficulty in speech disqualifying for the Army, this would depend very largely upon its extent. A slight stutter in youth, which might be cured later on, would certainly be no bar, but if it amounted to anything like a malformation or physical difficulty in any way it would certainly disqualify. With regard to your query about a good day-school, I should recommend either the Merchant Taylors' or the Westminster. **A N**—I should certainly advise you to write to Sir William Walrond, who would be able to give you exact information as to the value of nomination. So far as a Civil Service clerkship in concerned, no nomination is needed. Full particulars of all examinations for clerkships can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W. **H. V.**—As you are twenty-three years of age now, I should certainly advise you to stay on in your present position rather than try your hand at something else. By patience and perseverance, I should think it would be quite possible for you to work yourself up into a good position with the merchants in whose employ you now are. Certainly I should not advise you to exchange with a view to entering for the Civil Service, which would cost you a considerable amount of hard work and even then might not be altogether successful. **T. T.**—It is rather difficult to reply to your letter, as your queries are somewhat vague. What do you mean by asking the "usual terms for Law?" Do you wish to know the fees necessary to become a solicitor or barrister? And as to your second query, about accountancy, I am also at a loss to know what you wish to inquire; whether you desire to become a chartered accountant and go in for the examinations connected therewith, or what? If you will let me know definitely upon these points later, I shall be pleased to give you all the information that lies in my power. **Dubious.**—Consult a doctor at once. **Merrythought.**—See CAPTAIN, November 1899. **F. McD.**—Write the Secretary, Natural History Museum, South Kensington, S.W. **H.S.**—Cooper's Hill, Staines, would be the place for you. There was an article of mine on "Engineering" in THE CAPTAIN for June, 1899. **J. S.**—You would have no chance until you have improved your spelling and handwriting. **A. M. C.**—Candidates for the Indian Marine must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, must be able to produce certificates of good conduct, and must possess a Board of Trade Certificate as second mate. All applications for information upon this subject should be addressed to the Military Secretary, India Office, Whitehall, S.W. **I. C. D.**—(1) Candidates must be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one. (2) Entrance fee of £2 2s. (3) Passage is paid out to India and an allowance of 250 rupees per month is given. (4) Write Judicial and Public Department, India Office, before May 1st. **B R.**—(1) A premium varying from £100 to £300 would be required, according to standing of firm. (2) Write the Secretary of the Institute, 9, Conduit Street, W. **Rudolph.**—Apply the Agent-General for the Cape, 113, Victoria Street, S.W. **H S. F.**—You will find the names of several good coaches in our advertisement columns. I will send you names privately by post. **J. R.**—Stick to your present work and give up the idea.

A. E. M. F.



I WAS most awfully disappointed at not getting out of the Fourth Form after the Summer Term. I came out sixth in the exam. at term end, and the first five fellows were moved up and not me. Mr. North said he couldn't part with me, which was just the beastly sarcastic thing he would say. I think it was the Latin paper bowled me out; my translations were, I know, fairly good; but I came some howlers over the classical knowledge questions, and said Aphrodite was the wife of Priam I., King of Troy (I thought it rather smart to say Priam I.; but I believe Mr. North deducted some marks because I did), and Hecuba the wife of Hercules. Why I wanted particularly to get out of the Fourth Form was, once in the Lower Fifth there was no more drill to attend, and besides, it was more swagger, and they wore tassels on their mortar-boards.

The Lower School drilled once a week—on Thursdays. We had to stay when the rest of the school was dismissed at half-past four; and the Doctor, after hearing any excuses to miss drill fellows would give, made us number off. Then he would write the total number down on a piece of paper and give it to one fellow to give the sergeant. Then we all went off to the drill hall, which was in the town, about half a mile away, and there Sergeant Polker (Sergeant Poker we always called him) waited for us. He was a howling bounder, with a beastly temper, and the way he mis-pronounced his h's was simply 'arrowing, as Day used to say.

"Now then, you boys," he would bawl, "this ain't the way to be'ave in this yere 'all," and he'd whack his trouser-leg with his cane.

"Isn't old Poker waxy to-day?" whispered Jackson to me, the second drill of term. "What a bait he's in!"

Jackson was a day-boy in the Fourth Form, and we had desks in the class-room next each other, being both J's. He was rather a decent sort of chap.

"There ain't a back among the lot o' yer!" shouts Poker; "dress there, dress, and 'old yer selfs *h*up! Now, when I says *h*eyes right, look to the right; when I says *h*eyes strite, look at me. Now, *h*eyes right!"

It was a big building, with a cement floor, and we had it all to ourselves; but in the middle of drill the little door opened and a girl peeped in; then she entered very quietly, closed the door, and walked along by the wall to a high bench, clambered on, and sat there looking at us and swinging her legs. No one seemed to notice her. But I did. She was about ten, and dressed in a straw hat and white frock, for it was a hot September day, and she'd natty-looking brown shoes, and altogether looked awfully nice. She wasn't a bit shy, and stared at us quite critically. A little later we were all marching straight towards her, with the sergeant in front of us walking backwards, and shouting:

"Left, right, left, right, left!" and then "'Alt!" He was then close on the girl, and spotted her.

"'Ullo, missy," he says, turning round; "what *h*are you doin 'ere?"

"I am waiting for my brother," she says in a clear voice, and as cool as you please.

"Well, I've just done with 'im. Number off from the right there!" And presently came;

"Dismiss!" and we all fell out. The fellows rushed off at once, for Sanger's Circus was coming to Bosmouth that day, and we could hear the blare of the band outside, which meant the procession was passing. But I stopped to tie up my boot-lace, because I wanted to know who the girl was. And I knew at once, for Jackson went up to her and said angrily:—

"I say, Maud, what do you mean by coming here after me?"

"I want to borrow sixpence of you, Billy," she answers.

"What ever for?"

"I was going home just now from the Brandon's, and I met a poor little girl, crying like anything. She'd been sent out to buy some things, and lost a sixpence, and she said she daren't go home because her mother would beat her for losing it. So I said I'd give her sixpence, and I knew you were here, so I thought I'd come and get you to lend it me."

"Well, you have cheek!" says Jackson; "but you've come to the wrong shop. I haven't a penny."

"You had ninepence this morning," says the girl.

"Well, I didn't say I hadn't. But I haven't got it now."

"I'll lend you sixpence, if you like," says I, coming forward.

The girl looks at me, and then at Jackson.

"Introduce me, Billy," she says, with her chin up and an air as grand as a duchess.

"He's Johnson Minor," says Jackson; "we sit next each other at class. She's my sister Maud, Johnson Minor."

"How do you do?" says she. "It's really very good of you; but Billy will pay you back to-morrow—won't you, Billy?"

"Why, yes, of course," he answers; "that is, if you don't forget to give me the money. Well, I'm off. I want to see the procession," and off he went.

I gave her a sixpence, and she took it and thanked me, and then we stood there, without either saying anything. I stood looking at her, feeling awkward like; but somehow I didn't want to go. At last she looks at me, and said, just a bit shyly:—

"Don't you want to see the procession?"

Now, it's a rum thing, but I didn't. I'd never cared to speak to a girl before; but I did want to talk to this one. I blurted out:—

"I'd just as soon stay with you."

It seemed such a sickening, silly thing to say that I believe I blushed, for I felt hot all over; but I know Maud did, because her cheeks grew pinker. Then she said:—

"Well, I'm going to give the girl the sixpence; you may come if you like."

"Thanks awfully!" I answered.

So we walked together out of the hall and into the street. I was in a funk some of the fellows would see us; but they'd all followed the procession, which had gone along Regent Street. Then I felt easier, and we began to talk. We turned to the left, down the first street leading to the beach, and at the corner of it a shabbily-dressed little girl, about as big as Maud, was standing. Maud ran up to her, and shoved the sixpence into her hand, talking nineteen to the dozen the while. The kid was so flabbergasted at getting the money she couldn't say anything, but just kept dropping curtsies.

After that we walked down to the beach, which was almost deserted at that point, and sat under a boat, and got quite chummy. And at last I managed to get out what I'd been wanting to say all along; that it was awfully fine and plucky of her to come after her brother to get sixpence for the poor little girl, and that I didn't want it paid back again.

She wouldn't let me for a long time; but at last she said it was very nice of me, and, if I insisted, she would let me pay; and then she asked what my Christian name was; and when I said Richard, she was so pleased, because that was her favourite name—Richard Cœur de lion being her particular hero.

Then we began talking about the difference between now and the history times. Maud said how she wished she lived in the days of chivalry. I said the knights had rather a gaudy time then; but it must have been beastly slow for the women, with no books to read or pianos to play, and they lived in the most nasty, uncomfortable way; and I was going to tell her more that Mr. North had told us, but she wouldn't let me go on, and said I was "horrid!"

Then presently (and I don't exactly know how it came about) I agreed to be her knight, and she was to set me a task to prove me, like the girls in the days of chivalry. After I'd promised, Maud put her hands under her chin and stared for a long time out to sea.

"The day after to-morrow," she said to me at last, "Mrs. Brandon is giving a fancy dress dance. It's Sybil Brandon's birthday. I'm going as a Japanese girl. My Uncle Dick brought me a lovely Japanese dress last time he came from Japan. I shall wear chrysanthemums with it. Will you get me some?"

I didn't think that much of a task, as I happened to be flush; I'd sold my stamp album for eight-and-six to Aspland Minor, having got tired of collecting.

"Yes," says Maud, "but I want some of Dr. Greatorex's red chrysanthemums."

I explained that was quite impossible. There had been a chrysanthemum show the week before in the town, and the Doctor's wonderful red chrysanthemums had been much talked about. They were the biggest and darkest red ever seen. He was awfully proud of them too.

"Impossible!" pouted Maud. "Oh! The knights of old didn't talk like that when a lady honoured them by setting them a task to do. They just went and did it."

"But," says I, puzzled, "I can't ask the Doctor for any, and Markham, the gardener, can't be squared."

Markham was an old soldier, and he'd been a long time in the Doctor's employ. He'd caught Tomkins stealing pears the end of last term. Tomkins had been dared to do it, and he was in an awful funk at being caught, for the Doctor thought him a model boy, and he offered Markham two sovereigns to let him go, and he'd have paid it too, for his people are beastly rich. But Markham wouldn't, though he never told the Doctor that Tomkins had tried to bribe him. He always wore a shabby green coat, and after that he got the name of the "Sea-green Incorruptible"—Johnson Major gave it him; it was what one of the French Revolution chaps was called. I told Maud all this.

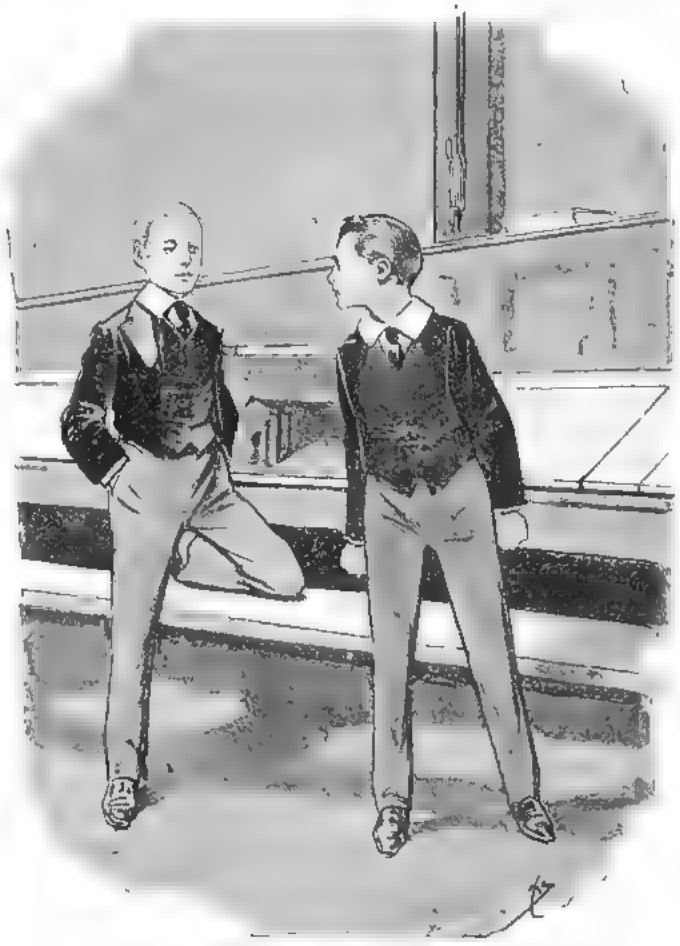
"There are other ways if you aren't afraid," she answers.

"Afraid!" I shouted, and I jumped up. "Mr. Hervey once told Mr. North I'd cheek enough for twenty. It's a fact—Moxon overheard him. There isn't a single fellow in the whole Lower School who dare say I'm afraid, because if they did I'd jolly soon show them what for."

"Then why do you talk about impossibilities when I say I want those red chrysanthemums? Why don't you get them instead of boasting?"

"I will," I answers. "I'll show you the sort of chap I am," for I was in an awful ruck at a mere kid of a girl daring to talk to me like that. And I would have said more, but just then the clock at St. Peter's struck six, and Maud said she ought to be home by now, and I knew I'd get an impot for being late, so we both bolted, hardly saying good-bye to each other.

That evening, as I sat over my Virgil, I thought over it all. Of course, to go and prig the chrysanthemums out of the conservatory looked like stealing, even if I could bring it off without being caught. Still, if I did it to oblige a lady it wasn't quite the same thing, and I could leave half a crown behind me to compensate. That seemed a rattling good idea, and I began to wonder if I could get into the conservatory without the Sea-green Incorruptible nabbing me. That would mean a whacking, and Johnson Major would tell them at home. He wasn't to be squared either, and might think it his duty to lick me into the bargain. I began to wish I hadn't met Maud, and then I



"IF YOU MENTION YOUR SISTER'S NAME AND MINE TO ANY FELLOW IN THE SCHOOL WE'LL MEET IN THE FIVES COURT AFTER TWELVE."

was glad I had. In the end I couldn't decide if I was glad or sorry, but couldn't do the rotten old Æneid a bit that night, and had to get up early next day and sweat it up.

When Jackson came and sat down at his desk, before morning school, he looked hard at me. I nodded, and began arranging the books in my desk. Then he whispered :—

"Maud says she hasn't to pay you the sixpence."

"All right," I answers.

"Has she been getting over you?"

I didn't answer.

"I'll swear she has. I say, this is a joke to tell the fellows."

I reckoned it was time to stop him, and so I got up and said :—

"Jackson, I've a jolly good idea I can lick you. Now if you mention your sister's name and mine to any fellow in the school, we'll meet in the fives court, if you please, after twelve."

"I daresay you can lick me. Anyway, I don't think it's worth fighting over. I'll say nothing. Only I'd like to warn you——"

"Shut up now! I don't want your warnings," I said, but I was more than a bit surprised at his declining to fight. He'd fought three chaps the term before, and was awfully plucky. We were just about a size, so it would have been a good fight.

"Well, here's a note for you," and he jerked a small pink envelope into my desk.

It wasn't till after twelve that I found an opportunity to read it. It ran as follows :—

Leave them at Bridge's the confectioner's before two o'clock to-morrow. Give them to the red-haired girl and mention my name. Brave knight, do not fail me.—MAUD.

Instead of doing my impot before dinner, I sat writing a reply. It took a long time, and I found it beastly difficult. At last I wrote :—

DEAR MISS MAUD,—I'll do my best to gratify your wish, and if I fail the pain of the consequences will be nothing to my grief at disappointing you.—RICHARD.

I thought that rather neat, and sealed it up with wax, and addressed it to Miss Maud Jackson, and gave it to Jackson during afternoon school to give to his sister.

The rest of that day I thought over my plan of campaign. The garden, where the conservatory is, lies to the left of the playground, and none of us boys were supposed to enter it. I decided eleven o'clock the best time to go; Markham came to the kitchen then always for his "elevens," so that gave me the biggest chance of getting at the flowers without being caught. Of course, I must take my chance of Mrs. Greatorex being there, or any visitors, only there weren't any staying at the school-house then. We would be doing algebra from half-past ten to half-past eleven.

At five minutes to eleven next day I pricked my nostril inside with a pin, then I asked permission to leave the room as my nose was bleeding; which, of course, it was. The playground was quite empty; I stood in the shadow of the fives court, till I saw old Markham come through the garden gate and walk towards the house. Then I made a rush in, and went straight for the conservatory where the chrysanthemums were. The prize red ones I was after made a fine show. I took all there were out, about fifteen blossoms, laid my half-crown where old Markham could see it easily, tore out again and back to the fives court.

After I'd rested a couple of minutes I wrapped the flowers up in a newspaper I'd got for the purpose, and then went into the town at a hard trot with them. You see, it was pretty fairly safe, because all the masters were at school. I handed the flowers to the red-haired girl, and was back in the class-room, doing algebra, at twenty minutes past eleven. Smart work, wasn't it?

But all that day I felt a bit uneasy. There wasn't a word heard among us boys that afternoon about the missing flowers, but yet it must come out. When I went to bed that night I thought of Maud, and wondered how she was looking at the dance. But I began to wish I hadn't done it. I'd been thinking so hard how to do it, I hadn't thought much of the consequences; but there was bound to be ructions.

I wished it a good deal more, next day, for, as soon as breakfast was over, the Doctor said: "Johnson Minor, follow me to my study, if you please." And I knew then it had all come out. It had, and this was how: The Doctor and Mrs. Greatorex had gone to the party, being friends of Mrs. Brandon, and the first person they saw was Maud, wearing the red chrysanthemums. The Doctor knew his flowers at once, and began to ask who she was. Maud was in charge of her governess—her mother being away from home—and she told the Doctor the tale Maud had told her, that the red-haired girl at Bridge's had given them to her. That, of course, didn't satisfy the Doctor, and he began to cross-examine Maud, and she got frightened and confessed the whole truth. She was taken home at once by the governess in disgrace.

As for me I had such a long lecture I thought I shouldn't be whacked at all. The Doctor began by saying he knew why I did it, and then to point out I'd committed an immoral, barefaced, vulgar theft, and nothing more. No sophistry could veil the fact. As for my leaving half a crown for the flowers I took, and doing it

to please a girl who had incited me thereto, that didn't make it any better. He was quite patient, explaining all this to me, and so gentle about it I felt awfully mean and shabby, and nearly blubbed. But it really wasn't fair, for when I said I saw how wrong I'd been and all the rest, he said he was very glad to hear it, and then he went to the cane cupboard and brought out a cane.

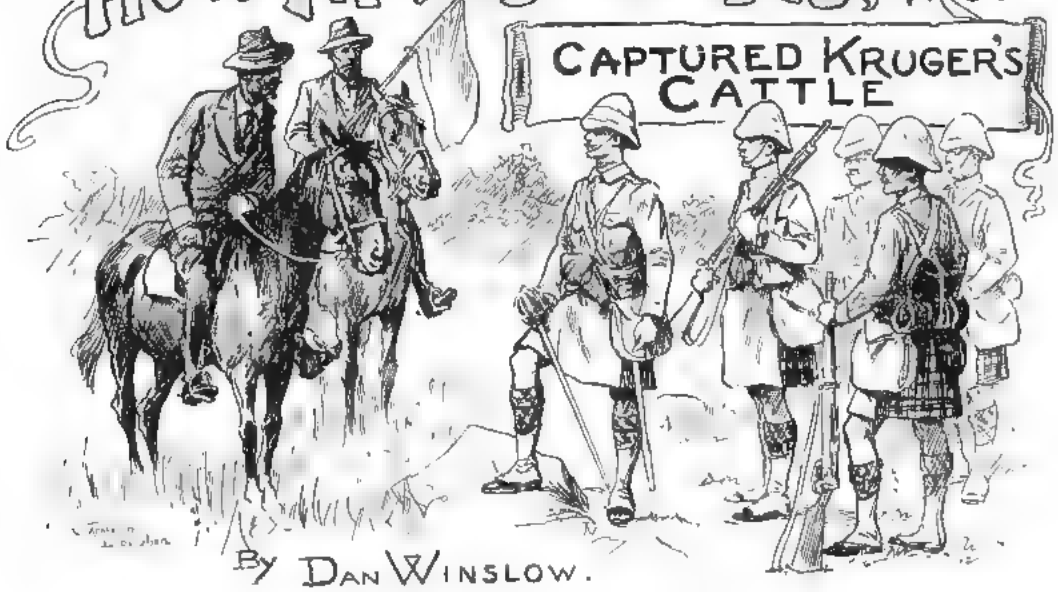
"I should have been sorry to chastise you thinking you had done rather a fine thing in stealing those flowers," he said; "but if you now see your act in its true colours, you see also the justice of punishment," and then he gave me the soundest caning I ever had before or after that day.

Next day Jackson told me why he wouldn't take me up when I threatened him. He was going to the Brandon's dance, and was afraid of a black eye, and now I must either fight him or allow he could lick me. I hadn't the spirit to fight that day, and allowed he could lick me. I did that three days, and then, feeling all right again, punched his nose. It was a good fight, and we were just about even, when Crosbie and Vipan stopped it and made us shake hands. I wasn't sorry. As for Maud, I took no further interest in her; but Jackson told me later she'd been sent to a girls' boarding school.

And I hate drill worse than ever.

I HAD SUCH A LONG LECTURE I THOUGHT I SHOULDN'T BE WHACKED AT ALL.

How MACDONALD, V.C.



By Dan Winslow.

Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

ONE day I was acting as one of the sentries on the south-east side of the town wall. It was late in the afternoon, and the hot sunshine was crackling everything into a dry heat.

A hundred yards or so to the right of where I stood was a length of high wall, on which were seated six little nigger boys, all laughing and chattering like magpies.

Splendid little chaps they were, as merry as crickets, always full of fun and laughter. Bugler Mac had taken them in hand, obtained parts of old khaki uniforms and dummy guns and swords for them, and there they were—the Ladysmith Boys' Brigade. My! weren't they proud—and Mac, too. It was his first command.

Just as I was being relieved for the day the Boers stopped their firing. In the distance we could make out two mounted Boers approaching, holding a fluttering white flag aloft. On they came, nearer and nearer, straight towards the town. When half a mile away, Captain Dusseyne and four "Caledonians" with loaded rifles went out to meet them.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Captain Dusseyne, "What can I do for you?"

The two Boers were evidently men of education, although their "English" sounded comical. From their appearance they seemed to be men of business—lawyers or something—not the least like the ordinary rough Boer farmer.

"Me have a message from Commandant Van Hoorn got for Commandant Sir White," one of them replied.

"A message? Well, come along, gentlemen; but first you will pardon me binding your eyes," said the captain. The Boers didn't half like this, and made some objections. "Tut, men! you will come by no harm."

So they let themselves be blindfolded, and were led into the town, amid the staring soldiers, wondering what was up. Captain Dusseyne took them to Sir George's quarters.

"Hullo! what's this, captain?" asked Lord Edward Cecil, lifting his eyebrows in surprise. "Captures, or deserters—or what?"

"No, my lord. Envoys with a flag of truce, and a message from Commandant Van Hoorn to Sir George."

"So! 'Fraid they can't see him at present. Sir George is dead-beat, and resting. It's his first sleep for three nights, owing to this infernal fire of theirs. You speak English, eh? turning to one of the Boers.

"Ja, mynheer."

"Bring 'em along with you here, guard."

They were ushered into a room, their bandages removed, and were given some coffee and cigars. The door was then locked, and a sentry posted outside.

Now, next door to this room, Major Goyte, of the 13th, was roaring over Bugler Mac's story of his recent capture of the Boer train. After that feat, the little hero was made much of, and he was a favourite in the town. All this praise, well-deserved though it was, was inclined to turn Mac's head, and he was getting just the least bit cocky on the head of it—small blame to him.

There he was, in that room, laying off in his best style to the major—for his story lost nothing in the telling—and making him, as I say, roar with laughter.

"And so, sir," I heard him say, "I crept along to the engine, and sang out: '*Trein-nogmaals-levend!*' which, as you may know, sir, means, 'Train—back again—slowly,' or ye're both dead men! I had a loaded revolver to back me up, though I thought it was all up when a Boer beggar begins shooting at me from the foot-board. However, I soon settled him, and then—then, in the end, I just *made* that engine-driver—the other one dropped off rather hurriedly—drive us back, and—and—that's all, sir."

"How did you *think* of it all, you—you wily Wellington?"

"Well, sir," said Mac confidentially, after a pull at his glass of lemonade, "you see, I was the smallest *man* in the train. None of the other men could get through the railway carriage window, and they never thought of *me* getting through. Ho, ho, ho! and then I had——"

Suddenly he stopped and looked round. Tip-toeing across to the door leading into the room where the Boer envoys were, he saw a large listening ear applied to the keyhole.

"Keep quiet, if you please, sir," he whispered knowingly to Major Goyte, backing out of the room by the other door, "and I'll just see what this means," pointing to the ear. Presently he reappeared cautiously, without making any noise.

"Boer envoys from Van Hoorn!" he said softly to the major.

"Now, sir," he continued, looking flushed and excited. "I—I have just—by your leave, sir, we shall give them something to fill their ears with. Ye're not angry with me, major?" But the amused major, wondering what he was after, entered into the spirit of the thing, and took on at once.

"Go ahead, my young Napoleon," he whispered back to Mac, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Then, my lord," says Mac so loudly, yet slowly, that the big ear at the keyhole kind of shook with the concussion, and then returned, "we attack the Boers in full force to-night?"

"To-night, lieutenant, when the sun sets—a surprise attack. Have all your men ready; but let no one know beforehand. Remember, it is to be kept secret. Only a few men are to be left in the town, and all the rest of us are to set out."

The major saw what Mac was after, and spoke as slowly and loudly as he could, so that the Boers could take in what he was saying. There was the sound of pencil on paper, and then Mac, stooping carefully down, drew the Major's attention to *another* ear at the bottom of the door, on a level with the floor.

The major thought he would have to leave the room, or explode; but Mac was too excited, and too deadly intent upon his purpose to deceive these eavesdroppers, to laugh.

"You see, lieutenant," went on Major Goyte gravely, "Sir George White has decided to have a try to repulse the Boers at the nearest point to our lines. The 91st Lancers, with their *pointed sticks* are going to do good work. *Five hundred* of them are going to-night. There's nothing like a good lance for close quarters." The crafty major knew the Boers' dread of these "pointed sticks," and carefully emphasised the words. There were long-drawn, choking gasps from their listeners, and the big ears quivered like aspen leaves.

"As you say, my lord, the 'pointed sticks' will drink deep of Boer blood to-night. Ha, ha!" Mac laughed a bloodthirsty laugh. "They're sharpening them just now—putting a fine edge on them. *I* told them to do so."

Suddenly footsteps were heard coming along the corridor; the Boers sprang back from the door just as the other one was opened, and Lord Edward Cecil appeared—the real and only lord in Ladysmith, I think, and I don't know what he would think of Mac taking his name in vain.

"Sir George White will see you now," said he. "Why—what has happened? You are as white as a sheet. Wasn't the coffee good, or did the cigars disagree with you?"

"No, no, mynheer!" stammered one of them, with a ghastly grin on his face, "corfee ver' goot; smokes goot too; much oblige. Come Piet."

"H—m! Well, come along. Hi, sentry, *you* haven't been playing any tricks, have you?"

"I, sir? No, sir," returned the soldier, looking in surprise at the two visibly quaking Boers.

"These are the Boer envoys, sir," said Lord Edward to Sir George White, who had quite a different look after his long sleep.

"Good evening, gentlemen," cried he. "You have a message for me?"

"Goot *night*, Mynheer Sir White," says one, with chattering teeth, handing "Mynheer Sir White" a letter from the commandant.

Mynheer (ran the letter, in wonderfully good English), in profound admiration of your heroic defence of Ladysmith, but at the same time feeling convinced that you must perceive the hopelessness of being able to bring your brave fight to a successful close, and moved by a sense of pity of the havoc which my cannon wreak amongst your brave compatriots, I hereby solemnly pledge myself to send free to the nearest British lines all your non-combatants, women and children—if you will surrender. You, sir, have done your duty nobly. No one can expect more of you. A Boer could not have done better. If only to spare the women and children, I appeal to you, in the name of humanity, to agree to my terms. But, if you persist in your useless endeavour to save the town, I am determined to take it, if only by bringing it down about you, which I shall be able to do with the siege guns specially brought from Pretoria for that purpose.—I have the honour to be, etc.,

VAN HOORN, COMMDT. AND GENL.

A smile flitted across Sir George White's mouth as he read this extraordinary production, and handed it to Lord Edward Cecil.

"What do you make of it, Cecil? A feeler, eh?"

"Bluff, sir; mere bluff! He is angry at our repulse of his attempts to storm the town."

"Gentlemen, you can tell your general I have not the slightest intention of surrendering. We can easily hold out for months yet, if need be. His talk is absurd. Tell your master, in reply to what he says about the women and children, if he is the humane man he professes to be, he will at least refrain from bombarding the hospital. You can see the Red Cross flag flying over it. That is my answer. You understand what I have said, eh?"

"Ja, ja, goot, I onderstand, Sir White," said Piet, making for the door; "Come, Jacob."

During the interview, both he and Jacob, with a scared look in their eyes, had been glancing nervously round the room; they seemed only too anxious to get away, even without an answer at all.

"And now, Cecil, to work," said Sir George White briskly, when they were gone. "The sentries must be——"

A hurried knock at the door. "Come in," he called.

In came Major Goyte, with Bugler Macdonald at his heels, the bugler stood at attention with a smart salute.

"Can I have a few words with you, sir?" asked the major breathlessly. "I have a most extraordinary story to tell. I happened to be talking to Macdonald here, in the room next to the one where these Boer envoys were. To our surprise we suddenly saw a large ear glued to the keyhole, listening to us. Shortly afterwards *another* ear appeared at the bottom of the door. Macdonald slipped out quietly to see what it meant, and then returned and told me. When we were satisfied they were listening on purpose to our talk—and there was the sound of writing on paper, too—we commenced, half in jest, half in earnest, to

"GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN TELL YOUR GENERAL I HAVE NOT THE SLIGHTEST INTENTION OF SURRENDERING."

give them something worth listening to, to teach 'em a lesson. It was entirely Macdonald's idea; he thought of it. We told them of an intended attack on their lines to-night by nearly the whole of the garrison, giving exact details of the intended point of assault, and Macdonald chipped in with a fanciful bit about the Lancers' 'pointed sticks,' and how, with luck, they would drink deep of Boer blood to-night. When we heard their vivid gasps of horror, and their frightened whispers, there could be no doubt about their having understood. It was the funniest thing, sir," and the major started laughing merrily.

"And you did this——?"

"We have a chance of capturing that herd of

cattle, sir. We can watch if the Boers take alarm. The envoys certainly returned in a frantic hurry."

"Well—upon—my—word! *That's* why they looked so scared. You say Macdonald commenced this—this fairy tale?"

"Absolutely his idea."

"The boy is a second Baden-Powell. Macdonald, you will rise to be a great man, my boy, if you always use your wits in this way," said Sir George kindly. "Come with me; we must see into this." They hurried to the look-out tower, and looked long and earnestly through their night glasses. Sure enough, the Boers had not listened in vain. They had returned and given the alarm. The Boer camp, on one of the lowermost hills, where their guns had prevented us hitherto from being able to capture their cattle and sheep (which could be plainly seen from Ladysmith) was in the greatest commotion. The men, in their panic, were swarming pell-mell up the hill; it was evidently a case of every man for himself. This much we could make out, and—they *could not* take their cattle with them up the mountain. Sir George White gave hurried orders for a squadron of Lancers and one of Hussars to have a dash for their capture, and the "Boot and Saddle" sang out clear. In a few moments everything was ready. The troopers, flinging themselves on their horses and seizing their rifles, formed up in the street. Sir George gave Major Goyte his orders, and they slipped quickly out of the town and across the veldt towards the Boer lines. As they cantered up to the base of the mountain, Major Goyte instructed Captain Dusseyne to round up the mob of cattle, and, leaving his horses in charge of a trooper, proceeded, with four others, to climb silently up the face of the hill, to where the yawning cannon peeped. Not a single Boer was to be seen, although they could hear their shouts away at the top. The cannon were quickly spiked. A big wooden shed — evidently the enemy's quarters—was standing back from their guns, and protected by the side of a cliff. Great barrels full of flour and mealies were scattered about, sides of "biltong" were hanging up, and old trunks and cooking pots and pans were lying about anyhow. One or two candles stuck in bottles gave a dim light. Several rough stone steps led down to somewhere beneath the row of cannon. It was full of barrels. A trooper opened one of them. It was full of gunpowder! So were the rest. There was only one thing to do. Quickly all the barrels were prized open, and the gunpowder poured over the floor of the cave. Major Goyte then laid a train up the stone steps, and at the end carefully placed half an inch of lighted candle. Clambering down the mountain side, they leapt on their horses, and galloped back across the veldt towards Ladysmith. Just before they reached it, there was an awful explosion from behind, and the town in front was for a moment all lighted up in a sudden glare of light. Wheeling round their startled horses, they saw with amaze, huge columns of fire shooting upwards, playing with masses of rock and twisted cannon. It was the last of the Boer camp!

Meanwhile, the Boers in charge of the cattle had at once surrendered to Captain Dusseyne. It was the only thing for them to do. The laughing troopers—for it was new work for them—circled the bellowing mob of cattle, and a flock of terrified sheep, and headed them for the town. It was exciting work; but they managed to round them up, and drive them safely in. What a sight it was to us hungry people!

"Bugler Macdonald," said Sir George to him, laying his arm with affectionate admiration on the boy's shoulder: "is there anything I can do for you?

"Yes, sir!" says Mac, saluting.

"And what's that?"

"Please, sir, fit out them jolly little Kaffir boys with *proper* khaki uniforms, and *real* accoutrements!"

It was done.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

[By way of a change I am making the "Reviews" this month a series of extracts. The next time reviews appear they will consist of criticisms in the usual way.—Ed. "Captain."]

"The Charterhouse."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Carthusian*.]

Now that B.P. has had his turn
Who as a boy erstwhile went from us,
People, I think, might really learn
The name of our ancestral *domus*.

"The Charterhouse"—you shudder—yes!
Is what we're called by all the dailies:
Need I say more? You know th' *Express*,
You know, you well know, what the *Mail* is.

"The Charterhouse!" ah, rankling thought!
Yet when the Boers next are beaten
We'll find that Bobs in some report
Was educated at "the Eton."

A. D.

The Bull Ring.

A bull fight is as much to a Spaniard as a big football match is to the average Englishman. Every Spanish town of any size has its bull ring, and when a fight is to take place all the country-folk from miles round troop into the town, the town puts on a festive appearance, and business is to a certain extent suspended for a time. A fight is usually timed to begin about 4 o'clock, so as to give people time for their *siesta*, the one thing above all others a Spaniard is unable to dispense with. The ring itself is built on almost precisely the same principles as the ancient Greek and Roman amphitheatres, that is to say, the seats are arranged all round the ring, rising one above the other like a flight of steps, so that everyone present is able to obtain a good view of what is going on, and the fact that the Spanish *senoritas* wear lace mantillas over their heads, prevents the grievance of the *matinée* hat. Around the ring there is a good stout barrier about 5ft. high; then, with an interval of about 10yds., there is another and considerably higher barrier, after which the seats commence. The space between the two fences affords a haven of refuge for the men in the ring when chased by the bull, and there is no doubt about its being needed, for it often happens that the bull gets so close to the man he is chasing, that when the man leaps lightly over the fence the bull is unable to stop in time, and madly charges the barrier. There is no roof to the building, and consequently one half is in the shade whilst the other half is in sunshine; the price of a seat in the shade is exactly double what it is in the sun.

The first thing that strikes an onlooker unaccustomed to these sights, is the number of small fans waving to and fro in the sunshine, every lady and the greater number of the men carrying one. Another thing which strikes an Englishman greatly is the number of ladies and small children who attend these entertainments; but it is part of a Spaniard's life, and tiny children may be seen clapping their hands vigorously when anything particularly exciting occurs.

H. G. B.
From the *Portmuthian*.

Bullets.

I have assisted at the dressing of most of the men. Some sights were not pretty, but it has been by no means so horrible as I feared. Bullets seem to be able to go anywhere without touching a vital part, and men seem to have five and more wounds without succumbing. I saw one bullet taken out of a Kaffir's calf that was mushroom shaped, and another had got to be like a top boot. The same bullet in several cases went through a man's arm, and leg or shoulder. One poor wretch

apparently had a bullet clean through his head, coming out just above his eye. He seems all right, and the wound, if not healed, is rapidly healing; but he has forgotten everything, even to his name and regiment.

[Extract from a letter addressed to the *Mill Hill Magazine* by R. J. Johnson, M.A., Head-master of Burghersdorp School—formerly a master at Mill Hill.]

The Shrewsbury School "Eight."

CHARACTERS.

SAVAGE - ARMSTRONG.—A good stroke, with plenty of pluck and dash, warranted to go to the finish.

GASKELL.—A sterling worker, with very fair style, and also a stayer.

APPLETON.—An erratic slider but most honest shover, rather over-placed at 6.

BUTLER - LLOYD. — A very promising if somewhat argumentative oarsman. In capable hands he should be heard of again.

DIXON.—A hard worker, but owing to excessive arm-work tires early.

COBB.—Proved a great acquisition considering the short time he has had in good company.

WACE.—A good stayer, but rather choppy at the finish.

POYSER.—An excellent stayer, who does not suffer from nerves, and is cheerful even in extremes.

CROSS. — A very promising oarsman for the future, when his cubic contents have been made equal to his length.

VINT.—A sage and cheerful coxswain.

From the *Salopian*.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Through the Battle-Smoke.

COLENSO, *Dec. 15th*, 1899.

On the long, low ridge, the ten guns stand silent and deserted, save only for the dead and dying who lie round them; for no living man could stand there and serve the pieces under that hail of bullets. Down below and behind the row of guns is a subaltern trying to save two of them — all that can be got away. One has but two horses and the other one; and the drivers, with whips up and spurs hard at work, are riding for their lives. Behind comes an ammunition waggon, but with two horses only, and never a man near them. From long habit they follow the guns, and so gain safety. The bare African veldt seems to boil and seethe under the storm of shot and shell poured on it. Overhead the hot southern sun blazes down out of a cloudless sky, while round and round, without a movement of their wings, swing the great vultures from the Drakensberg, waiting only for quiet to come before they descend to the feast thus provided for them. This is war; this is what the thousands who see the great troopships leaving the quays never see; and this is the great game which we—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, as we may be—hold that no troops can play like our own.

T. H. B.

From the *United Services College Chronicle*.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Will Contain a Thrilling Story of The Siege of Paris,

By D. H. PARRY,

Entitled: "THE ASSAULT OF THE STUDIO."

SPECIAL PAGES

CONTRIBUTED BY READERS

THIS month one year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to MISS MAUD PARSONS, c/o Mr. Cooper, East Street, Braunton, N. Devon, for her story printed below.

A Girl and a Bull.

Now of all things in the world that I am afraid of it is a bull—let loose. Inside a strong barn I have often ventured to tease one, but a bull at liberty!

A few days ago I was cycling along the road to Barnstaple, enjoying the scenery, lightened by the last rays of the setting sun—to be poetic—when I turned a corner of the road. Here it narrowed considerably, and was hedged in with tall trees and banks of ferns. I may mention that a deep ditch ran along either side of the road.

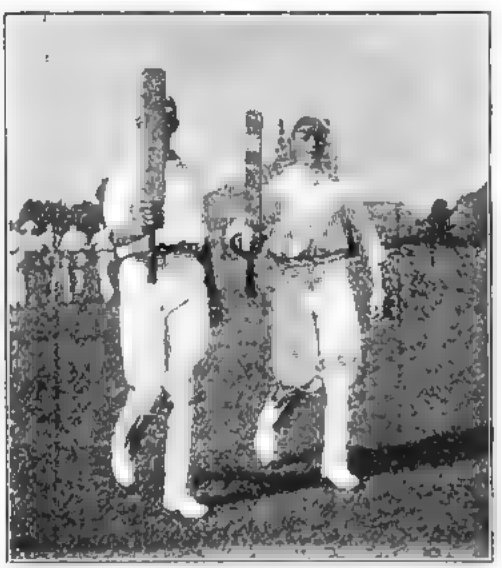
It being rather muddy I rode slowly, not wishing to "do a skid," when I heard in the distance a noise which made me feel queer—a deep, roaring bellowing.

Still nothing appeared to mar the beauty of that still evening, and on I rode. I turned yet another corner, and—what's that? My heart—if not my bike—stood still, for there, coming towards me, lumbering heavily along, was a large bull!

What *could* I do? Turn back? Never! The road here was very narrow, and if I skidded in turning!

Get off? For the life of me I *could* not!

Ride on? The only other alternative; so, wobbling along in the mud, and ringing my two bells furiously, I rode at the bull. He came thundering along until about 40yds. away; then he stopped, half turned, and stood lashing his tail about. Then he went back a few paces, and I came nearer and nearer. Again he stopped, this time right in my path, so that to pass him I should have to go into one of the ditches—and then, if I fell off! Oh, the inexpressible agony of that minute! Suddenly, to my relief and unbounded joy, he moved on one side, and stood evidently hesitating as to what he should do. Here was my opportunity. I gave a frenzied spurt, and flew past him. The moment I was beyond him he recovered the use of the senses which seemed to have deserted *me*, and rushed after me. I simply pushed with all my might at my horrid little American pedals, and, of course, missed both and nearly fell off. However, by a superhuman effort I recovered myself, and saw in the distance the figures of a woman and girl with—oh, joy!—long sticks in their hands, evidently heading for the "enemy I had left behind me." As I passed them I shouted out that there was a bull behind who, I thought, was a "little fierce" (if they had only known what I suffered!), and they answered that he had broken down a strong hedge and escaped from a farm, the occupants being in mortal terror for fear he should do damage. I sped on for about half a mile before I dared look back. When I did so I saw the last of



PHOTOGRAPH OF MESSRS. MEADE-KING AND G. H. MARTYN.
Taken by F. A. Bailey.
"I think it was too bad of Meade-King to put up his bat in front of his face just as I was taking it."

my-dreaded foe being driven through a gate. And thus ended my adventure with the bull. Whether he was really fierce, or whether only frightened at the sight of a "creature on wheels," I know not, but all I say is this—that never again do I wish to experience such an adventure as I did on that lovely night in the Barnstaple Road.

MAUD PARSONS.

The Marshal and the Major.

I often hear people speak of French and English animosity, especially at this time; so much so, that I cannot refrain from mentioning an anecdote relating to French generosity towards the British in the Peninsular War.

A grand-uncle of mine, speaking one day of Marshal Soult, told me this anecdote, which he himself had heard from the great marshal's lips.

A major, who had been wounded, was taken prisoner by Soult at Corunna. He was well taken care of, and when better was often a guest at the marshal's table. One day, seeing him dejected and very cast down, Soult asked him the reason: "Are you not well treated? Are you not properly looked after?"

The major answered that he had nothing to complain of on that score. At last, after much persuasion, he said that he grieved to think that his mother, of whom he was the only support, had had no news of him since the battle, and that she must of necessity conclude that he was dead.

WINGFIELD MANOR.
Where Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned for some years.
Photograph by J. Westerdale.

"If only," said he, "I could write to her, or send her a message, I would feel at rest."

The marshal, much affected at such devotion to an aged mother, said that, if he would write a letter, he (Soult) would guarantee its arriving at its destination.

A few days after, the marshal brought him a piece of paper, saying that, having written to the Minister of War, he had received for him a free pardon. "I thought," said Soult, "that you would prefer to carry the message yourself. A ship leaves to-morrow, and you will soon be able to embrace your mother."

On another occasion, the marshal said that the Spanish could never forget that we (the French) were their enemies, but that the English prisoners were always on the best of terms with their captors.

N.B.—I am proud to say, that my great grandfather was himself one of Napoleon's trusty generals, having been with him through all his glorious campaigns.

JOSE G. DE YBARRONDO.

Wingfield Manor.

I am writing to you about Wingfield Manor—an interesting place I went to see during the summer holidays. It is now in ruins, the only intact part being the crypt. It belonged to William Peverel, a son of William the Conqueror; then it passed through the hands of Heriz and Bellers and came into the possession of Lord Cromwell, and at his death into that of the Shrewsbury family. Mary, Queen of Scots, was entrusted to the Earl of Shrewsbury's care, and she lived at Wingfield Manor for some years. The windows and the only remaining wall of her rooms can be seen to-day. Mary was a great expense to the Earl, for she had in attendance on her forty-seven persons, and she and her suite occupied twenty rooms. Mary left Wingfield for the last time in 1585.

During the civil war Wingfield was stormed by the Earl of Newcastle and taken in four days. After a long siege the manor was retaken by Major-General Crafford's forces, and some of the cannon balls and the holes in the walls can be seen to-day at the manor, one cannon ball recently found weighing 32lbs.

In 1646, Parliament ordered the manor to be destroyed, but this was only partly done. Later on, what remained of the manor came into the hands of the Haltons, and eventually the estate was divided.

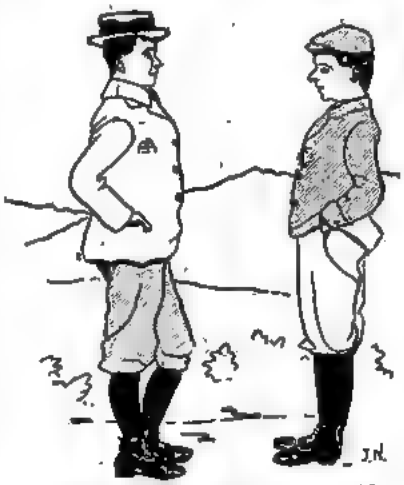
It is a very interesting spot and very beautiful, and is soon reached from Matlock. The photograph I send was taken by my brother.

T. L. WESTERDALE.

Concerning Our Whale.

I had the unusual opportunity during the summer holidays of examining a huge whale, which was washed up on the shore of the German Ocean, near my father's vicarage at Grimston—twelve miles east of Hull. The monster was found, derelict and dead, floating in the North Sea. The finders towed it first into Scarborough, intending to exhibit it there; but the authorities of that fashionable watering place objected to the "very ancient and fish-like smell" of the cetacean, and ordered it to sea again. It broke away from the tug during the night, and on Monday morning, September 3rd, was cast ashore about forty miles south of Scarborough. The monster was at first described as a sperm whale; but a local naturalist, Mr. Petch, of Hedon, declares it to be "a common rorqual." "The sperm whale does not attain a length of 70ft. The rorqual is easily identified by the ribbed skin of the throat, small back fin, slate-coloured baleen (whalebone), and absence of teeth." The length of the present specimen is 74ft.; fluke, 7ft. 0ins.; flipper, about 6ft. As there is already a rorqual's skeleton in the Hull museum, it is proposed, I believe, to secure that of the newcomer for the pleasure grounds at the adjacent watering place of Withernsea. It appears that, when washed on shore, it became Her Majesty's property—"fish royal"—and was taken possession of by the coast-guard, who sold the carcass to a local speculator for £10. The oil, whalebone, etc., is said to be worth six or seven times as much; but the fish lies in an awkward place, under a cliff, and far from a road. The job of salvaging it will not be a pleasant one. The smell is—well—something *not* nice!

EDGAR DONOVAN,
Cadet: Training Ship *Conway*.



NOAKES: "Why is George Newnes, Ltd., publishing office like a ship?"
MOAKES: "Give it up!"
NOAKES: "Because there's a CAPTAIN to steer it o'er the *Wide World*, so that it may not be *Stranded*."

By J. Noakes.

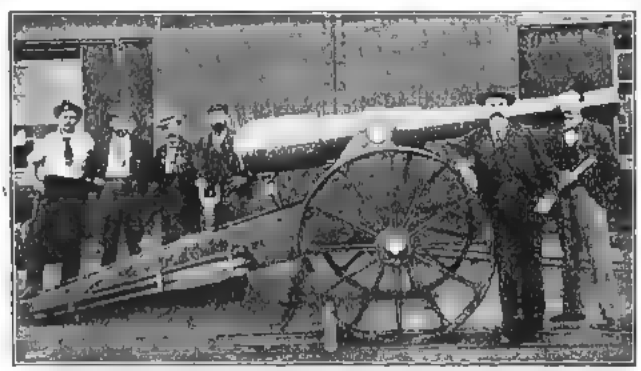
C'est Magnifique, Mais—

Half the school, half the school,
Half the school round them,
All in the camera's lens
Gaze the eleven.
"Forward the Kodak brigade,
Snap for the team," he said.
Into the camera's lens
Gaze the eleven.

Kodak to right of them,
Kodak to left of them,
Kodak in front of them
Clatter and rattle.
Fearless they sit at ease
Minding their Q's and P's,
All so demure and prim,
Try to "look pleasant, please";
Proving their mettle.

When can those photos fade?
O what a sight they're made!
All the school laughed.
Think of what they've endured,
For they've been caricatured,
Not photographed.

From the "Sedberghian."



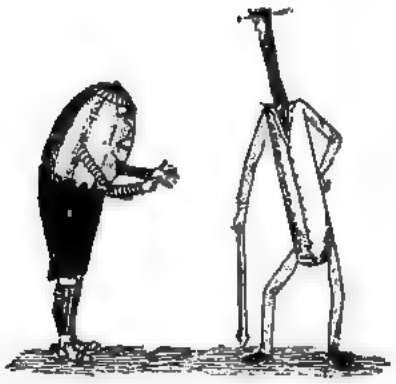
"LONG CECIL," 28-POUNDER BREECH-LOADING GUN.

Manufactured in De Beers workshops during the siege. Mr. Labram, the designer, is standing with his arm resting on the wheel, Mr. Goffe, the draughtsman, being on his left, holding the drawings in his hand. Grouped near the breech are the men who superintended the building of this remarkable and successful piece of ordnance.

From "The Siege of Kimberley."

More about Cheap Photography.

In reply to Mr. Howlden's article on "Cheap Photography," I beg to inform you that it really is expensive. The developing dishes he describes would cost a lot more than 2d. for which you can get them for ½-plate size in Bristol; and what are the dishes when you have made them? The lamp which he advises would cost 6d. or



Mr. Cricket: "I say, Mr. Football, you might have the decency to divide the seasons more equally between us?"
Mr. Football: "Well you see, old chap, you make your big scores so quickly that I am obliged to take longer time to get level with you."
Drawn by W. B. Huntly.

more, whereas you can get a neat, square japanned lamp with red glass front for 4d. If, as he says, you paint it with Brunswick Black, the first time you use it it will burn and smell.

I again contradict him about the candle, which is quite unsuccessful, as the heat melts the wax. Why not use a night-light? I will now give a few hints :—

Mounting.—The chief drawback to an amateur is mounting, especially in the case of a gelatino-chloride print. Many boys—or even men—have a great prejudice against starch paste for mounting, but, nevertheless, it is the best. First of all, paste the top of the print lightly, and then gradually lay the other part down; then take a clean piece of blotting-paper and place it on the top and squeegee down. This will cause the paste to ooze out from the edges of the print, and, after carefully lifting the blotting-paper, so as not to drag any of the paste on the face of the print, the edges should be wiped clean with a small damp sponge.

Don't throw away your spoilt films.—I am sure most people throw away their old films, but they preserve all kinds of silver, plating, etc., and boys with bicycles should take particular notice. First get 1oz. of anayl-acetate, and, having stripped the gelatine from your spoilt films in hot water, cut up the celluloid into little pieces and drop them into the liquid. In a short time it will be completely dissolved, and the varnish is ready for use.

Frank Cyril Kirby.

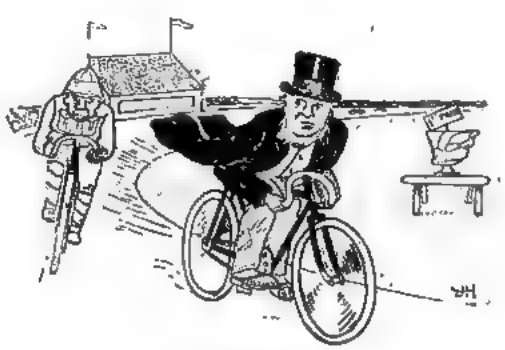
That Simple Barometer!

The barometer mentioned in your September "Special Pages" would vary in the same manner as a real barometer so far as pressure changes are concerned, but it would also vary with temperature owing to the varieties in volume of the enclosed air. And as temperature changes are much greater and more frequent than pressure changes, this barometer would agree very seldom with a real one. Moreover, on a hot day, this barometer, owing to the increased volume of the enclosed air, would fall (the hotter the day the greater the fall), presaging a storm, or, at least, rain. Thus the unfortunate owner would be carrying an umbrella on the calmest day; but it might come in useful as a parasol.

"A Critic."

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

An Admirer of C. J. B. Wood.—Mr. Wood must be flattered. What an enthusiast you are! You can get Mr. Fry's autograph by writing to him and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Verses not quite "up to form." **J. A. Rose.**—Your "Ode o Misery and Fatigue" pictures you as being in a very sorry state indeed. Been playing football, or representing yourself as a "pro-Boer"? **H. E. Fost.**—A very ancient chestnut, that one about the butter under the man's coat. **Norfolk Dumpling.**—Why have you got your knife into Major Poore? **Fred. J. Rose.**—Not bad; try again. **W. H. G.**—Hope to print your suggested "badge" design. The essay is a little late, as interest in the war is evaporating. **John Cox.**—Try again. **Welsey.**—Your verses on "Golf" just picture—though unevenly—the feelings a learner experiences. At first it is vexation, which gives way, when you have learned your "drive," "approach," and "putt," to exhilaration, finishing up with intense gratification on landing the Monthly Medal. But *you* "foozle" your metre somewhat. Try again. **P. H. B.**—That baby sparrow was a plucky little chap; I'm glad you rescued it. Send in something rather longer—something you have noticed in your walks, I mean. We people who live in smoky London like to read of country happenings—of birds, and beasts, and flowers. Such little accounts come like breaths of fresh air. **H. S. Fleming.**—I would rather read of your favourite character in fiction. **A. O. M.**—Essay too long. Adopt a simpler style, and do not strain after "flowery" sentences. **Ethel Day.**—Your poem, "The Seasons," is pretty, but goes to pieces in the last verse. You evidently have an ear for music.



The Last Lap.
Drawn by G. H. Hampton.

Try yet again. **W Vennard.**—Far too long. I don't want articles about trials of editors, either. I could easily write twenty pages on the subject myself. **C. S. Baker.**—Not quite suitable this month; try again. **F. H. Timings** would require a great deal more practice before he starts to worry comic paper editors. **Phillis Parkinson.** Sorry we cannot use the photograph and little essay on Stonehaven; it would be too late for this year. Thank you. **William B. Huntly.**—Many thanks. Can only use one sketch. We are glad to hear you are getting better. **H. E. Hutchison.**—The "Bobs" maze is not clear enough to print. Your idea is a good one. **Francis Crisp.**—Your sketches are not half bad; but I should not like to advise you to go in seriously for black-and-white work until I have seen more of your work. **David Muir.**—Your sketches from life don't show much promise so far; still, with a very great amount of practice you might, perhaps, make your "£200 to £400 per annum." When you do this, give us a call. **H. Keyworth.**—Many thanks for letter. I am never too busy to advise any of my readers. In your case, don't leave your city office until you have made at least £100 a year by sending sketches to comic papers in your spare time. Think this bit of advice well over—there's a lot in it. **C. E. Hall.**—Cannot advise you until I have seen further sketches.

Also contributions from: W. A. Harvey, "Dirk," P. S. Duffett, C. R. Harris, F. Livingstone, "Lucifer," Graeme, D. Williams, W. J. S. C., C. E. J., Daisy Pocock, F. W. Knight, T. R. Davis, C. K. Bird, J. F. K. B., W. F. Sluetburn, Walter Harley, J. O. Hughes, Sidney Smith (Victoria, Australia), W. Nettleton and other members of the crew, Victor Glenmore, Arthur Atkinson, Alec S. Hamilton, R. Jeans and others.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

No. 1.—"**Omitted Words.**" Supply the omitted words in the following paragraph, which occurs on the first page of the story which Mr D. H. Parry has written for our Christmas number. The prizes will be THREE FOUNTAIN PENS, value half-a-guinea each. The dots represent the number of letters in the twelve words left out. Write out the sentence neatly, and underline the words you supply in place of those left out.

We worked .... all through that siege, because, in the ..... place, there was so .... of interest going .. around one in the daytime that one had to make up for it .... one should have been ....; and secondly, we had both ... .. into the absolutely false idea that our ..... flowed ... when the lamps were lighted in the studio, and the ..... stove was glowing ..... in the .....

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	.. .	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—"**The Article I most want.**" Draw (in pen, pencil, or water-colours) a picture of the article you most want—bicycle, pony, camera, etc., etc. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**For Lovers of Dickens.**" State on a post-card how many times the word "Pickwick" is mentioned in "The Pickwick Papers"—not counting headings of pages. The prize in each class will be any book the winner cares to choose up to the value of 6s.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	.. ..	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**For Map-Drawers.**" Draw a map of Norway and Sweden. Prizes will be THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"**The Twelve Most Important Events in the Nineteenth Century.**" State these on a post-card. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I.	... .	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	. . . .	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	. .. .	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"**My Favourite Quotation.**" State this on a post-card. Prizes will be three books, chosen by winners, value 6s. each.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"Our Christmas Pudding."—As you will see by the list printed in the middle of this page, the pens of quite a number of CAPTAIN favourites have been chartered to give you goodly Christmas fare. This is not a complete list, as it has been compiled some time in advance; but it will give you an inkling of what you may expect. There will be pages of pictures, and poems, and strong instalments of the regular features. The price will be sixpence, and the cover will be, to say the least of it, seasonable. You will be able to pick it out from a hundred others at half-a-mile's distance—with good glasses.

"The Plums."—Of the special contents I must single out a few for particular mention, *i.e.*, Mr. D. H. Parry's story of the ever-memorable siege of Paris, entitled: "The Attack of the Studio." This relates how two artists, whose studio was situated unpleasantly near the trenches, were——(to be continued in our Christmas Number.) Mr. Fred. Swainson revives his great character "Acton" for our pudding. The story tells how, one Christmas Eve, Acton was —— (but you will see for yourselves in the Christmas Number.) Mr. Whishaw's knowledge of wolves is most extensive and peculiar, and his "Wolf Story" is the finest yarn he has spun on this subject since he began to write for THE CAPTAIN. Mr. J. Patrick, who sends me stories from Australia, relates how two fellows, spending Christmas in the "bush," were held up by bush-rangers.

"THE CAPTAIN" XMAS NUMBER

Some of the Contents.

The Cruise of the "Vengeful."	Dr. Gordon Stables.
The Greyhouse Rebellion ...	R. S. Warren Bell.
King Waterbottle	W. W. Mayland.
A Story of the Siege of Paris	D. H. Parry.
Acton's Christmas	Fred Swainson.
A Russian Wolf Story	Fred Whishaw.
A War Story	David Ker.
A Tale of a Tame Tiger ...	H. Hervey.
A Tale of an Eton Boy's Tip	Rev. E. Bradford.
A Christmas Article	"Vive la France."
A Christmas "Bush" Story...	J. Patrick.
A Sea Story	Charles Gleig.
A Hundred Years of Travelling	J. A. Kay.
Christmas Theatricals	C. Jones.

And Other Stories and Articles.

CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

CHRISTMAS POEMS.

Price 6d. **Price 6d.**

Ready Nov. 22.

"The Captain Club."—Now to other matters. A gentleman said to me the other day: "Do you know, ——, THE CAPTAIN is the most widely 'lent' magazine in the world?" I can quite believe it. I have received thousands of letters in which such phrases as "A friend of mine lent me THE CAPTAIN"; or, "I picked up THE CAPTAIN in the house of an acquaintance";

or, "Turning over the magazines in our public library I came across THE CAPTAIN"; or, "Wandering by a bookstall the other day, I caught sight of THE CAPTAIN"; or—but these will do. They illustrate my meaning plainly enough. THE CAPTAIN is *borrowed* by many people who might *buy* it. Now *borrowing* is one thing, and *buying* is another. It seems that those who *borrow* THE CAPTAIN enjoy the same privileges as those who *buy* it. Is that quite fair? No. Very well. Let us form those who *buy* THE CAPTAIN into a club and give them certain advantages which those who merely *borrow* THE CAPTAIN will not be able to enjoy.

The Same Privileges.—Do you quite understand what a costly periodical THE CAPTAIN is to produce? You write and ask questions about stamps, and employment, and athletics, and your questions are answered by experts. Do you think that these experts answer these questions just for the fun of the thing? I can assure you that they do not. And yet those who merely *borrow* THE CAPTAIN, or see it in libraries and reading-rooms, write in and have their questions answered as carefully as if they put down their sixpences every month. I put it to all of you—*is that quite fair?*

THIS POST-CARD REACHED US SAFELY. CAN YOU READ THE ADDRESS?

"What I Propose."—I want you to write and tell me what you think of my suggested CAPTAIN CLUB, the members to be composed of those who *buy* THE CAPTAIN. For all *bonâ fide* purchasers I want to make THE CAPTAIN a real source of help. I want THE CAPTAIN to be read throughout the length and breadth of this land. So write and tell me how you think a club of this sort ought to be "run." Meanwhile, I want every staunch *purchaser* of THE CAPTAIN to get me as many new *purchasers* (not borrowers) as possible. Send me in lists of the people you "get" to take THE CAPTAIN in, and I shall keep those lists and the names and addresses of the senders, who will see that the Old Fag does not forget his friends.

Imperialist writes:—"We boys are *sincere* enough, but we want encouragement; we are not taught enough. As in the next few years it is very probable that we shall pass through some more war, we must be ready. Is it not possible, somehow or other, to help the Great Volunteer Movement to be a success?—to get fellows to work in deadly earnest, not to do the least (and little enough least it is, too!) required of them as Volunteers, but to conscientiously do their utmost to be efficient?"—I think the Boer War has caused a large increase of school volunteering. I shall be glad to further the movement in every way possible by publishing results of School Class Shooting (exceptionally good scores, of course) and the portraits of "School Crack Shots." Perhaps an officer attached to a School Corps will suggest other ways in which I can help.

Dear Sir,—I write to ask if you could see your way to helping the different "school museums" about the country by devoting a small space to the names and addresses (*only*) of those curators who have specimens to exchange. At present each curator has probably any amount of duplicate specimens which lie useless, owing to the impossibility of finding the names of other collectors who are in the same plight, and to whom one could send a full list of things available for exchange. I feel sure that collectors will pay a small sum to have their names kept permanently in the list, and would equally certainly subscribe to your magazine, if they don't do so already—as they ought.

F. H. SIKES, M.A.

(Head-master, Sutton Preparatory School).

A Patriotic Father.—At the Market Weighton Petty Sessions, held in September, W. H. Grantham, sweep, applied to the Bench for the exemption from vaccination of his child, "Victoria Pretoria May Mafeking Grantham."

"The Siege of Kimberley."—I have received from the editor of the *Diamond Fields' Advertiser*, Kimberley, a very handsome *souvenir* of the "Siege of Kimberley," full of most interesting photographs, the best of which are those relating to the manufacture of "Long Cecil," a gun made by the De Beers staff.

Another very interesting picture is that of a kaffir wedding which took place during the siege; and still another—a notice on the market buildings stating that *nothing but horse-meat* could be sold! I am reproducing a picture of "Long Cecil" in the "Special Pages"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Pedge, aged eleven, informs me that his brother and he read THE CAPTAIN, and that their "pater pays for it." He wants to know whether he, his brother, or his pater should wear THE CAPTAIN badge when it comes out. Which is entitled to wear it? Well, to tell the truth, "Mr. Pedge," I don't think a person ought to wear THE CAPTAIN badge (when it comes out) unless he takes in THE CAPTAIN regularly himself, keeps it, has it bound, and "swears by it." What do you think, "Mr. Pedge"?

W. G. H. (GOSPORT) has been reading medical books and thinks he has got cancer. Oh, "W. G. H.," what a *hass* you are! Cancer very very seldom attacks young people. Don't read these books, and don't worry about your health.

R. H., referring to my reply as to which way a dog-cart would fall in going round a corner, informs me that tradesmen's carts fall on the outside. At his house there is a sharp corner, dangerous to drive round. Two tradesmen's carts have lately turned over at this point, and they both fell on the *outside*. Yes, "R. H.," but was the fat man in each cart sitting on the outside? If so, the matter is explained.

"Godge."—It is not likely you will get an editor's opinion on your work. Editors are far too busy to criticise contributions from absolute strangers. *I* do so, as that is the burden I have to bear because I am an old fag. If you enclosed a stamped envelope with your drawing, the drawing will come back very quickly if the editor doesn't want it. Do your sketch on Bristol board.

Would-be Author.—Your letter makes me feel quite embarrassed, Miss. "Dearest of dear Old Fags," indeed! Top drawer, blush locker.

Soldier's Daughter wants to know (1) what school has "white with a line of black" as its colours. (2) I do not know of any book containing the colours of various schools, colleges, cricket clubs, and regiments. (3) Certainly I will write in her birthday book.

Scisne is a Malvern boy, whose younger sister (you write very well, younger sister,) acts as his amanuensis because he has broken his arm. He wants to know all about Mr. V. S. F. Crawford, the young Surrey batsman's career. I believe Mr. Crawford is a clergyman's son, and went to Whitgift School, and as that is about all I know about him, I have handed "Scisne's" letter on to Mr. Fry.

Mansie.—(1) If you wish to preserve butterflies you should get a book called "Butterfly and Moth Collecting," price 1s. 2d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London. (2) You must get a separate album for your post-cards.

Seaflower.—(1) No, I am not Mr. Max Pemberton. (2) Get the "General Management of Canaries," price 2s. 9d. post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.

J. Gunn (KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, C. COLONY).—Yours to hand. Measurements seem to be very creditable for your age. The English price of "Sandow's Combined Developer and Expander" is 12s. 6d., but in Cape Colony you would have to pay rather more. You can obtain it from Messrs. E. W. & W. H. Fletcher, Wellington Street, Cape Town. You must consult a doctor about the other matter.

F. L. writes: King Edward's School, Birmingham, play Rugby, and not Association, as stated in your list of football results. Colonel Kekewich, the defender of Kimberley, is an Old Edwardian.

Edgar Bungey.—I will endeavour to review your mag. in the December issue. Always glad to receive news of Stationers' Company's School—cricket results, magazine, etc.

Interested Reader has a fox terrier which he thinks has a very good pedigree, but has some hairs which "seem to come out of his mouth like a moustache." He wants to know whether this is a good or bad sign. I am informed by a "doggie" friend that this is a bad sign in a fox terrier which is supposed to be pure bred. I should say that there is more than a slight suspicion that the doggie is a mongrel.

A Yorkshire Schoolgirl.—Salamanders should be kept in a vessel in which they can be in and out of the water when they please—a fernery with a dish of water in it will do admirably. Feed them on caterpillars, worms, and creatures of that sort.

Morton Kenley (CANADA).—Keep your mud-turtle in an aquarium, and feed it on insects and small fish.

G. T. S.—(1) You can obtain a chameleon from Summer's Naturalist Stores, Oxford Street, London, W. (2) Yes, insects are its only food.

Quæsitor.—Your suggestion *re* "Field Club" is good, but it would be a more suitable undertaking for a weekly paper. We have so many regular features, you see, that at present we cannot spare the space.

N. A. P.—Obtain "Scottish Clans and their Tartans," price 2s. 1d., post free, from Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 147, Strand, W.C.

Victor Glenmore writes:—The cricket bat has arrived in safety. It is a first-rate one, the spring in the handle rivalling that of the "Enchanted Bat."

Scribbler (Editor of).—Your final issue to hand. I congratulate you on your enterprise, and trust that the literary and artistic skill you display will henceforth be devoted to a more public sphere of action.

Gubbins Minor.—(1) The introduction through the Guild would warrant you to raise your hat. You did quite right. (2) Your record is a grand one. Pray consider yourself official representative of THE CAPTAIN at Dundee.

W. S. Ridge.—I have handed your letter to the athletic editor. I wish your club success and long life.

Geo. A. Gilderson (STRATHROY, ONTARIO, CANADA) would like to know whether the Mr. F. T. Gilderson, whom I replied to in the August number, is a relation of his, as "Geo. A. Gilderson" has not met with any of his relations for a number of years.

F. W. Field.—(1) Don't smoke until you are twenty-five, when you may have one pipe last thing at night. (2) Send your mag.—will review it in its turn. Best regards to all Members of the Crew at G.P.O.

H. T. Charleton.—Yes, I hope to publish short biographies of famous writers for boys, both deceased and living (deceased and living authors, of course).

Muggins' Sister.—You must not ask three

Digitized by Google

different people three different questions in one letter. If you want to write to Mr. Foster, Mr. Gooch, and Mr. Fry, you must write to them separately, and your questions will be dealt with by them in their departments in due course. Get your people to send THE CAPTAIN on to you at school.

Birdcage.—You might keep all sorts of birds which breed nicely—why not a pair of doves, which are very pretty and affectionate? Get a book called "Notes on Cage Birds," price 6s. 6d., post free from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.

Little One.—You crowd your writing somewhat. Put less words in a line. Otherwise I have not many faults to find with it. Best wishes to pater and mater.

E. M. E.—A great many of Dr. Stables' stories are founded on fact, and so I daresay "The Sauciest Boy in the Service" was. Yes, we will have some more short sea stories.

A. L. M.—If you want to exercise your muscles in your bed-room, get a "Ryan" Exerciser. The price is about 12s. Address: Maltby Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.

Also letters received from "Pennylope," "Anti-war talk" (Valparaiso), "K. G.", "B. L. Society" (Hobart), "A. W. R. Ross," "Joe S. Tomba," "B. R." (photograph of Stockport Grammar School), "Lobengula," Fred Young, "Golf," D. A. E. Mackintosh, and many others.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—"Mixed Lines."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 10s.: W. W. CLARKE PITTS, "Fernholm," Brixham, S. Devon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. RYLE NEWTON, 16, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. Buttfield, Lilian M. Tee, Charles Leigh, H. F. Mohun, Harold Brough.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, 12, Montague Street, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRED. HIGGINS, 21, Henry Street, Waterford, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Rylatt, W. A. Cragg, Ernest Law, St. Clair Bruce Wood.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

10s. divided between: ANNIE ELLIOTT, 19, Melville Street, Torquay; and BARBARA L. RICHARDSON, 6, Thornton Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION; Rowland Jepson, G. W. Ferguson, Robert Stevenson.

No. II.—"Best Drawing of a Ship."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF DRAWING MATERIALS: CUTHBERT CROSSLEY, 34, Park View, Halifax.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Stanley Wilson, Irene Martin, W. F. H. Clayton-Smith, D. G. Browne, F. E. F. Crisp, C. B. Canning, R. Boxhall, J. H. Parsonage, G. H. Cooke, F. Livingstone, G. Mitchell, G. R. Thornton, R. N. Norwell, Fred. Carter, Olive C. Lupton, Guy Centaro, E. Kirkham.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF DRAWING MATERIALS: DOROTHY M. SNOW, Camden Rise, Chislehurst, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Kerr, H. W. Howe, Fred. Inkster, Jack Brown, A. B. Clements, Stuart Boyd, F. H. Grew, A. L. Jackson, Ernest Legard, Bertie Weldren, H. Smith, C. Ruck, T. Petrie, R. Whitaker, T. R. Davis, P. A. Catley, C. O'Neill, H. Revell, T. Holt, H. S. Chamberlain, T. B. Bowis, H. A. L. Laidlow, J. B. Cumming, W. W. Goulen, G. E. Binks, Robert Gordon, Arthur Dosher.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF DRAWING MATERIALS: WILLIAM MITCHELL, 29, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Smith, Christie Hickman, D. S. Herries, M. Lee, M. H. Gilbertson, Anne M. Lupton, Annie Elliott, R. Whitehouse, R. Oldroyd, C. Walton, Dorothy Wheatley, L. Honey.

No. III.—"My Favourite Character in English History."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF 10s.: P. R. PARKINSON, 75, Ormerod Road, Burnley.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: ERNEST A. TAYLOR, Mill House, Sudbury, Suffolk; and EDITH A. COURT, Crescent Parade, Ripon, Yorkshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lilian M. Snow, G. Baker, Gertrude Argyle, Henry F. Leslie, C. Vivian.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: HEDLEY V. FIELDING, Royal Hospital, Dublin.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: M. SIDGWICK, 61, Woodstock Road, Oxford; and WILLIAM VAUGHAN, 137, Old Road West, Gravesend.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. A. Elkin, F. A. Bear, H. O. Weller, Helen K. Watts, John A. Shargool, F. Baron.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

10s. divided between: DOROTHY W. JOHNSON, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.; and CHARLES JONES, 50, Yarm Lane, Stockton-on-Tees.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: GWEN BRADDELL, Brailes Vicarage, Banbury; and SIDNEY E. MAJOR, 46, Santley Street, Clapham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edward Dakin, M. Edmonstone, G. H. Pearson, N. R. Rawson, W. R. G. Kent.

No. IV.—"Best Original Anecdote about an Animal."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: HARRY WHELDON, 19, Broadlands Terrace, Broomwood Road, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Louise Buckland, Francis E. F. Crisp, L. Thomas, Evelyn Hickman, Mary Monteith.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen).

WINNER OF ALBUM: LILIAN ISITT, "The Briery," Ilkley, near Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. D. HUNTLY, 55, South Clerk Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. H. Palmer, G. M. McCleverty, W. J. Nettleton, Ernest Legard.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: ALICE SMITH, Crafnant School, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. M. Stringer, Fred. Young, Ogston Honey, Scott Honey.

No. V.—"Best Map of Siberia."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: JOHN MCMILLAN, 19, Abbey Hill, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Wood, D. A. Redhead.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Seventeen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: DAVID PRYDE, 71, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Stenhouse, Dorothy Robinson, Gertrude Passmore, James Weir, Francis Heyes, H. Kerr-Fox, Mary Stedman, D. S. Walker.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Thirteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: JAMES RICHARDSON, 6, Thornton Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alice M. Cooper, E. A. Leigh Shandon, Victor Waddington, J. B. Pim.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

Digitized by Google

INDOOR SHOOTING PRACTICE,

With Patent Arrows, which adhere to Target and indicate the score.

Pistols.

2/-, 3/-, 5/-, & 8/6 the set.

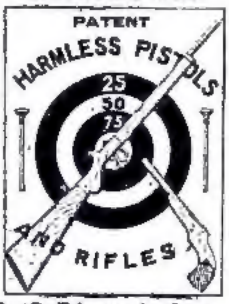
Postage and packing 6d. extra.

Rifles.

8/-, 7/6, 10/3, & 15/- the set.

Lee-Metford Models, 17/6 & 22/-.

Postage and packing, 1s. extra.



Separate Arrows, Targets, Belts & Bandoleers supplied.

Sold by all Toy and Sporting Goods Dealers, by General Stores, and the Patentee—

LEWIS WILD, 13, Edmund Place, London, E.C.

PRESENTS FOR BOYS!

If in doubt what to give, send for the best Catalogue in the trade for Steam Engines of every kind, Clockwork Trains, Rails, Switch Points; everything that is required for a Model Railway. Also of Games, Carpenters' Tools Sailing Boats, Steam and Clockwork Boats, Magic Lanterns, Boat Fittings, Engine Fittings, etc., etc.

Largest Stock in the country. Fully illustrated Catalogue free on receipt of 1d. for postage.

WILES' BAZAAR, 38, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

From POLE to POLE!

Nansen, 1895, FARTHEST NORTH, 86° 14'.

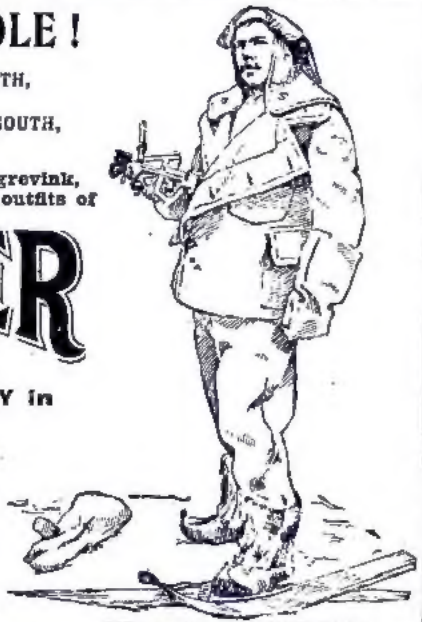
Borchgrevink, 1899, FARTHEST SOUTH, 78° 50'.

Both Dr. Nansen and Mr. Borchgrevink, with their respective Crews, wore outfits of

JAEGER
PURE WOOL

and Sir H. M. STANLEY in CENTRAL AFRICA.

(DR. NANSEN.)



(MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK.)

"JAEGER" is GOOD FOR EVERYBODY in every Climate,

126, REGENT STREET, W.
30, SLOANE STREET, S.W.
456, STRAND, *(Charing Cross)*, W.C.
115, VICTORIA ST., *(6 doors West of A. & N. Stores.)* S.W.
85 and 86, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

PURE WOOL (SPORTING & GENERAL) TAILORS: 42, CONDUIT STREET, W.

HARBUTT'S

PLASTICINE

For CONSTRUCTING MODELS of All . . . Descriptions . . .

as well as for Art Modelling of Animals and Copying Pictures in Low Relief on Cardboard.

The very thing for Home Amusement in Winter evenings, it opens out a new field of enjoyment for all.

3 Gold Medals awarded. Hundreds of Testimonials.

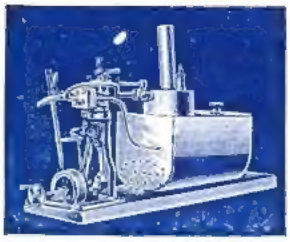
The "Complete Modeller," a box fitted with PLASTICINE in 4 colours, tool instruction, and all requisites, 2/10, post free.

A cheaper "Child's Delight" box, 1/-.

☞ *Money promptly returned if not satisfied.*

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A. (Dept. C 2),
ALFRED STREET, BATH.

MODEL STEAM ENGINES.



SEND at once (4 penny stamps) for our Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue with over 130 Illustrations of Model Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, Marine, Screw, and Paddle Engines. Castings and Finished Parts for constructing same, all sizes.

Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Propellers, Paddle Wheels, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Oil and Gas Engines, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Electric Scarf Pins, Lamps, Batteries, Bells, etc., etc.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers,
MAR STREET, ALLOA, N.B.

Digitized by Google

THE AMATEUR ONE MILE CHAMPION CYCLIST.

W. A. EDMONDS, says:—"I invariably take Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa as part of my DAILY DIET, and have a high opinion of its usefulness to any athlete, and can confirm all the good things that are said about it."

W. A. EDMONDS, One Mile Amateur Champion of England.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Those participating in Outdoor Exercise of any kind, such as *GOLF, FOOTBALL, CRICKET, TENNIS,* or the like, will find in FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA a beverage which will prove both *STIMULATING* and *RECUPERATIVE,* and one which will greatly add to the powers of *ENDURANCE.*

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa.

300 Gold Medals, &c.

CAUTION.—Sold only in Tins with Gilt Tops.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

LONDON COLOUR PRINTING CO., LTD.

Digitized by Google